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FOR THE HONOR OF THE BALLOON CORPS

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

WAR was declared on June 18th, only six weeks before Treloar's flight. Swiftly the battalions poured out of their barracks and the reservists out of their homes for the first great European conflict with modern arms. The Army of the Blues, resting on their boundary range, had position and the Army of the Reds numbers. By repeated charges the Reds' infantry had taken the lower heights. Now they glared in the hateful familiarity of sniping fire across the intervening space between them and the main trenches of the Blues on the summits.

August 1st was a hazy day, with desultory cannonading—the calm before the grand attack. Over the lines, with a million men on one side and a million and a half on the other, all that might be seen were the puffs of smoke flung out by bursting shells which had come from the smokeless mouths of concealed guns. These clung to the rocks or the trees, dissipating themselves slowly in the still air, or were blown away by a vagrant breeze.

That night the Reds planned to drive a battering-ram of human flesh through one of the passes. Ruthlessly, and over the bodies of the fallen, reserves were to be poured in until there were no more to send or the position was taken. For this sacrifice the nation had steeled itself as an individual will for a necessary surgical operation.

The six weeks' struggle had made the people feel six years older. A war whose cost in money and lives was out of all keeping with every calculation was to be won or lost by this final tragic effort. In the high hysterical temper of the hour men had ceased to be human. Life was no longer valuable, except as a margin of forfeit for a great stake.

"By which pass?"—for there were three—asked the staff of the Blues. In vain they had sought to ascertain where the Reds were massing in order to mass against them in time. Spies brought only differing tales of ineffectual journeys that spelled confusion. Every civilian was kept out of the lines of either army; no soldier was allowed to send an uncensored letter home, lest he should divulge information.

The few survivors of the balloon corps of the Blues had ceased to be apologetic. They were abject and heart-broken. Their great expectations—based on the application of the wireless to aerial navigation—had been the plaything of the new high-angle guns of the Reds. Eighteen of twenty dirigibles had fallen, without sending in a single valuable message. One only remained to be flown to what seemed a certain fate—"our lost cause" the army called it in sorrow, in pity, in anger, in mockery. That is, one remained, not counting the one with Treloar—Treloar the crank, the rattle-brain, the parachutist monomaniac. He had been gone twenty-four hours, with no word from him.

The Chief-of-Staff, himself, went to the balloon park to see the final flight on the morning of August 1st. Though he was smiling with the confidence in keeping with

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his great position, his hand trembled as it gripped those of the operators when they had taken their seats in the car.

"Now for your country's sake!" he said. "Remember, only one word, 'yes,' if they are massing at St. Alonzo; the name only if they are massing elsewhere. But be sure you are right. Don't touch your key until you know. We depend on you—and on *you*," he added to the man at the wireless station.

As the balloon ascended, the Army of the Blues uttered a prayer for its success; the Army of the Reds, seeing it afar, a prayer for failure. Every man on both sides understood its objective. Two thousand feet it rose, the sun glinting on the big, oblong silken bag and gleaming on the metal work and the steel drag which took the place of the wireless pole. For a few minutes the operator exercised his steed in evolutions. Coming to a standstill, he signalled down that everything was in good working order.

Then, with a flying start from its own lines at forty miles an hour, the hope of the Blues swept across the background of azure sky into the arena of death. Two figures were outlined like flies in the net-work of ropes and aluminum trusses, one at the motor and one at the key of the wireless. Five minutes only the two asked to live; five minutes from the time they crossed the dead line their work would be finished.

The geographers who drew this dead line were the gunners of the Reds. They saw only a target flying through imaginary squares in the air. They counted its speed and the muzzle velocity of their guns to a nicety. The firing-signal's click sent aloft their messages of welcome, breaking in slatey-colored clouds as light as cumuli ahead and behind and over this scout of the air and seeming to nestle caressingly against the envelope, as if they were some benign and festal escort of honor.

In truth, they were the mask for an assassin's dagger. The quick, steel-red, angry flashes—pin-point glimpses of the inferno of which these powder puffs were born—scattered sprays of unseen missiles. Sudden angular splotches of light broke through the gashes and rents of the gas chamber before it exploded and collapsed about the machinery.

Presently the wreck stood still, as if held in poise by the eddying breaths of the shells. Then the framework half turned over, shaking off, before it fell, two sprawling mannikins under whose hands it had been a thing of life and intricate nerves. Not a word had come to the wireless station of the Blues, and the Chief-of-Staff, as he snapped down the lid of his watch, shook his head.

"There is Treloar yet," some one ventured.

"There *was* Treloar. It is twenty-four hours since he went," said the Chief decisively.

Red-headed little Lieutenant "Jimmy" Treloar, with his wild ideas! Treloar who had a kind of genius and no sense of proportion! When the war began and every officer was needed, he was under a professional cloud because, in undertaking an experiment without the consent of his superiors, he had just broken his leg by coming in contact with a church steeple. He was still limping when he reported to his decimated corps.

Almost tearfully he pleaded that he might have a dirigible to do with as he pleased. As a last desperate chance, one, "The Chief," named after the Chief-of-Staff himself, was given to him. "At all events, he cannot do worse than the others" explained the consent. His gratitude was shown in boundless activity. Day and night he labored joyously, with a plan of one of the enemy's balloons before him, until he had made his own its counterpart in color and pattern. The name was painted out, but it remained "The Chief" to Jimmy Treloar.

"You want a flag of the Reds, too, don't you?" it was suggested on the day of his flight.

"No, sir. That's not playing fair. I'm a strategist, but not a pirate," he answered cheerfully.

With him went his parachute, that inseparable companion of dare-devil escapes. Its stick was a wireless pole. A foot above the handle was a wireless transmitter. He had tried this contrivance many times, but it had never worked very successfully, owing to the weight of the rod and batteries. Failure did not chagrin him. It only inspirited him with new ideas and greater optimism and a fresh outburst of technical reports that the staff filed away without reading. He always thought of some change

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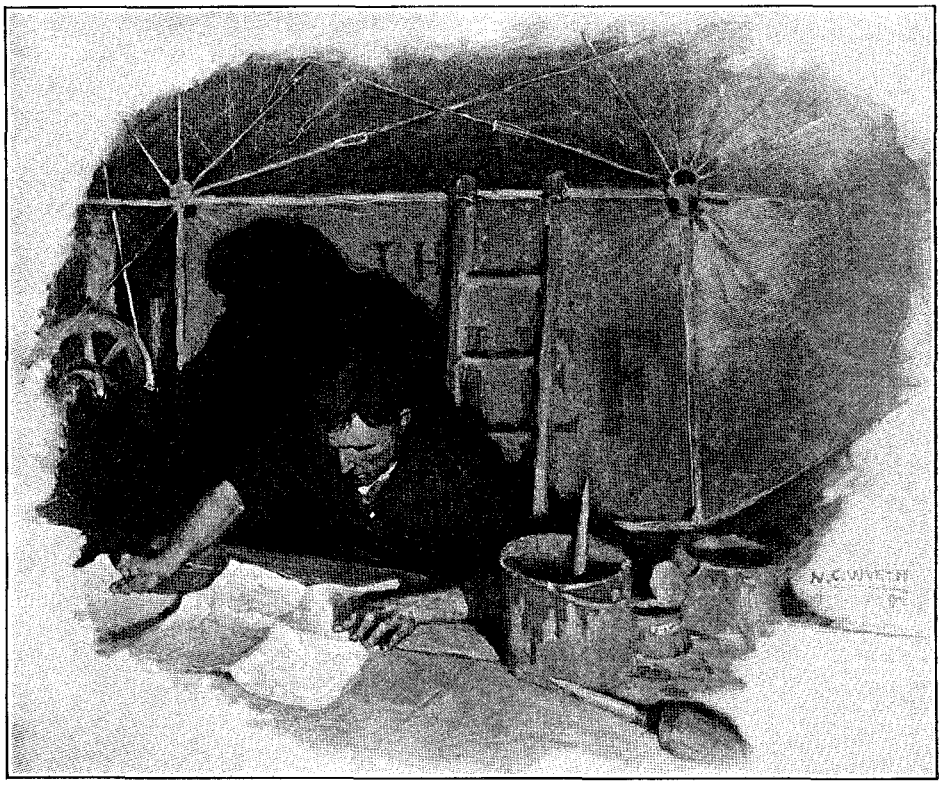

Day and night he labored joyously with a plan of one of the enemy's balloons before him.—Page 132.

which he was sure would overcome the difficulty on the next occasion. All the time that he was on his back with the broken leg his mind had been on improvements.

"I've got it right this time," he declared. "Besides, I have what I hadn't before—inspiration. This isn't going to be any rehearsal. Anyone does best under realistic conditions. Let the operators keep their ear-caps on and they'll hear from me, don't you worry! We'll do the trick this time! We must—for the honor of the balloon corps!"

These were his last words before he rose. On such partings hitherto the corps had been solemn unless someone broke the gloom with a simulated gayety which was as brittle as spun glass. But Jimmy's joyfulness was genuine, infectious; and they laughed genuinely and gave him a cheer. They could not help liking him; and he was red-headed, anyway, and had risked his life so many times for the pleasure of experiment that once for his country did not seem impressive.

Half amused, half cynical, the Blues watched the shadow across the sun diminish to a speck in the heavens, going in the direction of their own capital. There was no telling what a man who had fractured most of the bones in his body and still not broken his neck might do. He might tie his balloon in the yard and take his dinner at home, or visit his sweetheart, or he might even succeed in his undertaking. This spark of faith was still alive in a few minds even twenty-four hours after his departure. But——

"There *was* Treloar." So the Chief-of-Staff had said. That ought to settle it.

The Chief's tense was wrong. At the moment he spoke little, red-headed Jimmy Treloar was very much *is*. He was two miles above the earth on the floor of a cloud and as comfortable as a boy in a hay-mow.

If he had dropped his cap it might have fallen on the court-house spire of one of the provincial capitals of the land of the Reds. After leaving his own army he had made a wide détour and passed over the enemy's country at a high altitude, where first mug-

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gy weather and then a storm had favored his concealment. After the storm broke fortune was still with him the next morning.

The temptation was strong to tell the home station of his position. But that risk he dare not take. Another humiliation of the Blues in this campaign had been the discovery that the Reds were further advanced in the use of the wireless than themselves. The Reds seemed to be able to tell the direction from which a message was sent and even to tell pretty accurately the distance it had travelled. Any word of his their stations might pick up, and over the field wires of their army might be flashed the warning: "Kill any balloon seen this morning!"

With the easy response of her secondary propeller, her aeroplanes extended, "The Chief" was hovering in the gentlest of air currents. Their cheeks aglow with the intense cold of the high altitude, the two operators, nestling in their furs, had just finished their coffee. They welcomed the heat of the morning sun, which shone far above them, but did not penetrate the bank of mist where they floated to the earth below.

"It's been a bully old cloud, most accommodating," Treloar said to Maxon at the motor. "Think how it might have rained itself away when we most needed it. If it would only fall about five thousand yards, so we could drop out of it bang onto our information! Oh, talk about silver linings! We'll take a dip and see—and that's the best we can do for the morning tub to-day!"

The wing-like aeroplanes, which had been fluttering, were folded by touching a button; the propeller whirred, "The Chief" inclined her bow with cloud-like dignity and glided through the mist into the open, with the landscape for a hundred square miles on an overcast day set in a gray Japanese miniature underneath.

Their dip was so brief that any onlooker in the Reds' lines might have taken the speck in the firmament for an illusion and wiped his eyes. But they were down long enough to see that the cloud was rising rather than falling. All hope of a screen was dashed.

"Now we'll go in," Treloar said, when they had risen and were at rest again. "Are we all ready? Can we keep her up to the forty?"

"Yes, sir," Maxon answered. "Fifty! I'll look her over again, though, with your permission, sir."

"Maxon," Treloar resumed thoughtfully, "though I'm captain, I've got to be the first to leave the ship. When I take to my parachute, what are you going to do?"

"Stay in the car, I guess, and blink when she hits," was the answer, as Maxon tightened the one nut that he thought needed any attention. Their eyes met calmly. Neither had any question of his fate.

"For the honor of the balloon corps, sir!" said Maxon stoically, and he saluted.

The shame of previous failures had sunk deep into the pride of this old non-commissioned officer. In his ears now was the banter of the other arms; in his vision the disgust written on the faces of high officers over vast expense and pains come to nothing.

"The honor of the balloon corps!" Treloar repeated. "Think of our chance. Maxon, two common mortals up in the clouds here! We may do more for our country than ten battalions! It's glorious. Oh, I haven't broken my bones for nothing! This is no rehearsal. My parachute will work this time. This is life! I only wish I might live to write it for the technical journals."

His glance fell on the blankets lying on the narrow platform of the car where the two voyagers had alternately snatched catnaps through the night. The buoyant fancy of the red-headed little lieutenant, whom nobody ever took seriously, sprang uppermost.

"We shan't need them any more!" he shouted in fractious glee. "We'll send them as presents to the Reds, who'll think their quartermaster has taken to a balloon supply train."

They threw out the blankets, which were flutteringly submerged in the cold mist of that serenely silent upper world like flapping sails in the fog off the Banks. After the blankets went coats and ropes and all superfluous dunnage. Thus was the ship cleared for action; thus was she to be kept as light as possible to gain any seconds of buoyancy as the shells ripped her envelope to pieces.

After hours of hovering, "The Chief," trimmed for flight, sprang downward with all speed at a definite angle. Out of the

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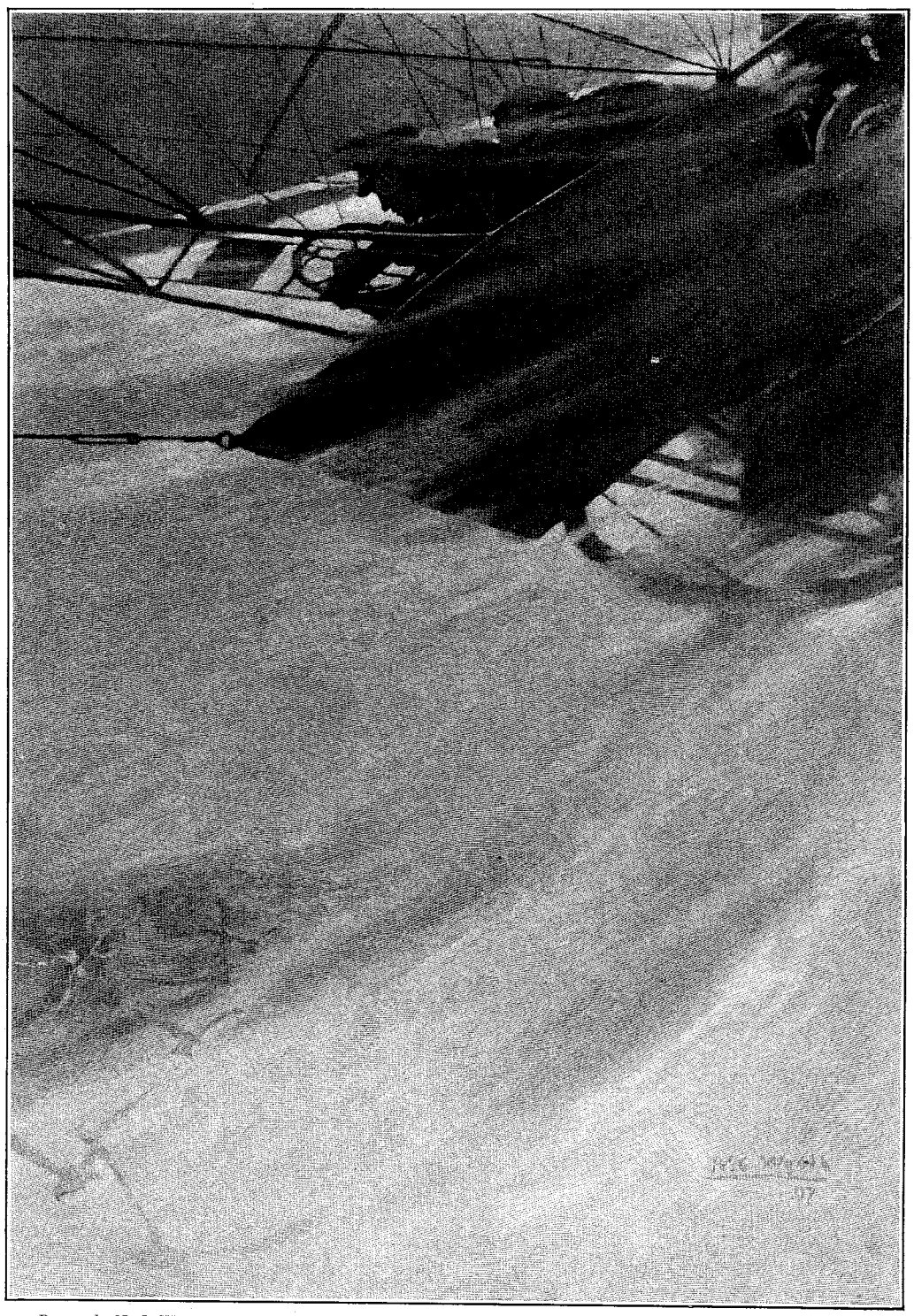

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"The Chief," trimmed for flight, sprang downward at all speed.—Page 134.

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"It didn't work," he managed to say.—Page 137.

mist into streaky sunlight already breaking through the cloud she passed.

"Very simple! Very soon over, now! Keep cool! keep cool!" Treloar whispered.

To go straight on till they were stopped and to send a message—that was all. Treloar had one finger on the wireless of the car. Another was on his parachute, which was attached to the car frame. But he was unconscious where his fingers were or would be until he needed them. At a word from him, Maxon deflected the helm up or down or to right or left. The goal was the break in the mountains, the heart of the position, the Pass of St. Alonzo. People below felt a shadow cross their eyes at the speed of a railroad train and looked up to see a creature with wings folded on an arrow's course.

The armies, meeting new tactics of offense with new tactics of defense, now screened their forces from observation from the sky as well as from the hilltops. Reserves were kept in forests and tents. Canvas-covered pavilions might be a ruse or might be packed with soldiery. At no more than one thousand yards could the balloonist be sure of his observation and at three thousand the guns could reach him with effect.

The flight from the cloud was a matter of minutes; its charm lulling and inspiring; its swiftness inappreciable except for the rush of air on the faces of Treloar and Maxon and the growth of objects under the eye. The flicker of a window glass set itself in a house; the line of silver became a river; the line of dust a road; a white speck a tent; a blot on a hillside a company of infantry resting. From vagueness into detail they flew. An army's position outlined itself, with the winding flow of supplies to the front, the parks of the ammunition trains and regimental camps set in a pattern of green fields, and the foliage in darker green.

Four thousand, three thousand, two thousand yards! Jimmy Treloar counted not his advance in this way, but by each new piece of testimony rising to his vision among the gorges and roads leading up to

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St. Alonzo. With the guns on the heights above the valley—where he must seek his information—in range, he saw that none were turned on "The Chief" and the gunners were looking toward him. The puff-balls of shrapnel smoke of the artillery duel along the ranges were ceasing; columns in khaki half halted and became spotted white with upturned faces as the marching men looked aloft at the marvel of human flight which had not yet lost its fascination.

"If we should get the truth to send, would it be received?" This question put itself in a flash of thought. Interruption by the Reds' stations did not matter now. Treloar's finger resting on the key sounded the call for the station of the Blues and only once, for spit-spit came the answering signal.

"They'll never stop me sending the message if I get low enough to find out!" he said gleefully. "Oh, if they only knew what I was doing wouldn't they get busy!"

No suspicion at first lurked in the minds of the hosts of the Army of the Reds that this scout come up from their rear was not their own.

They were sky-gazing with speculation and curiosity when Treloar was within two thousand yards and still puzzled as to whether forests and screened gorges were empty or full of soldiers. He prayed for the free hand of a few more seconds, as intently he studied every sign taught him by his long training of peace, and he ticked off to the home station:

"Now — 2,000 — yards — think — St. — Alonzo."

The home signal was still being repeated in acknowledgment when something cracked in his ear and the smell of powder and of gas from the chamber merged in his nostrils.

In vexation at their stupidity, the Reds, after noting that the balloon flew no flag, had, in the common dawn of intelligence, realized the trick that was being played on them. Every gun within range and many hopelessly out of it broke forth, and officers of infantry called madly to their men to fire. All the power of that army was centred on the two men in the car.

Far and wide the hastily aimed shells exploded, many going true. The smoke of them made a fog, shutting out the earth from Treloar's view. Their percussion brushed his face with the stunning rush of air. Their bullets cut the trusses with metallic clicks. A ribbon torn from the bag flicked against his cheek. He felt the sudden sensation of sinking as a dead weight, without the buoying, easy support of the gas chamber.

And all the red-headed little lieutenant was thinking of was the safety of that parachute; that apple of his eye, that joy and pride of his years of experiment. Gripping the handle with his left hand and with his right on the key, he threw himself from the car; and then his mind dwelt only on the fact that he was near enough to tell to a certainty if the attack was to be made by St. Alonzo.

The parachute filled; the strap in which he had slipped his hand squeezed his wrist. Out of the clouds around the wreck, which dipped to one side away from him leaving him free, the Reds saw a new wonder, as Treloar slowly descended, shouting aloud to himself in the joy of his discoveries:

"By—St.—Alonzo—to—night—sure—not—only—through—gorge—direct — but — surprise — turning — movement — over — bluff — right — make — cul-de-sac — good-b——"

He had more than sent the word wanted. He had sent the strategy in that message which was interrupted by centring streams of rifle-fire that tore the key out of his hand. When officers and men, rushing toward their quarry, reached him he still breathed.

"It didn't work," he managed to say, with an effort to disguise his real feelings by a show of disgust.

This remark was gravely considered by the staff as a part of the report of the adventure; and the staff concluded that, in his last moments, this madman had spoken the truth.

So the Reds attacked that night. The Blues drew them on into a cross-fire. Those who did not remain to die were driven down the pass in miserable confusion. A week later peace was made on the basis of the old boundary line.

By 1915 statues of a little lieutenant seated in a balloon car at a wireless key—though the Rodin school ran to a figure clinging to a rod in the air—were as common in the public squares of the land of the Blues as those of Joan of Arc are in France. "For the honor of the balloon corps" was always carved on one of the faces of the shaft.

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REBIRTH

By Grace Fallow Norton

When I went out to the meadow,
  When I went over the hill,
The whole world was a-waiting
  My coming to fulfil.

The whole world was a-waiting
  To sing its song to me,
To make for me its color—
  The sky—the earth, the sea.

I knew not that my going
  Was such a wondrous thing,
Till I came unto the meadow
  And the world began to sing.

It sang: "To-day and ever
  Your soul's another hue,
Because of the purple shadows
  And because the sky is blue.

O you are changed forever—
  Bred in the blood of you
Are beach and billow and shallow,
  And green and gold and blue;

Forever and forever,
  Because of the ancient hill,
And the motion and the music,
  And the moments when all is still."

And I have taken the purple,
  The green and the sunny gold—
And the long, long years of the old hill—
  Although I am not old:—

And I have taken the sea-swing,
  Though who can carry a wave—
And I have taken the sea-song,
  I shall sing it in my grave.

Encarnadined, incarnate,
  Bred in the blood of me—
And I am one forever
  With the earth and sky and sea!

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SANTIAGO: THE METROPOLIS OF THE ANDES

By Arthur Ruhl

TOWARD dusk, when the lights are beginning to appear in the shops and the newsboys are calling out the last damp edition of *Las Ultimas Noticias*, and the great snow-covered wall of the Andes to the east blazes in the afterglow, the young men of Santiago gather in the neighborhood of the corner of Huerfanos and Ahumada to watch the young ladies go by. They are dapper and very confident young men, combining in their demeanor the gallantry of their Spanish inheritance with a certain bumptiousness which—since the war which made Chile the master of the west coast—is rather characteristically Chilean. They stare at those who pass—some in *mantas*, some in French dresses with Paris hats and Marcelled hair—and in Spanish murmur, half audibly, such observations as, "I like the blonde best," or "Give me the little one." And as they have not yet quite achieved the self-sufficiency of the young men of the Calle Florida in Buenos Ayres—retaining still some of that *naïveté* which, in the interior, causes a stranger to be watched as though he were a camel or a calliope—they will stare even at the *gringo*, comment on the cut of his clothes or facetiously compare his blunt walking-boots with their long, thin ones. They are rather irritating sometimes, these Huerfanos corner young men, especially the young officers in their smart German uniforms, and one dreams of home and a Broadway policeman marching down upon them leisurely with a night-stick and fanning them away.

But the young women do not mind it at all; indeed, if they did not rather like it they probably would not so arrange their shopping that, two by two, from the Plaza down past the Hotel Oddo, round the corner and back again, they must so often pass this way. And you will not make yourself at all popular by sympathizing, for they would only laugh and say: "Oh, they're all right. That's only their way of beginning. They're quite sensible and nice when you come to know them." There are ways and ways, and in South America a girl who may not receive a formal call from a man without having her mother and half the family in the room at the same time may blandly listen to repartee which would make our maidens gasp for breath. One night at the opera in Santiago a somewhat distinguished personage looked in for a moment at the box where I happened to be. Had you called upon him that afternoon he would have expected you to come in top-hat and frock-coat and discuss affairs of state with punctilious dignity, yet the first casual remark this middle-aged statesman made after bowing to the young ladies in the party was to tell the older he couldn't wait any longer, and she would have to marry him at once. "Or"—and he nodded toward the other sister—"be my sister-in-law." The young girl smiled lazily and continued fanning herself. A moment later, when he was reminded of an ancient anecdote, more often told after dinner than before it, she still smiled and fanned lazily on.

They are sometimes very beautiful, these Chilean women, with the same pale oval faces and velvety dark eyes of their cousins of Lima, but, as a rule, with more vigor and vitality. Something in their inheritance, perhaps, for the early Chileans are said to have had more Visigothic than Southern-Spanish blood; more likely, the colder climate seems to have cooled in them a little the vivacity which comes out in the tropic north; indeed, the beauties of which they are proudest are tall, slow-moving creatures, vigorously shaped, but marble-pale and a little melancholy. At this time of day, when the broughams and victorias are rolling about to diplomatic teas or waiting outside some shop which has received a consignment of dress goods by the last steamer, you see them in European clothes. The Chileans will tell you that July, being midwinter with them, they get Paris styles six months before we do in the States; by the same token, English-speaking exiles tell you that the Chileans are always, at least, six months late. Which is right it is not for a mere male to say—the result is very satisfactory, at any rate. Most women—and in the morning even the Europeanized ones—wear the *manta*—that graceful euphemism which shields the poor and disarms the vain, hides bad taste and clumsy waists, and wrapped round the head and nipped in

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in some marvellous fashion at the nape of the neck, envelops all femininity in gracefulness and mystery. Some of these *mantas* are of the sheerest cashmere, and their beneficent office is vividly revealed once in a while when the drooping, slender mask comes between one's self and the light.

It is at dusk, particularly if the band is playing, or if it is Sunday, that the promenade begins round the Plaza, a block away from Huerfanos and Ahumada—a row of spectators on the inside benches, on the outside young idlers and officers two or three deep; between two shuffling concentric circles, in one of which are the wicked and predatory men, in the other, the shrinking señoritas, two by two, or hanging on the arm of a protector. Every man who can sport a top-hat and a pair of saffron gloves, if it is Sunday, all of the women, except the very austere ones, gather here and circle round in that armed neutrality of the sexes which is the tradition of their blood.

At this hour, when the unearthly light from the Andes, which here climb up to Aconcagua's twenty-four thousand feet, has not yet quite faded away to darkness and the city lamps; when the newsboys are calling the papers, and the news from the great world to the other side of the earth is still news; when the men are flocking into the Union Club and the Brazil coffee-house and the sidewalks are full of shoppers and the cool mountain air smells of violets and vague perfumes and the scent of roasting coffee, this Huerfanos corner is a very pleasant place to be. Within a stone's throw, one might say, is all of Chile; those who rule and those who own; the representatives of foreign governments, the newspapers, the clubs, theatre, opera. You can look up one street to Santa Lucia, that hanging garden of which the city is so proud, and up another to the long Alameda, with its fountains and statues and trees and trophies of the war. In a few hours, a block or two away, the carriages will be clattering up for "La Tosca" or "La Bohême." It is a cheerful little corner, the heart of this raw, bumptious, unlovely country—the flower whose roots lie in the baking nitrate deserts, hundreds of miles northward, from which eight-tenths of the nation's revenues come.

Santiago has been called the City of the Hundred Families, not because an acute social censor might not double the number or cut that number in two, but because government in Chile is even more a family affair, perhaps, than in any other country of South America, and because Santiago is the capital. After its separation from Spain and preceding the great war with Peru, there were four presidential dynasties, so to speak, of ten years each, each president selecting his successor and seeing him put in office, regularly and in good order. Forty years of orderly government was rather a wonderful thing for South America, and during it the rugged little country made money and built its navy and got ready to win the struggle with Peru. Since then, as the spread of commercialism and modern practicality has tended to weaken the sway of the old landed aristocracy, there has been a more or less open opposition between the Families—that is to say, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies—and the executive, which consists of the President and his ministers. Chilean government is of the extreme parliamentary pattern, and the families have rarely hesitated to compel a dissolution of the President's cabinet whenever his and their policies did not agree. In 1889, in President Balmaceda, a man of culture and of an ambition for his country perhaps ahead of his time, they found one who would not yield to them. Revolution followed, many lives were wasted, and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed, and the Balmacedists lost. Balmaceda, who was a proud and very sensitive man, committed suicide; but there is a Balmacedist party in Chilean politics to-day. And although Santiago is a city of a Few Families still, in a way, one of the very live questions in the Chile of to-day—with its foreign promoters, its labor-unions, night-schools, incipient socialism, and industrial strikes—is how long the country will be ruled by an oligarchy of jealous families, and when these scattered units will be absorbed into political parties, each with its well-defined policy, which, when it gets in power, it can hope to carry out. Intimate discussion of such questions I must leave to the erudite gentlemen who are at this instant writing constitutional histories of South America, and having thus hinted at the general social and material outlines of Santiago, return to the more immediate subject of these articles, and what Mr. Barrett Wendell would

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call the glittering phantasmagoria of the outside world.

Santiago has about four hundred thousand people, or about one-tenth of the population of Chile. It lies in the wide central valley of this long sliver of a country, some two thousand feet climb from the coast and Valparaiso, with the Andes hanging like a beautiful drop-curtain at the eastern end of every street. It has many newspapers, the best quite as good as those of cities of similar size at home, a large university, many academies and schools, parks, and an art museum. Its citizens ride in trolley-cars, go to the theatre and opera and horse-races, and talk to one another and Valparaiso over the telephone. There is at least one hotel well-kept and comfortable, and equal to what one would find in an average city of similar size on the Continent. In short, it is a city, with a city's material obviousnesses. Without gaping at these in detail, it is perhaps sufficiently illuminating to say, that if the journey down the west coast and across to Argentina were represented by a sort of isothermal line, climbing up and down the various altitudes of modernity, somewhat after the manner of those charts with which nurses record the temperatures of fever patients, it would swing upward in a fairly consistent curve from the comic-opera Caribbean, through Peru and Lima, with its mixture of antiquity and modern *bricabracqueria*, through Chile, hungrily scraping easy riches from the nitrate fields, to Buenos Ayres, and about midway on this line you could mark a dot for the city of Santiago.

What manner of life is flowing by here, thirty-three degrees below the line, in this ninetieth year of Chilean independence? I know of no better way to glimpse, at least, a cross-section of it than by glancing through these damp, newly made mirrors of the passing stream, otherwise known as afternoon papers. There are a great many of them here in Santiago, and some very good ones, and the North American, unaccustomed to cities which *are* their countries in a sense that none of our separate towns begins to be, wonders who can read and support all of them. There is *El Mercurio*, which everybody has heard of, and its afternoon edition, *Las Ultimas Noticias; La Lei, El Ferrocarril, El Chileno, La Patria, El Imparcial, La Reforma, El Porvenir, El Diario Popular, El Diario Illustrado;* there may be others, but these, at least, I gathered up one evening from the old *chollo* newswoman who stood on the steps of the post-office. So, suppose one surprises the first newsboy who approaches Huerfanos corner by buying out half his stock, and then crossing the street to the Brazilian coffee-house, where men gather at this hour, just as they do after the offices close in the cafés at home, and where for a few cents you can get a plate of little biscuits, and coffee, that somehow never tastes nor smells quite the same the other side of the tropics, and cast an eye over the news. Here, first thing, on the front page of *Las Ultimas Noticias*, in scare type that cannot be escaped, is an

"AVISO AL PUBLICO!!

The Printing, Lithographing and Binding Establishments of Santiago have been obliged to close their doors, owing to the excessive pretensions of their employees following an increase in the hours of work which was unanimously accepted by the proprietors."

Close by, the *Juventud Conservadora* publicly regrets, in red ink, that because of the strike and the impossibility of having invitations printed, its banquet must be postponed for a week. Farther over the employers print a long statement, phrased in the cold and lucid words which employers are wont to use, amid which stares our own word "local" alongside "*Federacion Grafica Arturo* Prat, 485." Here, then, in our City of Families, in a country founded by Spain and saturated with patriarchal traditions, comes the trade-union and strikes, or *huelgas*, as they would say. The young British bank-clerk at the next table will tell you that a year or two ago these very streets were literal battle-grounds for a day or two because the government tried to raise the import tax on Argentine beef. There were only a few soldiers at the barracks when the mob rose, "and if," says he, "we hadn't got together and kept them from breaking in and getting the guns, nobody knows what might have happened. The soldiers came, though. You could hear 'em pop-pop-popping all night in the streets. They shot three hundred that one night! The mob tried to break into the *Mercurio* building, and the men

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inside fired one volley out of the windows and killed seven."

Here, farther on, are echoes of that restless, get-rich-quick commercialism of present-day Chile—columns of advertisements of banks, with British, German, Spanish names; of nitrate companies and promotion schemes that remind one of mining advertisements in our Western papers. Yet with it all, one gets a feeling of being set back in the fifties or sixties, of seeing something that is perhaps a duplication of what we in North America were a few generations ago. In spirit the country is still, to a great extent, colonial; things still date to and from mail-day; there is a quaint antique solemnity in the advertisements of steamship sailings: "On such and such a date the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamship *Sorata*, 7,000 tons (Captain Hobson), carrying mails for Europe, will sail, touching at Coronal or Lota, Punta Arenas, Montevideo, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, etc., to Liverpool." Some of the ships go straight over to Australia, where much of Chile's coal comes from; some to New Zealand, by way of Cape Town; and many stop at the Falklands, eastward bound, to take on cargoes of wool.

In foreign news I suppose we are less interested, yet here are two or three pages of cable despatches in *El Mercurio*—twice as much, so that most hopeful of Pan-Americans, Mr. Charles Pepper, avers in his book on the west coast, as is printed by any North American paper in a city of similar size. As for commercial and other exiles—here are the Alliance Française and the Deutsches Verein announcing approaching festivities; the English Club, "by virtue of the power vested in them at the General Meeting of the Provisional Committee, have decided that," etc., etc. *Vida Social*, under which Latin-American editors have a quaint habit of printing obituaries and notices of funerals, here includes a wedding, a *baile* or two; the banquet of the Colombians, last evening, in honor of the anniversary of their independence—*cavs glacié, crème reine Margot, filet de Corbine à la cansote* (the *corbina* is a fish much esteemed on the west coast), *zephyrs de fois gras en bellevue, Perdreux à la bohemienne, Haut Sauterne*, 1884, *Chateau de Bouscaut*, '80, etc., etc.; a dinner for poor children and their mothers—another echo of Chile's growing social consciousness—given by certain *distinguidas señoras y señoritas*. On the front page of *El Diario Illustrado* are their photographs, the *distinguidas señoras y señoritas*, and the dusky little *chollo* children looking over their soup-bowls out of dark, sad eyes.

The muck-rake is still but mildly wielded in these paternal countries, yet at least in the report of yesterday's session of the congress, one finds distinguished Deputy Guterriez attacking the government's management of the state railroad, and asserting that on a certain division out of 337 locomotives there were seventy-four distinct types! The editor himself is constrained to admit that the Electric Traction Company is giving abominable service. And from Antofagasta, up in the nitrate country, a correspondent complains that murders and hold-ups are of every-day occurrence, and that the police are becoming more indifferent every day.

Rates of exchange, activity of the stock-market, movements of Argentine beef—at the opera last night "La Tosca." "In spite of the bitter attacks on Victorien Sardou," observes the reviewer, "by the more enlightened critics, this old man of the theatre survives, undaunted, and his dramas are presented all over the world. The unfortunate thing is that a great many who have not the good taste to rise superior to merely popular clamor—Puccini, Mascagni, and others—are led to take their librettos from the dramas of Sardou. And the result is, because of the false theatricalism. . . ."

As for the out-of-doors, there is football; a fond correspondent, writing in the old Latin-American or Caribbean manner, explains, under the title, "Literatura y Sport," and with examples of the fresh-air regimen practised by Edmund Harcourt, Jacques Richepin, Henry Bataille, and Marcel Prevost, how, of all those who need physical exercise, literary men need it most, "in order to compensate, by a proportionate amount of bodily waste, the mental combustion caused by the profession of literature"; and here are the entries and weights, in kilos, of course, for the races to-morrow—Espartana, Miss Polly, Makaroff, King of Hearts, Pierre-qui-vire, Nutmeg, Guerrillero, and columns of racing gossip in Spanish signed "Sporting Boy."

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Of these newspapers *El Mercurio* is the most widely read, and it has long been one of the show things of Chile. It was founded in Valparaiso in 1827 and in Santiago in 1900, and the afternoon edition, *Las Ultimas Noticias* or "The Latest News"—was started in 1904. The two papers are published simultaneously, the news column somewhat different, the editorials the same. *El Mercurio*, like its larger rival, *La Prensa*, of Buenos Ayres, is the pet child of a wealthy family, which spares no expense not only to keep abreast of the times, but to give their whole establishment something of the dignity of a national institution. The Valparaiso editorial offices are more like a club than an ordinary North American newspaper office, the file-room is a sort of Gothic chapel, and the mighty *redactor* and his assistant sit in carved oaken chairs like a cabinet minister and his secretary. The Santiago building is very much after the manner of the *New York Herald* building in New York, only rather more ambitious. It has an office where the public may consult files as in a public library; a grill-room, in which tea is served free to reporters, and other food at a nominal price, and there are semi-public lecture and concert rooms which are used very much as are the ball-rooms in the Waldorf-Astoria. *El Mercurio* also publishes an illustrated weekly, *Zigzag*, which circulates all over southern South America, and occupies a position about midway between such illustrated supplements as are issued with our Saturday *Globe* and *Mail and Express*, and such a paper as *Collier's*. Here you will always find photographs of the *baile* or wedding or dinner of the week—for South Americans take an insatiable delight in seeing pictures of their social doings in the papers—gossip of the races and theatres, poems, translations, and short stories after the fashion of French or Italian weeklies, photographs and cartoons and scraps of the world's news, ranging from the latest nihilistic attack or air-ship flight, to recent conquests by beauties of the British vaudeville stage or the photograph of some member of our new pagan aristocracy with a brace of prize bull-terriers in her lap. *Zigzag* has a three-color cover, and a North American superintendent to look after its press-work. Sometimes it is quite grown up and has a man's-size sense of humor, as, for instance, in a series of cartoons published last summer depicting the adventures of a German sociologist come to study the barbarous phenomena of Chile. The misadventures of this gentleman and his dachshund, and his droll misinterpretation of the humors of a Chilean political campaign, were presented with much the self-sufficient good-humor that *Punch* might tell of the adventures of a Frenchman in London. At other times it becomes droll and almost Caribbean, as in a number I recently saw, in which the arrival of Mr. Frank Brown's circus in Santiago was chronicled, and it was solemnly explained that the Chilean's partiality to elephants was due to something mighty and martial in the national temperament to which these vast pachyderms specially appealed.

There were many things for *El Mercurio* to be proud of, but that which they pointed out with the greatest enthusiasm, perhaps, and which was interesting because it suggested so much that didn't exist in the tropical neighborhoods to the north, was a sign on a door that read "Vida al aire libre." It was the headquarters of a brand-new department, and of the gentleman who signed himself "Sporting Boy," and wrote about life out of doors. Life out of doors in the tropics is a serious thing, and not always synonymous with sport; and, although the English-speaking folk keep up their tennis and sometimes their polo wherever they are, and you will find South American boys playing football in almost every town of any size, there is something strange and vaguely pathetic about such exotic sport, separated from the cool air and fresh turf with which it seems to belong. Here in Chile, however, the temperate zone has come again: a workable atmosphere and the blessed green grass, and with it, too, naturally, and with all these northern exiles and Saxons native-born, the northern love for sport. Almost every day one would find Mr. Sporting Boy discoursing learnedly on "*El turf frances*, its development and progress," the "*Progress del turf Chileno*," giving "a last word about *el match intercity*" or printing a letter from some "*distinguido y antiguo footballista.*"

"Señor Sporting Boy, Mi estimado amigo," the letter would begin. "That which is past is past. We have suffered, in truth, a shameful defeat; yet what we are

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to blame for we ought perhaps to accept silently. There are, however, undoubtedly certain things which might well be brought to the attention of the honorable directorate of the Association de Football de Santiago." What should have been, it seems, a great intercity match became really a mere chance for the *portenos* (or "people of the gate," as the Valparaisans are called) to give us on our own grounds a proof of their superior discipline and organization." The Santiago team had been well trained. The selection of players made by its captain, Don Guillermo del Canto, was magnificent. The public were confident. The great day dawned propitiously. But at the last moment it appeared that one player was missing! The public protested, the captain searched. The *portenos*—embarrassing thought—observed this lack of discipline. *They* had preferred to leave behind such good players as Morrison and Mackenzie merely because they had missed one day's practice at Vina del Mar! The game began, but what had happened? Why were Volles, Rogers, Hamel, etc., who, two days before, had spoken gayly of the intercity as of a coming victory, not now the same? The cause seemed inexplicable. It was this. The substituted goal-keeper *did not guarantee security*. There was weakness in that most responsible position, in that point *de transcendental importancia en la defensia de un team*. The result—but why heap up humiliation? To all the world now it is told, only too eloquently, in the score."

The Chileans are horsemen, too, and great breeders of horses—even the Peruvians import their best stock from their rivals, and in the Paseo at Lima they are Chilean coach-horses which drag the victorias round and round the statue of the hero of the war in which Chile defeated Peru. Bull-fighting having been abolished in Chile, the races, in a way, take its place, and all the town flocks to the "Club Hippico" on Sunday afternoon. It is a pretty place, with the snow-capped Cordilleras in the distance and the paddock and club enclosure with its refreshment tables and trees—larger than the little gingerbread stand and track at Lima, more polite and winsome than the big Jockey Club of Buenos Ayres. Here, of a Sunday afternoon during the season, the higgy-liffy of the little capital displays itself, both in its rôle of exemplar of the Few Families and in that less conscious but no less entertaining provincialism which a newly arrived member of the diplomatic corps doubtless had in mind when, on my asking her about her impressions of Chilean society, she said that they seemed to do nothing but eat and get their pictures taken. The club enclosure has all the quiet intimacy of a garden-party. The women wear their prettiest clothes, the men are rigorously arrayed in frock-coats and top-hats. They are very punctilious about this, and on the afternoon I was there were much less excited over the races than over the fact that a lone *gringo*, who, doubtless assuming that the balmy day and the sporting surroundings justified his behaving as though it were July at home instead of south of the tropics, had committed the social crime of wearing a straw hat. Men's jaws dropped as they beheld him, and stately beauties with Marcelled hair and Paris clothes, into whose houses a social outsider could not have broken with an axe, stared, pointed, and giggled like shop-girls.

There is less of this punctiliousness at the opera; even in parterre boxes grocer-like papas in business suits may occasionally be observed behind their blooming daughters. The daughters are likely to be much younger than the glittering nymphs who adorn our opera boxes at home, and just a little awkward and conscious of their clothes. But the beautiful ones are really beautiful—tall and dark and pale, with a certain vague melancholy, as though, perhaps, they were thinking of the great world the other side of the tropics, down below the big shoulder of the earth from which they were fated to bloom and blush unseen. German opera is not admired, but the government subsidizes very fair Italian companies who come out each winter and sing "Trovatore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Tosca" and the rest. No pale intellectuals to frown at the "Bravos" here or shiver at the stretching of a top note! The audience shrieks and thunders, hisses itself into silence, only to break forth again in applause. The first tenor bows and bows, steps clear out of his part and down to the footlights, finally, with a glance at the orchestra leader as who should say "They *will* have it—just watch me tear it off now!" Up goes his great chest as the high note approaches, the sweat

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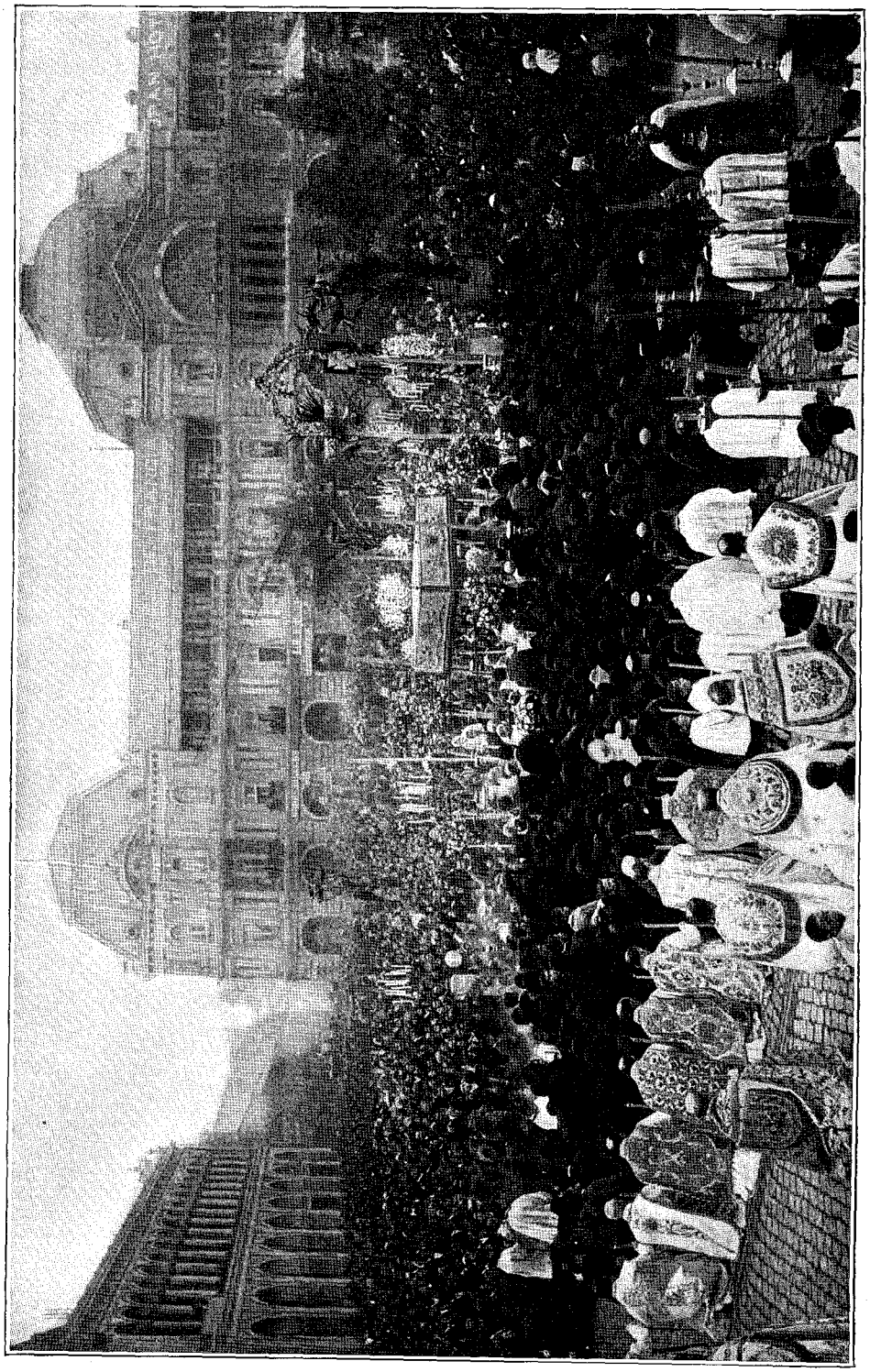

A Corpus Christi procession around the Plaza in Santiago.

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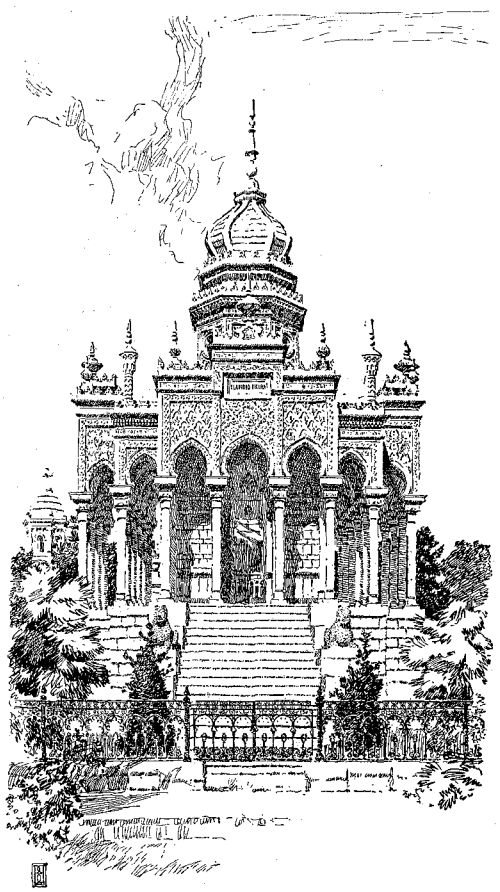
rolls down the grease-paint in the glare of the footlights, the air is fairly trembling with penned-up enthusiasm. The note is taken—held—on—on *where* does the man's breath come from?—brought down at last into a swoop, smothered in an avalanche of applause. It's some fun being a tenor here.

Between the acts the young men drift down to the orchestra-rail to sweep the house with their glasses and discuss its attractions. After the performance they crowd in the foyer like "stags" at a cotillion to watch the *señoritas* go by, and between times there is a vast amount of that solemn wireless telegraphy of which a society so rigidly chaperoned must needs be fond. There was a young woman in a box across from us, a tall, vigorous beauty, in unrelieved black, who gazed out across the orchestra like a marble statue. The gossip was that she was really in earnest, and the young legation secretary was only playing, and so every eye was on him when he sauntered down to his orchestra seat alone after the overture was nearly done. He was a very tall and gloomily languid young man, and knowing that everybody was watching him and why, and having down very fine that mixture of cold elegance and *ennui*, which is considered the last word in Buenos Ayres, he only made himself look more bored than ever. He would raise his eyelids or a hand with the calculated slowness of a figure moved by clock-work. Presently —and this was what everyone was waiting for—he turned slowly until his gaze met that of the lady in the box and bowed. It was as if he said a glance from her would make him but clay beneath her feet; and yet he was so aweary that not even this could make him smile. The statue vouchsafed him a bow only a shade less cold and sad than his. Ever and anon through the evening he would slowly turn, lift his stricken gaze to the box, rest it there with that look of longing unutterable, and as slowly turn it back again. This long-distance coquetry may go on for months, although the principals may have never met. It is what the Chileans call *pololear*, from the name of a kind of native bee which makes a prolonged buzzing sound.



Cemetery vault in Santiago.

Going to the theatre in Santiago generally means, as it does in Lima, looking in for a *zarzuela* or two some time during the evening. These *zarzuelas* are one-act pieces, most of which, including the companies who play them and the Castilian lisp they bring with them, come over from Spain. Three or four are generally put on in one evening, the house being cleared—except of those who have reserved seats for more than one "turn" or *tanda*—between each piece. If you have dined late you can drop in for the second one, which begins about half-past nine generally, and if you have been somewhere else during the evening, you can often catch the last one, which starts about eleven o'clock. The arrangement is somewhat similar to what we should

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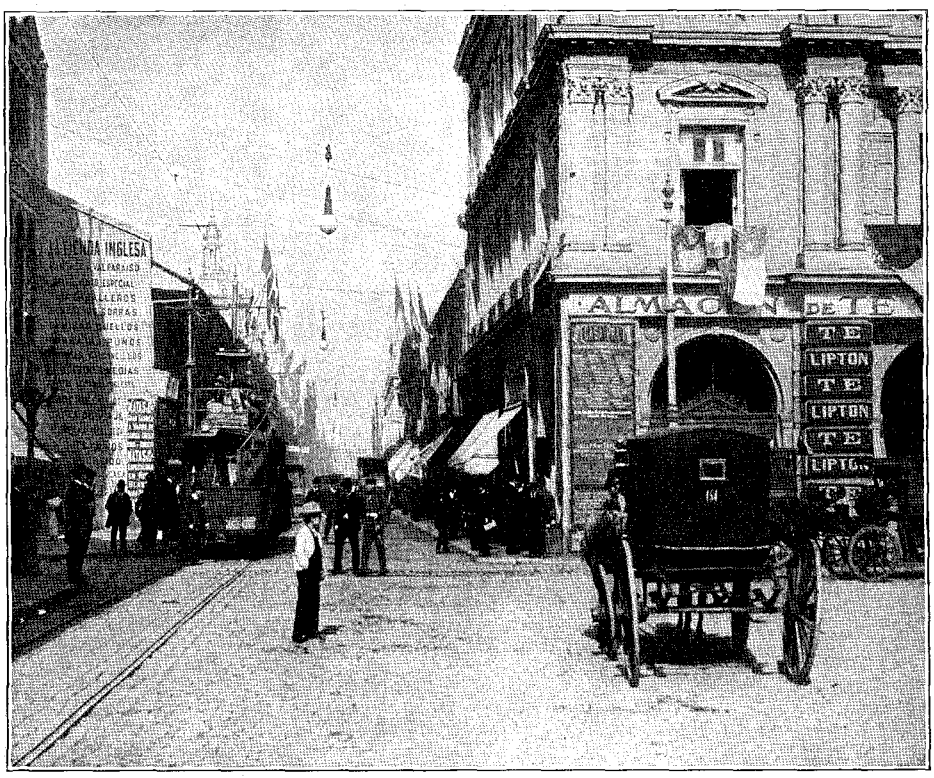

One of the streets leading from the main plaza at Santiago.
Showing a Chilean officer in German uniform.

have in our music-halls were tickets sold at ten or fifteen cents for each separate "turn" instead of for an evening, and it is informal, convenient, and economical. Some of the *zarzuelas* are musical—they were playing an abridged one-act "Geisha," for example, in Lima last summer—some melodramatic, but commonly they lean to parody and eccentric comedy. There was one in Santiago while I was there called "Popular Books." The stage was set as a Madrid street with a book-stall in the centre. A simple customer was about to start a library. The bookseller described one classic after another, in the midst of each of which explanations the principal characters of the book appeared from the wings and did a short sketch, burlesquing the main points of the story. There was a crisp little scene between Camille and Armand, for instance, at the end of which the Lady of the Camellias tore herself away and stalked off the stage, leaving her blonde wig in her lover's hands, the latter in an ecstasy of repentance, eyes closed, thinking that his fingers still rested on her head in fond benediction. The audiences are very alert, and will come back in a flash if they suspect for an instant that the people on the stage are trifling with them. That same evening at Santiago there was one heart-wrenching piece, at the climax of which the aged father forgave his erring daughter and clasped her in his arms. The actress who endeavored to depict this maiden was an uncommonly cheerful and well-developed lady of perhaps 175 pounds, and when Simon, the heart-broken old father, gathered her to himself with a gesture more emphatic, perhaps, than paternal, and buried his head in her hair on the side away from the audience, the simulation of grief was too much for the suspicious Iberian temperament, and a voice shrilled down from the gallery, "What's Simon saying?" (*¿Que dice Simon?*).

The most interesting performance I saw in Santiago, however, was not in a theatre

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but in a school-house, in the morning instead of by lamplight, with school-girls for actresses and an audience of three. It was at a normal school where a number of very earnest young Chilean women were learning how to teach. Girls from the poorer families of the neighborhood came by day, just as our children go to a public grammar-school; in the evening the young teachers had classes for boys and men of the *obrero*, or mechanic class, and between times they studied books on pedagogy. It would have been difficult among them not to recover speedily from whatever of the *gringo's* complacency survived at thirty-three degrees below the line. All spoke English more or less, the principal, a girl of perhaps twenty-five, fluently. One of the first questions she asked was the name of the critical magazine which would best keep her informed about intellectual matters in North America. *The Ladies' Home Journal* was the only one of our magazines which came to the school. A class in English was reciting—reading an English fable about the wicked condor and the poor little hare, and the use the latter had made of his legs. "Pooair-r- aleetle hare-r-re"—they would read in extreme embarrassment, for some were quite grown up—"what were you adoing weeth your *lace?*" It may be embarrassing, but that is the way they learn English down there, and the way our spoiled youths of Harvard or Princeton do *not* learn the languages—by talking them; so that young men who have never been outside of the little interior town in which the seven-leagued *gringo* meets them, can chat with him quite fluently in his own tongue. After classes were dismissed for the noon recess the pupils hurried into bloomers and flannel waists, and under the leadership of a young woman with that austere springiness which, outside gymnasium instructors, is ne'er seen on sea or land, drilled with dumb-bells and parallel bars. Then they lined up and sang their *cancion nacional*, and after that in English, "America," which was a polite attention no Chilean would ever have received in the United States. Then they drew a long breath, smiled up into the gallery where we stood, and sang quite correctly and with tremendous feeling, "My Old Kentucky Home." It may be that every roomful of South American school-girls could do this last summer, but Mr. Root was then a full month's journey distant from Santiago, and all I could do was to put myself in the place of a Chilean who should drop into a New York school by chance and have the pupils promptly stand up and sing his national anthem and follow that with some ancient Chilean popular song, and I do not hesitate to say that at least one of that audience was considerably affected.

Whatever may be said of the provincial and primary schools—generally weak in Latin-America—here in the capital the Families take care of their own. Sarmiento, the great educator of the Argentine, and its president from 1868 to 1874, a friend of our Horace Mann and Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, and of various enlightened Europeans of his time, spent some of his early life in Chile while revolutions were disturbing his native province of San Juan. Education was the great interest of his life, and the work which was to do so much for Argentina began in Santiago, during this voluntary exile, some twenty-five years before. To-day, in Santiago, in addition to the public primary schools, there is the State University, with 1,700 students; the Catholic University; the National Institute, a secondary school with 1,168 pupils; and various others of a more of less private sort. Santiago College, which takes girls at the kindergarten age and graduates them eleven years later from a liberal arts course, the senior year of which includes "English Literature and Rhetoric, Spanish Literature, Geometry, Astronomy, Geography, Sociology, History of Art, English Elocution, Nature Talks and Gymnasium Work," looks, as one walks through it, like any well-conducted girls' boarding-school at home. Classes were over for the day when I was there, but in the gymnasium four little primary girls were imitating with a solemnity and abandon, which these little Latins take to like ducks to water, the gestures of the elocution teacher, who waved his arms in front of them. There is nothing they like better. They throw all their romantic little souls into these sonorous periods that fairly speak themselves, until they remind one less of our own children "speaking pieces" than little *voix d'or* Bernhardts intoning the lines of "Phèdre." There is a boys' school of somewhat the same class, called the "Instituto Ingles."

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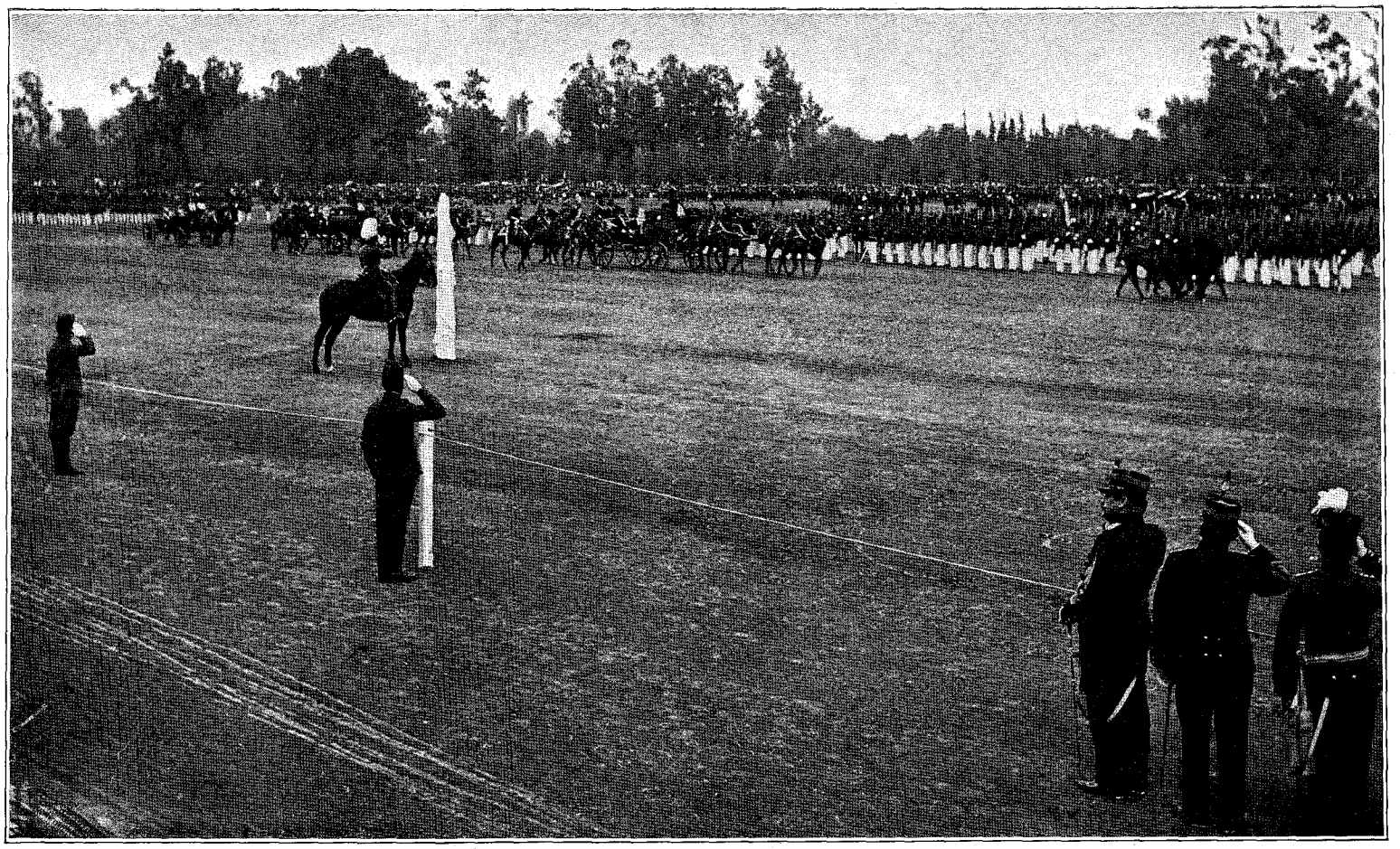

Review of Chilean troops by the President at Santiago.

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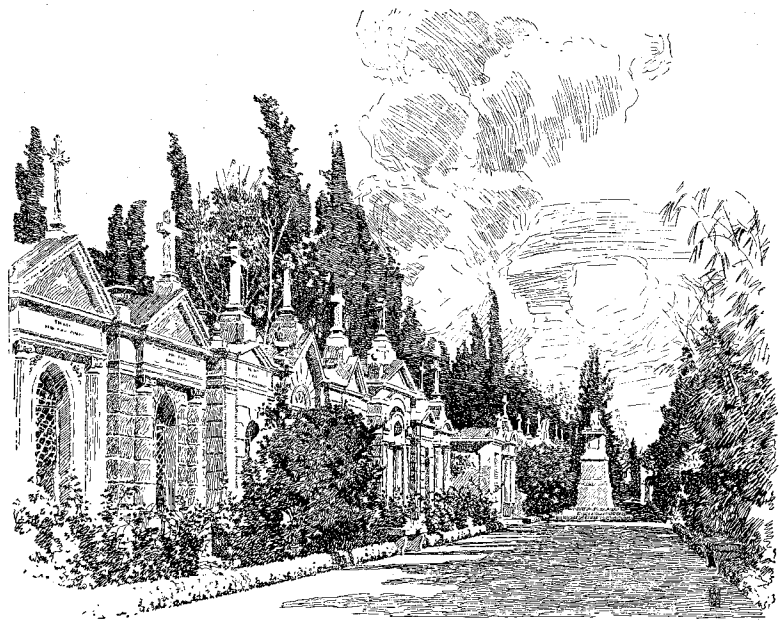
be the Medford *Tiger* or the Cherryville High School *Owl*.

This paper had a Spanish and an English editor, and part was printed in one language and part in the other. There was a translation from *The Literary Digest*, and from a *North American* article on "Is Literature Destroyed by Journalism?"; an article on scholarships in the schools of the United States and here—a typical example of the fond faith of Latin America—

The Chileans have long been pleased to consider themselves the sturdiest and most capable people of South America. Before the war with Peru this was probably true, and in a lesser degree it is true to-day. The victory, the sudden acquiring of the nitrate fields and the easy riches scooped therefrom, has not been an unmixed good. The Chileans of to-day are a bit bumptious, the get-rich possibilities of nitrates have spoiled them somewhat for slow, hard work and



Vaults in the cemetery at Santiago.

a translation of the "liberty or death" speech of Patrick Henry. Boys in school nowadays, I suppose, are discriminating and understand that the Patrick Henry kind of thing is antique rhetoric, not to be taken very seriously. They still like that kind of rhetoric down there—"*Señor Presidente: es natural en el hombre alimentar las ilusiones de la esperanza*"—boom out the familiar words in the rolling Castilian; "Is life so dear"—"*Es las vida tan caro, es la paz tan dulce a ser comprado al precio de la libertad et la esclavitud? Impedido, Dios todopoderoso!*" They have not read, you see, the muck-raking magazines. They do not know of our various frenzied, shamed, and tainted things. They still believe in us down there. They have not got beyond Patrick Henry and the Third Reader.

provided endless temptations for "graft." It is true that nitrates have given Chile a modernity which this cramped coast-land would have been long getting in other ways; it has built up the army and navy and provided free schools. But those who get this free education are not the *rotos* and their children, who may not even know how to read and write, but the young men of the wealthy families who could perfectly well afford to pay for it themselves. The Chile of to-day is a Chile of the second generation, less simple, less inclined to get out and hustle than to squander its inheritance, not without a tendency toward that parasitism which was an Iberian tradition the conquerors brought with them, and which is the basis of Latin-American material backwardness and political unrest.

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The railroad station at Santiago.
These horse-cars have long since been replaced with electric trolleys.

I do not mean to say that this is an accomplished fact, nor that agriculture and mining and manufacturing will not gradually grow and hold up the industrial structure when the bottom has dropped out of the more spectacular nitrates, as, some time or other, of course it must. But it is a tendency, and this and the growing power of the *roto* and *obrero* classes, and the beginning of trades-unions and night-schools and strikes—all this very modern unrest and agitation make Chile one of the most interesting problems of South America today. One gets beyond mere exotic charm here and among people who are thinking and working and wondering why.

Here, for instance, close to Mr. Sporting Boy's talk on football, under the heading, "Una Costumbre Antipatriotica" is a typical echo of that self-analysis, unrest, and criticism which one meets daily in newspapers and talking with Chileans. Pellegrini, one of the ex-presidents of Argentina, has just died, and the leader writer, referring to the tributes to his memory in Buenos Ayres, applauds the way in which the Argentines stand up for their own.

"It is otherwise," says he, "in Chile. Ask any of the strangers who visit us. The first impulse of a Chilean of good position, in speaking of Chile, is to say that it is badly governed, its cities scarcely habitable, public men dishonest, society corrupt, that it exhibits all that which is worst on this earth below. We do not exaggerate. It is a daily spectacle in our most aristocratic clubs. Whenever a new diplomat arrives, a minister or secretary of legation, or merely a casual traveller, you will hear some such conversation as this:

"'You are pleased with Santiago?'

"'Absolutely. Santiago is a most agreeable place. I am delighted with Chile. I am very anxious to know more about the country. I find Chilean society charming.'

"'You are saying that out of pure gallantry and as a good diplomat. It is really a wretched time to see the country. Everything is disorganized.'

"'Oh, you are merely passing through one of those crises that come with progress. That has occurred to many countries.'

"'No; we have no illusions. The government is enough to make one ashamed. And Congress—and the Santiago streets—and the railroads—how shameful to have such a creature in as Minister of Foreign Affairs ——'

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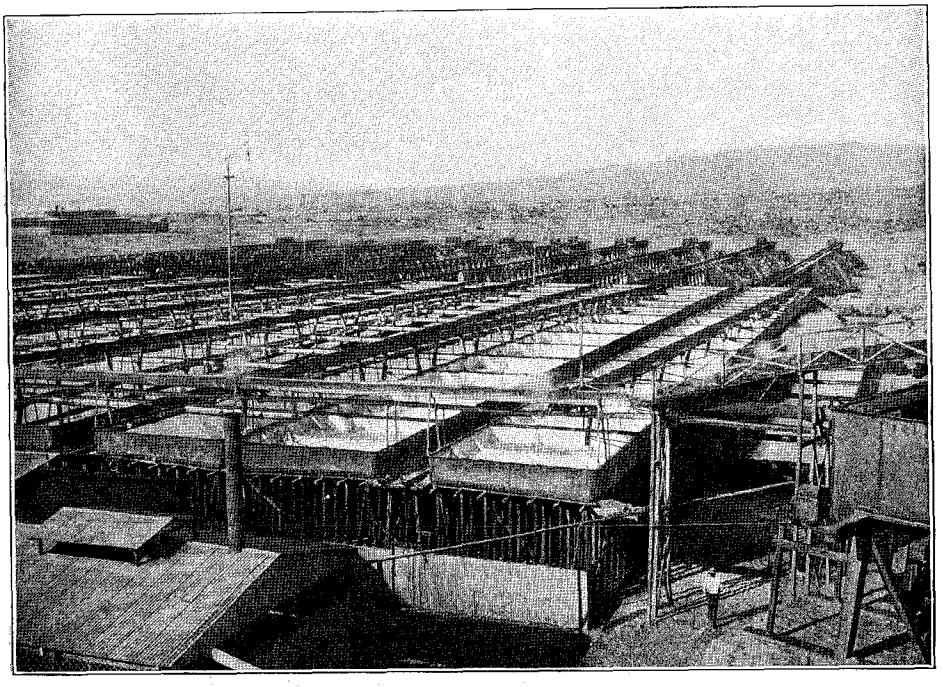

Nitrate vats at an "oficina" in the north of Chile.
Nitrate is Chile's main source of income.

"'Why, it seems to me that Mr. So-and-So is a very able statesman.'

"'No, no. Only a rascal—a bandit—a fool.'

"Whoever has visited the Argentine Republic knows that these things are ordered differently there. Before strangers the Argentinean——"

One day a bundle of home newspapers dropped into Santiago—midsummer newspapers full of stories of baseball games, sunstrokes, ice-famines, chowder-parties, politics, big crops, and all the homely, humorous gossip from police courts and country towns. It would be difficult to explain to anyone who has not at one time or another become temporarily Latinized just how one felt on opening a Chicago paper to find the editor of the *Emporia Gazette* quoted as remarking of the architecture of his face that "there was nothing but features in it," and to see on the front page a cartoon of a book-keeper—the sort of hard-worked, patient, quizzical office-slave that McCutcheon would draw—poring over a ledger in his shirt-sleeves, while a thermometer near by registered ninety-six degrees, and in a woodeny cloud above his head floated a vision of water, a hammock, a shirt-waist girl, and a pitcher of lemonade. This breath of home and the dog-days coming into that southern winter and the toy-aristocracy, with its quaint mixture of punctiliousness and provincialism, suddenly made clear, as few things could, some of the fundamental differences between ourselves and our Latin neighbors. It was impossible to imagine a Chilean editor of Mr. William Allen White's attainments talking about himself in type with that intimate, half-deprecatory humor. As completely alien to such a place as Santiago was that homogeneity of feeling, that love for people just because they are people, even to the length of taking interest in the common physical emotions, which had made it natural to put on the front page of a great paper the picture of a warm and overworked young man in his shirt-sleeves. To the South American *periodista* it would have seemed almost indelicate. His paper is published for an upper crust of people, most of whom think a good deal about the dignity of their position. He and they take themselves seriously. His editorials are written in the grand manner, like messages to Congress. When he wants to lighten the

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The Alameda at Santiago, about two miles long, ornamented with fountains, statues, etc.
Here are many trophies which the Chileans brought back with them from Lima after the war in which Peru was defeated.

paper he prints illustrations from foreign journals or translations of French novels or letters from very literary correspondents, who quote everyone from Homer up and down. If a Spanish-American cartoonist were to use such a subject, he would get his effect in a purely visual and external way—the poor clerk would be seen melting down like an image of wax or catching on fire. Physical grotesqueries of this sort are typical of Spanish humor—people getting hung and kicking and squirming absurdly, heads being sliced off and looking greatly surprised at its being done, a butcher sawing through a bone and cutting off the ends of his fingers. It is the racial variation of our kicking mules and folks slipping on banana-peels. It would never have occurred to him to sentimentalize the hard-working young clerk, to make his appeal not to his audience's eyes or sense of the grotesque, but to their human sympathy, for the simple reason that there is no community of feeling in the people about him of which this would be an expression.

It is the lack of this atmospheric sense of kinship which often make young North Americans poorer colonists than their German and British competitors. They pine away in the chill vacuum between the punctilious upper class and the illiterate, impossible, lower world. There is none of our blessed vulgarity—using the word in its most literal and highest sense—none of that cheerful, half-humorous consciousness of common weaknesses and resignation to a common fate. There is no warm, comfortable middle ground. The whole arrangement of society is aristocratic, democratic though it be in name.

And yet, if I were to choose from all the Other Americans I met, the one who seemed best to combine the qualities of the two races and whose experience had most nearly duplicated that of an able and energetic man at home, it would probably be a citizen of this very City of the Hundred Families. This young man was a newspaper editor, and a South American *redactor* is generally a very mighty person, indeed. Yet he affected none of the ambassadorial grand manner. He was what the South Americans call *sim-*

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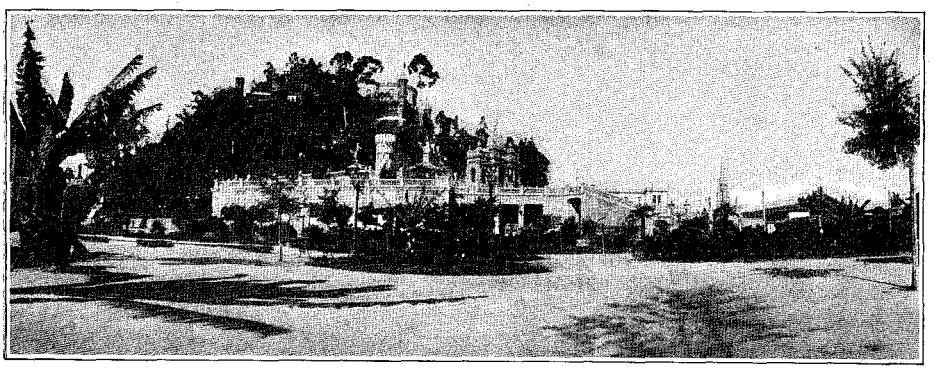
patica—which does not mean sympathetic, but connotes a general notion of things agreeable, congenial, and winsome—and what they call *sencillo*, or, as we would say, unassuming, level-headed, and sensible. He spoke English with scarcely an accent, and, although he had never been in the States, talked about us—the railroads, trusts, insurance, the negro question—with an embarrassing ease and familiarity. Quite frankly and with great good-humor he told about the good and bad that had come from the nitrate fields, the beginnings of trades-unions, night-schools, strikes, the things Chileans of the old school must bring themselves to meet. The government railroad might interest some of our people. It was badly equipped, carelessly run, and it was impossible to keep up the efficiency of the employees. No sooner was a man discharged for inefficiency than some politician got him his job back again. As for education, he wished that more of the money spent on the university and secondary instruction might be put into primary and grammar schools. The result was a kind of intellectual poverty. The upper-class boys got their education free, but what did they give back to the state in return?

"They get their degrees," was the way he put it, "but what do they do with their lives afterward?"

It was, indeed, still true that the country was dominated by the old families. But this could not last forever, and even now politics was reaching out beyond the pale. As he said this he picked up a morning's paper and ran his pencil down the list of names of the newly elected senate—Figueroa, Irarzaval, Fernandez, Tocornal—all conservatives these, as one could tell by their names; yet here beside them were two new men, one a shopkeeper, neither of whom had any connection with the old families at all.

Indeed, as far as this went, he, himself, was quite what in the States we would call a "self-made man." He had come from a poor family in the south of Chile, without money or connections, thinking at first that he was going to be a great literary man. He had written poems in those days, even a novel. Possibly—and unless you have had some little acquaintance with the continent in which every other man who can write at all tries to be "literary" you can hardly appreciate the quite "American" quality of this half-humorous self-deprecation—one might still find a copy of it in the book-shops. After a while he decided that he wasn't a genius, and went to work for a newspaper. And here he was at the top—the mighty *redactor*, author of an "inspired" editorial which the country gravely read each morning, and still a young man; he knew everyone, was received everywhere, could go into the Congress if he wanted to.

I had dropped in on this man unexpectedly in a busy part of the day, and I took up an hour or so of his time asking tiresome questions, and yet to the end he behaved with the good-humor and good sense of the best type of North American, and with the courtesy of the Spanish gentleman. He was almost what is called "a good mixer," and anything more alien to the traditional upper-class Latin-American than that it is hard to imagine. It is men like this who are the southern continent's men of to-morrow, who are, indeed, the Other Americans.



The entrance to Santa Lucia.
The miniature mountain in the centre of the city which has been made into a park.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I'll go with ye—anywhar."—Page 168.

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THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

VIII

ON a spur of Black Mountain, beyond the Kentucky line, a lean horse was tied to a sassafras bush, and in a clump of rhododendron, ten yards away, a lean black-haired boy sat with a Winchester between his stomach and thighs—waiting for the dusk to drop. His chin was in both hands, the brim of his slouch hat was curved crescent-wise over his forehead, and his eyes were on the sweeping bend of the river below him. That was the "Bad Bend" down there, peopled with ancestral enemies, and the headquarters of their leader for the last ten years. Though they had been at peace for some time now, it had been Saturday in the county town ten miles down the river as well, and nobody ever knew what a Saturday might bring forth between his people and them. So he would not risk riding through that bend by the light of day.

All the long way up spur after spur and along ridge after ridge—all along the still, tree-crested top of the Big Black, he had been thinking of the man—the "furriner" whom he had seen at his uncle's cabin in Lonesome Cove. He was thinking of him still, as he sat there waiting for darkness to come, and the two vertical little lines in his forehead, hardly relaxing once during his climb, got deeper and deeper, as his brain puzzled into the problem that was worrying it: who the stranger was—what his business was over in the Cove—his business with the Red Fox with whom the boy had seen him talking.

He had heard of the coming of the "furriners" on the Virginia side. He had seen some of them, he was suspicious of all of them, he disliked them all—but this man he hated straightway. He hated his boots and his clothes; the way he sat and talked, as though he owned the earth, and the lad snorted contemptuously under his breath:

"He called pants 'trousers.'" It was a fearful indictment, and he snorted again: "Trousers!"

The "furriner" might be a spy or a revenue officer, but deep down in the boy's heart the suspicion had been working that he had gone over there to see his little cousin—the girl whom, boy that he was, he had marked when she was even more of a child than she was now, for his own. His people understood it as did her father, and, child though she was, she, too, understood it. The difference between her and the "furriner"—difference in age, condition, way of life, education—meant nothing to him, and as his suspicion deepened, his hands dropped and gripped his Winchester, and through his gritting teeth came vaguely:

"By God, if he does—if he just does!"

Away down at the lower end of the river's curving sweep, the dirt road was visible for a hundred yards or more, and even while he was cursing to himself, a group of horsemen rode into sight. All seemed to be carrying something across their saddle bows, and as the boy's eyes caught them, he sank sidewise out of sight and stood upright, peering through a bush of rhododendron. Something had happened in town that day—for the horsemen carried Winchesters, and every foreign thought in his brain passed like breath from a window pane, while his dark, thin face whitened a little with anxiety and wonder. Swiftly he stepped backward, keeping the bushes between him and his far-away enemies. Another knot he gave the reins around the sassafras bush and then, Winchester in hand, he dropped noiseless as an Indian, from rock to rock, tree to tree, down the sheer spur on the other side. Twenty minutes later, he lay behind a bush

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that was sheltered by the top boulder of the rocky point under which the road ran. His enemies were in their own country; they would probably be talking over the happenings in town that day, and from them he would learn what was going on.

So long he lay that he got tired and out of patience, and he was about to creep around the boulder, when the clink of a horse-shoe against a stone told him they were coming and he flattened to the earth and closed his eyes that his ears might be more keen. They were riding silently, but as the first two passed under him, one said:

"I'd like to know who the hell warned 'em!"

"Whar's the Red Fox?" was the significant answer.

The boy's heart leaped. There had been deviltry abroad, but his kinsmen had escaped. No one uttered a word as they rode two by two, under him, but one voice came back to him as they turned the point.

"I wonder if the other boys ketched young Dave?" He could not catch the answer to that—only the oath that was in it, and when the sound of the horses' hoofs died away he turned over on his back and stared up at the sky. Some trouble had come and through his own caution, and the mercy of Providence that had kept him away from the Gap, he had had his escape from death that day. He would tempt that Providence no more, even by climbing back to his horse in the waning light, and it was not until dusk had fallen that he was leading the beast down the spur and into a ravine that sank to the road. There he waited an hour, and when another horseman passed he still waited a while. Cautiously then, with ears alert, eyes straining through the darkness and Winchester ready, he went down the road at a slow walk. There was a light in the first house, but the front door was closed and the road was deep with sand, as he knew; so he passed noiselessly. At the second house, light streamed through the open door; he could hear talking on the porch and he halted. He could neither cross the river nor get around the house by the rear—the ridge was too steep—so he drew off into the bushes, where he had to wait another hour before the talking ceased. There was only one more house now between him and the mouth of the creek, where he would be safe, and he made up his mind to dash by it. That house, too, was lighted and the sound of fiddling struck his ears. He would give them a surprise; so he gathered his reins and Winchester in his left hand, drew his revolver with his right, and within thirty yards started his horse into a run, yelling like an Indian and firing his pistol in the air. As he swept by, two or three figures dashed pell-mell indoors, and he shouted derisively:

"Run, damn ye, run!" They were running for their guns, he knew, but the taunt would hurt and he was pleased. As he swept by the edge of a cornfield, there was a flash of light from the base of a cliff straight across, and a bullet sang over him, then another and another, but he sped on, cursing and yelling and shooting his own Winchester up in the air—all harmless, useless, but just to hurl defiance, and taunt them with his safety. His father's house was not far away, there was no sound of pursuit, and when he reached the river he drew down to a walk and stopped short in a shadow. Something had clicked in the bushes above him and he bent over his saddle and lay close to his horse's neck. The moon was rising behind him and its light was creeping towards him through the bushes. In a moment he would be full in its yellow light and he was slipping from his horse to dart aside into the bushes, when a voice ahead of him called sharply:

"That you, Dave?"

It was his father, and his answer was a loud laugh. Several men stepped from the bushes—they had heard firing and, fearing that young Dave was the cause of it, they had run to his help.

"What the hell you mean, boy, kickin' up such a racket?"

"Oh, I knowed somethin'd happened an' I wanted to skeer 'em a leetle."

"Yes, an' you never thought o' the trouble you might be causin' us."

"Don't you bother about me. I can take keer o' myself."

Old Dave Tolliver grunted—though at heart he was deeply pleased.

"Well, you come on home!"

All went silently—the boy getting meagre monosyllabic answers to his eager questions, but by the time they reached home he had gathered the story of what had happened in town that day. There were more

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men in the porch of the house and all were armed. The women of the house moved about noiselessly and with drawn faces. There were no lights lit, and nobody stood long even in the light of the fire where he could be seen through a window; and doors were opened and passed through quickly. The Falins had opened the feud that day, for the boy's foster-uncle, Bad Rufe Tolliver, contrary to the terms of the last truce, had come home from the West, and one of his kinsmen had been wounded. The boy told what he had heard while he lay over the road along which some of his enemies had passed and his father nodded. The Falins had learned in some way that the lad was going to the Gap that day and had sent men after him. Who was the spy?

"You *told* me you was a-goin' to the Gap," said old Dave. "Whar was ye?"

"I didn't git that far," said the boy.

The old man and Loretta, young Dave's sister, laughed and quiet smiles passed between the others.

"Well, you'd better be keerful 'bout gittin' even as far as you did git—wharever that was—from now on."

"I ain't afeerd," the boy said sullenly, and he turned into the kitchen. Still sullen, he ate his supper in silence and his mother asked him no questions. He was worried that Bad Rufe had come back to the mountains, for Rufe teased June and there was something in his bold, black eyes that made the lad furious, even when the foster-uncle was looking at Loretta or the little girl in Lonesome Cove. And yet that was nothing to his new trouble, for his mind hung persistently to the stranger and to the way June had behaved in the cabin in Lonesome Cove. Before he went to bed he slipped out to the old well behind the house and sat on the water-trough in gloomy unrest, looking now and then at the stars that hung over the Cove and over the Gap beyond where the stranger was bound. It would have pleased him a good deal could he have known that the stranger was pushing his big black horse on his way under those stars towards the outer world.

IX

It was court-day at the county seat across the Kentucky line. Hale had risen early, as every one must if he would get his breakfast in the mountains, even in the hotels in the county seats, and he sat with his feet on the railing of the hotel porch, which fronted the main street of the town. He had had his heart-breaking failures since the autumn before, but he was in good cheer now, for his feverish enthusiasm had at last clutched a man who would take up not only his options on the great Gap beyond Black Mountain but on the cannel-coal lands of Devil Judd Tolliver as well. He was riding across from the Blue-grass to meet this man at the railroad in Virginia, two hundred miles away; he had stopped to examine some titles at the county seat and he meant to go on that day by way of Lonesome Cove. Opposite was the brick Court House—every window lacking at least one pane, the steps yellow with dirt and tobacco juice, the doorway and the bricks about the upper windows bullet-dented and eloquent with memories of the feud which had long embroiled the whole county. Not that everybody took part in it, but, on the matter, everybody, as an old woman told him, "had feelin's." It had begun, so he learned, just after the war. Two boys were playing marbles in the road along the Cumberland River, and one had a patch on the seat of his trousers. The other boy made fun of it and the boy with the patch went home and told his father. As a result there had already been thirty years of local war. In the last race for legislature, political issues were submerged and the feud was the sole issue. And a Tolliver had carried that boy's trouser-patch like a flag to victory and was sitting in the lower House at that time helping to make laws for the rest of the State. Now Bad Rufe Tolliver was in the hills again and the end was not yet. Already people were pouring in, men, women and children—the men slouch-hatted and stalking through the mud in the rain, or filing in on horseback—riding double sometimes—two men or two women, or a man with his wife or daughter behind him, or a woman with a baby in her lap and two more children behind—all dressed in homespun or store-clothes, the paint from artificial flowers on her hat streaking the face of some girl who had unwisely scanned the heavens that morning. Soon the square was filled with hitched horses, and an auctioneer was bidding off cattle, sheep, hogs and horses

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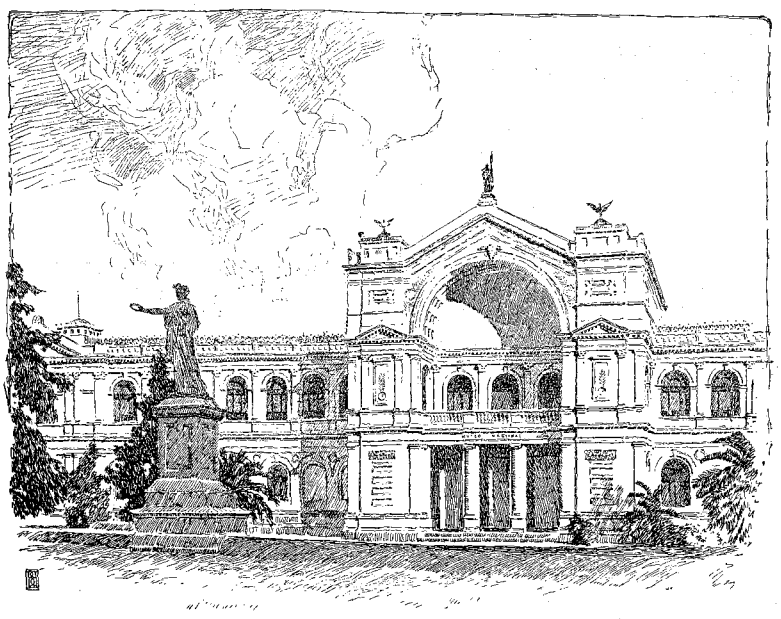


The National Museum at Santiago.

It was founded in the late seventies by Presbyterians, and now has a Princeton man for principal, while most of the teachers are American. There were about three hundred pupils here, about a score of which were Bolivians. Their school paper, "The Southern Cross," took one back at a glance to the high-school and small-college papers of home.

"Back at the I. I.," began its column of "Locals and Personals," in the time-honored manner.

"Glad to see you.

"Hope you had a good vacation.

"Gustave Valengula, brother of Julio, has returned after two years' absence.

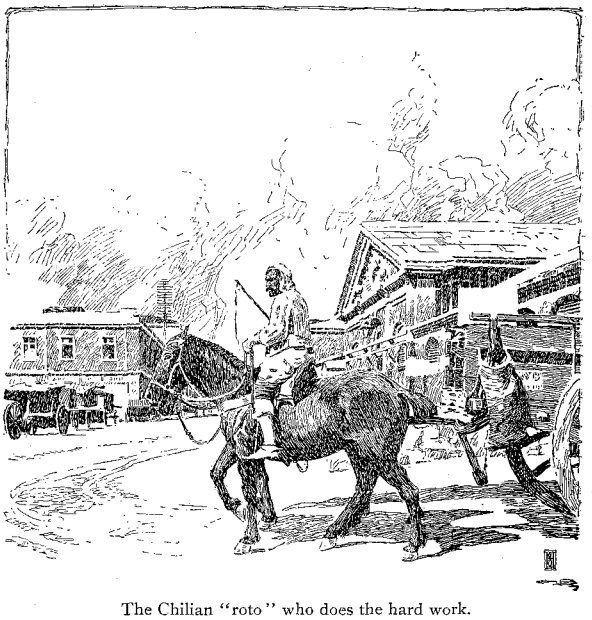
"The Boys are practising early this year for the field meet.

"The Thunder Football Team has kindly given us permission to use their ground in the Quinta Normal.

"The Andean Literary Society has begun its year's work.

"A challenge was sent to the Captain of the Ammategui Football Club by the Institute, and an exciting game was played, the final score being four goals to two in favor of Ammategui.

"Line up: Instituto—*Goal*, Auget; *Backs*, Zamora, Robinson (Capt.); *Half-backs*, Mena, Vallejos, Lira. *Forwards*, Vergara, Raiteri, Carabantes, Muñoz, Quiroga, etc., etc." Change a name or two and it might



The Chilian "roto" who does the hard work.

The two-horse carts, with their driver mounted on one horse, are very typical of Chile, especially of the Valparaiso streets.

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to the crowd of mountaineers about him, while the women sold eggs and butter and bought things for use at home. Now and then, an open feudsman with a Winchester passed and many a man was belted with cartridges for the big pistol dangling at his hip. When court opened, the rain ceased, the sun came out and Hale made his way through the crowd to the battered temple of justice. On one corner of the square he could see the chief store of the town—"Buck Falin—General Merchandise," and the big man in the door with the bushy red-head, he guessed, was the leader of the Falin clan. Outside the door stood a smaller replica of the same figure, whom he recognized as the leader of the band that had nearly ridden him down at the Gap when they were looking for young Dave Tolliver, the autumn before. That, doubtless, was young Buck. For a moment he stood at the door of the court-room. A Falin was on trial and the grizzled judge was speaking angrily:

"This is the third time you've had this trial postponed because you hain't got no lawyer. I ain't goin' to put it off. Have you got you a lawyer now?"

"Yes, Jedge," said the defendant.

"Well, whar is he?"

"Over thar on the jury."

The judge looked at the man on the jury.

"Well, I reckon you better leave him whar he is. He'll do you more good thar than anywhar else."

Hale laughed aloud—the judge glared at him and he turned quickly upstairs to his work in the deed-room. Till noon he worked and yet there was no trouble. After dinner he went back and in two hours his work was done. An atmospheric difference he felt as soon as he reached the door. The crowd had melted from the square. There were no women in sight but eight armed men were in front of the door and two of them—a red Falin and a black Tolliver—Bad Rufe it was—were quarreling. In every door-way stood a man cautiously looking on, and in a hotel window he saw a woman's frightened face. It was so still that it seemed impossible that a tragedy could be imminent, and yet, while he was trying to take the conditions in, one of the quarreling men—Bad Rufe Tolliver—whipped out his revolver and before he could level it, a Falin struck the muzzle of a pistol into his back. Another Tolliver flashed his weapon on the Falin. This Tolliver was covered by another Falin and in so many flashes of lightning the eight men in front of him were covering each other—every man afraid to be the first to shoot, since he knew that the flash of his own pistol meant instantaneous death for him. As Hale shrank back, he pushed against somebody who thrust him aside. It was the Judge:

"Why don't somebody shoot?" he asked sarcastically. "You're a purty set o' fools, ain't you? I want you all to stop this damned foolishness. Now when I give the word I want you, Jim Falin and Rufe Tolliver thar to drap yer guns."

Already Rufe was grinning like a devil over the absurdity of the situation.

"Now!" said the Judge, and the two guns were dropped.

"Put 'em in yo' pockets."

They did.

"Drap!" All dropped and, with those two, all put up their guns—each man, however, watching now the man who had just been covering him. It is not wise for the stranger to show too much interest in the personal affairs of mountain men, and Hale left the Judge berating them and went to the hotel to get ready for the Gap, little dreaming how fixed the faces of some of those men were in his brain and how, later, they were to rise in his memory again. His horse was lame—but he must go on: so he hired a "yaller" mule from the landlord and when the beast was brought around he overheard two men talking at the end of the porch.

"You don't mean to say they've made peace."

"Yes, Rufe's going away agin and they shuk hands—all of 'em." The other laughed.

"Rufe ain't gone yit!"

The Cumberland River was rain-swollen. The home-going people were helping each other across it and, as Hale approached the ford of a creek half a mile beyond the river, a black-haired girl was standing on a boulder looking helplessly at the yellow water, and two boys were on the ground below her. One of them looked up at Hale:

"I wish ye'd help this lady 'cross."

"Certainly," said Hale, and the girl

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giggled when he laboriously turned his old mule up to the boulder. Not accustomed to have ladies ride behind him, Hale had turned the wrong side. Again he laboriously wheeled about and into the yellow torrent with the girl behind him, the old beast stumbling over the stones, whereat the girl, unafraid, made sounds of much merriment. Across, Hale stopped and said courteously:

"If you are going up this way, you are quite welcome to ride on."

"Well, I wasn't crossin' that crick jes exactly fer fun," said the girl demurely, and then she murmured something about her cousins and looked back. They had gone down to a shallower ford and when they, too, had waded across, they said nothing and the girl said nothing—so Hale started on, the two boys following. The mule was slow and, being in a hurry, Hale urged him with his whip. Every time he struck, the beast would kick up and once the girl came near going off.

"You must watch out, when I hit him," said Hale.

"I don't know when you're goin' to hit him," she drawled unconcernedly.

"Well, I'll let you know," said Hale laughing. "Now!" And, as he whacked the beast again, the girl laughed and they were better acquainted. Presently they passed two boys. Hale was wearing riding-boots and tight breeches and one of the boys ran his eyes up boot and leg and if they were lifted higher, Hale could not tell.

"Whar'd you git him?" he squeaked.

The girl turned her head as the mule broke into a trot.

"Ain't got time to tell. They are my cousins," explained the girl.

"What is your name?" asked Hale.

"Loretty Tolliver." Hale turned in his saddle.

"Are you the daughter of Dave Tolliver?"

"Yes."

"Then you've got a brother named Dave?"

"Yes." This, then, was the sister of the black-haired boy he had seen in the Lonesome Cove.

"Haven't you got some kinfolks over the mountain?"

"Yes, I got an Uncle livin' over thar. Devil Judd, folks calls him," said the girl simply. This girl was cousin to little June in Lonesome Cove. Every now and then she would look behind them, and when Hale turned again inquiringly she explained:

"I'm worried about my cousins back thar. I'm afeerd somethin' mought happen to 'em."

"Shall we wait for them?"

"Oh, no—I reckon not."

Soon they overtook two men on horseback, and after they passed and were fifty yards ahead of them, one of the men lifted his voice jestingly:

"Is that your woman, stranger, or have you just borrowed her?" Hale shouted back:

"No, I'm sorry to say, I've just borrowed her," and he turned to see how she would take this answering pleasantry. She was looking down shyly and she did not seem much pleased.

"They are kinfolks o' mine, too," she said, and whether it was in explanation or as a rebuke, Hale could not determine.

"You must be kin to everybody around here?"

"Most everybody," she said simply.

By and by they came to a creek.

"I have to turn up here," said Hale.

"So do I," she said, smiling now directly at him.

"Good!" he said, and they went on—Hale asking more questions. She was going to school at the county seat the coming winter and she was fifteen years old.

"That's right. The trouble in the mountains is that you girls marry so early that you don't have time to get an education." She wasn't going to marry early, she said, but Hale learned now that she had a sweetheart who had been in town that day and apparently the two had had a quarrel. Who it was, she would not tell, and Hale would have been amazed had he known the sweetheart was none other than young Buck Falin and that the quarrel between the lovers had sprung from the opening quarrel that day, between the clans. Once again she came near going off the mule, and Hale observed that she was holding to the cantel of his saddle.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "hadn't you better catch hold of me?" She shook her head vigorously and made two not-to-be-rendered sounds that meant:

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"No, indeed."

"Well, if this were your sweetheart you'd take hold of him, wouldn't you?"

Again she gave a vigorous shake of the head.

"Well, if he saw you riding behind me, he wouldn't like it, would he?"

"She didn't keer," she said, but Hale did; and when he heard the galloping of horses behind him, saw two men coming and heard one of them shouting—"Hyeh, you man on that yaller mule, stop thar"—he shifted his revolver, pulled in and waited with some uneasiness. They came up, reeling in their saddles—neither one the girl's sweetheart, as he saw at once from her face—and began to ask what the girl characterized afterwards as "unnecessary questions": who he was, who she was, and where they were going. Hale answered so shortly that the girl thought there was going to be a fight, and she was on the point of slipping from the mule.

"Sit still," said Hale, quietly. "There's not going to be a fight so long as you are here."

"Thar hain't!" said one of the men. "Well"—then he looked sharply at the girl and turned his horse—"Come on, Bill—that's ole Dave Tolliver's gal." The girl's face was on fire.

"Them mean Falins!" she said contemptuously, and somehow the mere fact that Hale had been even for the moment antagonistic to the other faction seemed to put him in the girl's mind at once on her side, and straightway she talked freely of the feud. Devil Judd had taken no active part in it for a long time, she said, except to keep it down—especially since he and her father had had a "fallin' out" and the two families did not visit much—though she and her cousin June sometimes spent the night with each other.

"You won't be able to git over thar till long after dark," she said, and she caught her breath so suddenly and so sharply that Hale turned to see what the matter was. She searched his face with her black eyes, which were like June's without the depths of June's.

"I was just a-wonderin' if mebbe you wasn't the same feller that was over in Lonesome last fall."

"Maybe I am—my name's Hale." The girl laughed. "Well, if this ain't the beatenest! I've heerd June talk about you. My brother Dave don't like you over much," she added frankly. "I reckon we'll see Dave purty soon. If this ain't the beatenest!" she repeated, and she laughed again, as she always did laugh, it seemed to Hale, when there was any prospect of getting him into trouble.

"You can't git over thar till long after dark," she said again presently.

"Is there any place on the way where I can get to stay all night?"

"You can stay all night with the Red Fox on top of the mountain."

"The Red Fox," repeated Hale.

"Yes, he lives right on top of the mountain. You can't miss his house."

"Oh, yes, I remember him. I saw him talking to one of the Falins in town to-day behind the barn when I went to get my horse."

"You—seed—him—a-talkin'—to a Falin *afore* the trouble come up?" the girl asked slowly and with such significance that Hale turned to look at her. He felt straightway that he ought not to have said that, and the day was to come when he would remember it to his cost. He knew how foolish it was for the stranger to show sympathy with or interest in one faction or another in a mountain feud—but to give any kind of information of one to the other—that was unwise indeed. Ahead of them now, a little stream ran from a ravine across the road. Beyond was a cabin; in the doorway were several faces and sitting on a horse at the gate was young Dave Tolliver.

"Well, I git down here," said the girl, and before his mule stopped she slid from behind him and made for the gate without a word of thanks or good-by.

"Howdye!" said Hale, taking in the group with his glance, but leaving his eyes on young Dave. The rest nodded, but the boy was too surprised for speech, and the spirit of deviltry took the girl when she saw her brother's face, and at the gate she turned:

"Much obleeged," she said. "Tell June I'm a-comin' over to see her next Sunday."

"I will," said Hale, and he rode on. To his surprise, when he had gone a hundred yards, he heard the boy spurring after him, and he looked around inquiringly as young Dave drew alongside; but the boy said nothing and Hale, amused, kept still, wondering when the lad would open speech.

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At the mouth of another little creek the boy stopped his horse as though he was to turn up that way.

"You've come back agin," he said, searching Hale's face with his black eyes.

"Yes," said Hale, "I've come back again."

"You goin' over to Lonesome Cove?"

"Yes."

The boy hesitated, and a sudden change of mind was plain to Hale in his face.

"I wish you'd tell Uncle Judd about the trouble in town to-day," he said, still looking fixedly at Hale.

"Certainly."

"Did you tell the Red Fox that day you seed him when you was goin' over to the gap last fall that you seed me at Uncle Judd's?"

"No," said Hale. "But how did you know that I saw the Red Fox that day?" The boy laughed unpleasantly.

"So long," he said. "See you agin some day."

The way was steep and the sun was down and darkness gathering before Hale reached the top of the mountain—so he hallooed at the yard fence of the Red Fox, who peered cautiously out of the door and asked his name before he came to the gate. And there, with a grin on his curious mismatched face, he repeated young Dave's words:

"You've come back agin." And Hale repeated his:

"Yes, I've come back again."

"You goin' over to Lonesome Cove?"

"Yes," said Hale impatiently, "I'm going over to Lonesome Cove. Can I stay here all night?"

"Shore!" said the old man hospitably. "That's a fine hoss you got thar," he added with a chuckle. "Been swappin'?" Hale had to laugh as he climbed down from the bony ear-flopping beast.

"I left my horse in town—he's lame."

"Yes, I seed you thar." Hale could not resist:

"Yes, and I seed you." The old man almost turned.

"Whar?" Again the temptation was too great.

"Talking to the Falin who started the row." This time the Red Fox wheeled sharply and his pale blue eyes filled with suspicion.

"I keeps friends with both sides," he said. "Ain't many folks can do that."

"I reckon not," said Hale calmly, but in the pale eyes he still saw suspicion.

When they entered the cabin, a little old woman in black, dumb and noiseless, was cooking supper. The children of the two, he learned, had scattered, and they lived there alone. On the mantel were two pistols and in one corner was the big Winchester he remembered and behind it was the big brass telescope. On the table was a Bible and a volume of Swedenborg, and among the usual strings of pepper-pods and beans and twisted long green tobacco were drying herbs and roots of all kinds, and about the fireplace were bottles of liquids that had been stewed from them. The little old woman served, and opened her lips not at all. Supper was eaten with no further reference to the doings in town that day and no word was said about their meeting when Hale first went to Lonesome Cove, until they were smoking on the porch.

"I heerd you found some mighty fine coal over in Lonesome Cove."

"Yes."

"Young Dave Tolliver thinks you found somethin' else thar, too," chuckled the Red Fox.

"I did," said Hale coolly, and the old man chuckled again.

"She's a purty leetle gal—shore."

"Who is?" asked Hale, looking calmly at his questioner, and the Red Fox lapsed into baffled silence.

The moon was brilliant and the night was still. Suddenly the Red Fox cocked his ear like a hound and without a word slipped swiftly within the cabin. A moment later Hale heard the galloping of a horse and from out the dark woods loped a horseman with a Winchester across his saddle bow. He pulled in at the gate, but before he could shout "Hello" the Red Fox had stepped from the porch into the moonlight and was going to meet him. Hale had never seen a more easy, graceful, daring figure on horseback, and in the bright light he could make out the reckless face of the man who had been the first to flash his pistol in town that day—Bad Rufe Tolliver. For ten minutes the two talked in whispers—Rufe bent forward with one elbow on the withers of his horse but lifting

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his eyes every now and then to the stranger seated in the porch—and then the horseman turned with an oath and galloped into the darkness whence he came, while the Red Fox slouched back to the porch and dropped silently into his seat.

"Who was that?" asked Hale.

"Bad Rufe Tolliver."

"I've heard of him."

"Most everybody in these mountains has. He's the feller that's always causin' trouble. Him and Joe Falin agreed to go West last fall to end the war. Joe was killed out thar, and now Rufe claims Joe don't count now an' he's got the right to come back. Soon's he comes back things git frolicksome agin. He swore he wouldn't go back unless another Falin goes too. Wirt Falin agreed, and that's how they made peace to-day. Now Rufe says he won't go at all—truce or no truce. My wife in thar is a Tolliver, but both sides comes to me and I keeps peace with both of 'em."

No doubt he did, Hale thought, keep peace or mischief with or against anybody with that face of his. That was a common type of the bad man, that horseman who had galloped away from the gate—but this old man with his dual face who preached the Word on Sundays and on other days was a walking arsenal; who dreamed dreams and had visions and slipped through the hills in his mysterious moccasins on errands of mercy or chasing men from vanity, personal enmity or for fun, and still appeared so sane—he was a type that confounded. No wonder for these reasons and as a tribute to his infernal shrewdness he was known far and wide as the Red Fox of the Mountains. But Hale was too tired for further speculation and presently he yawned.

"Want to lay down?" asked the old man quickly.

"I think I do," said Hale, and they went inside. The little old woman had her face to the wall in a bed in one corner and the Red Fox pointed to a bed in the other:

"Thar's yo' bed." Again Hale's eyes fell on the big Winchester.

"I reckon thar hain't more'n two others like it in all these mountains."

"What's the calibre?"

"Biggest made," was the answer, "a 50 x 75."

"Centre fire?"

"Rim," said the Red Fox.

"Gracious," laughed Hale, "what do you want such a big one for?"

"Man cannot live by bread alone—in these mountains," said the Red Fox grimly.

When Hale lay down he could hear the old man quavering out a hymn or two on the porch outside: and when, worn out with the day, he went to sleep, the Red Fox was reading his Bible by the light of a tallow dip. It is fatefully strange when people, whose lives tragically intersect, look back to their first meetings with one another, and Hale never forgot that night in the cabin of the Red Fox. For had Bad Rufe Tolliver, while he whispered at the gate, known the part the quiet young man silently seated in the porch would play in his life, he would have shot him where he sat: and could the Red Fox have known the part his sleeping guest was to play in his, the old man would have knifed him where he lay.

X

HALE opened his eyes on the little old woman in black, next morning, moving ghostlike through the dim interior to the kitchen. A woodthrush was singing when he stepped out on the porch and its cool notes had the liquid freshness of the morning. Breakfast over, he concluded to leave the yellow mule with the Red Fox to be taken back to the county town and to walk down the mountain, but before he got away the landlord's son turned up with his own horse, still lame, but well enough to limp along without doing himself harm. So, leading the horse, Hale started down.

The sun was rising over still seas of white mist and wave after wave of blue Virginia hills. In the shadows below it smote the mists into tatters; leaf and bush glittered as though after a heavy rain, and down Hale went under a trembling dew-drenched world and along a tumbling series of water-falls that flashed through tall ferns, blossoming laurel and shining leaves of rhododendron. Once he heard something move below him and then the crackling of brush sounded far to one side of the road. He knew it was a man who would be watching him from a covert and, straightway, to prove his innocence of any hostile or secret purpose, he

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began to whistle. Farther below, two men with Winchesters rose from the bushes and asked his name and his business. He told both readily. Everybody, it seemed, was prepared for hostilities and, though the news of the patched-up peace had spread, it was plain that the factions were still suspicious and on guard. Then the loneliness almost of Lonesome Cove itself set in. For miles he saw nothing alive but an occasional bird and heard no sound but of running water or rustling leaf. At the mouth of the creek his horse's lameness had grown so much better that he mounted him and rode slowly up the river. Within an hour he could see the still crest of the Lonesome Pine. At the mouth of a creek a mile farther on was an old gristmill with its water-wheel asleep, and whittling at the door outside was the old miller, Uncle Billy Beams, who, when he heard the coming of the black horse's feet, looked up and showed no surprise at all when he saw Hale.

"I heard you was comin'," he shouted, hailing him cheerily by name. "Ain't fishin' this time!"

"No," said Hale, not this time."

"Well, git down and rest a spell, June'll be here in a minute an' you can ride back with her. I reckon you air goin' that a-way."

"June!"

"Shore! My, but she'll be glad to see ye! She's always talkin' about ye. You told her you was comin' back an' ever'body told her you wasn't: but that leetle gal al'ays said she *knowed* you was, because you *said* you was. She's growed some—an' if she ain't purty, well I'd tell a man! You jest tie yo' hoss up thar behind the mill so she can't see it, an' git inside the mill when she comes round that bend thar. My, but hit'll be a surprise fer her."

The old man chuckled so cheerily that Hale, to humor him, hitched his horse to a sapling, came back and sat in the door of the mill. The old man knew all about the trouble in town the day before.

"I want to give ye a leetle advice. Keep yo' mouth plum' shut about this here war. I'm Jestice of the Peace, but that's the only way I've kept outen of it fer thirty years; an' hit's the only way you can keep outen it."

"Thank you, I mean to keep my mouth shut, but would you mind——"

"Git in!" interrupted the old man eagerly. "Hyeh she comes." His kind old face creased into a welcoming smile, and between the logs of the mill Hale, inside, could see an old sorrel horse slowly coming through the lights and shadows down the road. On its back was a sack of corn and perched on the sack was a little girl with her bare feet in the hollows behind the old nag's withers. She was looking sidewise, quite hidden by a scarlet poke-bonnet, and at the old man's shout she turned the smiling face of little June. With an answering cry, she struck the old nag with a switch and before the old man could rise to help her down, slipped lightly to the ground.

"Why, honey," he said, "I don't know whut I'm goin' to do 'bout yo' corn. Shaft's broke an' I can't do no grindin' till to-morrow."

"Well, Uncle Billy, we ain't got a pint o' meal in the house," she said. "You just got to *lend* me some."

"All right, honey," said the old man, and he cleared his throat as a signal for Hale.

The little girl was pushing her bonnet back when Hale stepped into sight and, unstartled, unsmiling, unspeaking, she looked steadily at him—one hand motionless for a moment on her bronze heap of hair and then slipping down past her cheek to clench the other tightly. Uncle Billy was bewildered.

"Why, June, hit's Mr. Hale—why——"

"Howdye, June!" said Hale, who was no less puzzled—and still she gave no sign that she had ever seen him before except reluctantly to give him her hand. Then she turned sullenly away and sat down in the door of the mill with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands.

Dumbfounded, the old miller pulled the sack of corn from the horse and leaned it against the mill. Then he took out his pipe, filled and lighted it slowly and turned his perplexed eyes to the sun.

"Well, honey," he said, as though he were doing the best he could with a difficult situation, "I'll have to git you that meal at the house. 'Bout dinner time now. You an' Mr. Hale thar come on and git somethin' to eat afore ye go back."

"I got to git on back home," said June, rising.

"No you ain't—I bet you got dinner fer yo' step mammy afore you left, an' I jus'

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know you was aimin' to take a snack with me an' ole Hon." The little girl hesitated —she had no denial—and the old fellow smiled kindly.

"Come on, now."

Little June walked on the other side of the miller from Hale back to the old man's cabin, two hundred yards up the road, answering his questions but not Hale's, and never meeting the latter's eyes with her own. "Ole Hon," the portly old woman whom Hale remembered, with brass-rimmed spectacles and a clay pipe in her mouth, came out on the porch and welcomed them heartily under the honey-suckle vines. Her mouth and face were alive with humor when she saw Hale, and her eyes took in both him and the little girl keenly. The miller and Hale leaned chairs against the wall while the girl sat at the entrance of the porch. Suddenly Hale went out to his horse and took out a package from his saddle-pockets.

"I've got some candy in here for you," he said smiling.

"I don't want no candy," she said, still not looking at him and with a little movement of her knees away from him.

"Why, honey," said Uncle Billy again, "whut *is* the matter with ye? I thought ye was great friends." The little girl rose hastily.

"No, we ain't nuther," she said, and she whisked herself indoors. Hale put the package back with some embarrassment and the old miller laughed.

"Well, well—she's a quar little critter; mebbe she's mad because you stayed away so long."

At the table June wanted to help Ole Hon and wait to eat with her, but Uncle Billy made her sit down with him and Hale, and so shy was she about it that she hardly ate anything. Once only did she look up from her plate and that was when Uncle Billy, with a shake of his head, said:

"He's a bad un." He was speaking of Rufe Tolliver, and at the mention of his name there was a frightened look in the little girl's eyes, when she quickly raised them, that made Hale wonder.

An hour later they were riding side by side—Hale and June—on through the lights and shadows towards Lonesome Cove. Uncle Billy turned back from the gate to the porch.

"He ain't come back hyeh jes' fer coal," said Ole Hon.

"Shucks!" said Uncle Billy; "you women-folks can't think 'bout nothin' 'cept one thing. He's too old fer her."

"She'll git ole enough fer *him*—an' you men-folks don't think less—you jest talk less." And she went back into the kitchen, and on the porch the old miller puffed on a new idea in his pipe.

For a few minutes the two rode in silence and not yet had June lifted her eyes to him.

"You've forgotten me, June."

"No, I hain't, nuther."

"You said you'd be waiting for me." June's lashes went lower still.

"I was."

"Well, what's the matter? I'm mighty sorry I couldn't get back sooner."

"Huh!" said June scornfully, and he knew Uncle Billy in his guess as to the trouble was far afield, and so he tried another tack.

"I've been over to the county seat and I saw lots of your kinfolks over there." She showed no curiosity, no surprise, and still she did not look up at him.

"I met your cousin, Loretta, over there and I carried her home behind me on an old mule"—Hale paused, smiling at the remembrance—and still she betrayed no interest.

"She's a mighty pretty girl, and whenever I'd hit that old——"

"She ain't!"—the words were so shrieked out that Hale was bewildered, and then he guessed that the falling out between the fathers was more serious than he had supposed.

"But she isn't as nice as you are," he added quickly, and the girl's quivering mouth steadied, the tears stopped in her vexed dark eyes and she lifted them to him at last.

"She ain't?"

"No, indeed, she ain't."

For a while they rode along again in silence. June no longer avoided his eyes now, and the unspoken question in her own presently came out:

"You won't let Uncle Rufe bother me no more, will ye?"

"No, indeed, I won't," said Hale heartily. "What does he do to you?"

"Nothin'—'cept he's always a-teasin' me, an'—an' I'm afeered o' him."

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"Well, I'll take care of Uncle Rufe."

"I knowed *you'd* say that," she said. "Pap and Dave always laughs at me," and she shook her head as though she were already threatening her bad uncle with what Hale would do to him, and she was so serious and trustful that Hale was curiously touched. By and by he lifted one flap of his saddle-pockets again.

"I've got some candy here for a nice little girl," he said, as though the subject had not been mentioned before. "It's for you. Won't you have some?"

"I reckon I will," she said with a happy smile.

Hale watched her while she munched a striped stick of peppermint. Her crimson bonnet had fallen from her sunlit hair and straight down from it to her bare little foot with its stubbed toe just darkening with dried blood, a sculptor would have loved the rounded slenderness in the curving long lines that shaped her brown throat, her arms and her hands, which were prettily shaped but so very dirty as to the nails, and her dangling bare leg. Her teeth were even and white and most of them flashed when her red lips smiled. Her lashes were long and gave a touching softness to her eyes even when she was looking quietly at him, but there were times, as he had noticed already, when a brooding look stole over them, and then they were the lair for the mysterious loneliness that was the very spirit of Lonesome Cove. Some day that little nose would be long enough, and some day, he thought, she would be very beautiful.

"Your cousin, Loretta, said she was coming over to see you."

June's teeth snapped viciously through the stick of candy and then she turned on him and behind the long lashes and deep down in the depth of those wonderful eyes he saw an ageless something that bewildered him more than her words.

"I hate her," she said fiercely.

"Why, little girl?" he said gently.

"I don't know—" she said—and then the tears came in earnest and she turned her head, sobbing. Hale helplessly reached over and patted her on the shoulder, but she shrank away from him.

"Go away!" she said, digging her fist into her eyes until her face was calm again.

They had reached the spot on the river where he had seen her first, and, beyond, the smoke of the cabin was rising above the undergrowth.

"Lordy!" she said, "but I do git lonesome over hyeh."

"Wouldn't you like to go over to the Gap with me sometimes?"

Straightway her face was a ray of sunlight.

"Would—I like—to—go—over——"

She stopped suddenly and pulled in her horse, but Hale had heard nothing.

"Hello!" shouted a voice from the bushes, and Devil Judd Tolliver issued from them with an axe on his shoulder. "I heerd you'd come back an' I'm glad to see you." He came down to the road and shook Hale's hand heartily.

"Whut you been cryin' about?" he added, turning his hawk-like eyes on the little girl.

"Nothin'," she said sullenly.

"Did she git mad with ye 'bout somethin'?" said the old man to Hale. "She never cries 'cept when she's mad." Hale laughed.

"You just hush up—both of ye," said the girl with a sharp kick of her right foot.

"I reckon you can't stamp the ground that fer away from it," said the old man drily. "If you don't git the better of that all-fired temper o' yours hit's goin' to git the better of you, an' then I'll have to spank you agin'."

"I reckon you hain't goin' to whoop me no more, pap. I'm a-gittin' too big."

The old man opened eyes and mouth with an indulgent roar of laughter.

"Come on up to the house," he said to Hale, turning to lead the way, the little girl following him. The old step-mother was again abed; small Bub, the brother, still unafraid, sat down beside Hale and the old man brought out a bottle of moonshine.

"I reckon I can still trust ye," he said.

"I reckon you can," laughed Hale.

The liquor was as fiery as ever, but it was grateful, and again the old man took nearly a tumbler full, plying Hale, meanwhile, about the happenings in town the day before—but Hale could tell him nothing that he seemed not already to know.

"It was quar," the old mountaineer said. "I've seed two men with the drap on each other and both afeerd to shoot, but I never heerd of sech a ring-around-

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the-rosy as eight fellers with bead on one another and not a shoot shot. I'm glad I wasn't thar."

He frowned when Hale spoke of the Red Fox.

"You can't never tell whether that ole devil is fer ye or agin ye, but I've been plum' sick o' these doin's a long time now and sometimes I think I'll just pull up stakes and go West and git out of hit—altogether."

"How did you learn so much about yesterday—so soon?"

"Oh, we hears things purty quick in these mountains. Little Dave Tolliver come over here last night."

"Yes," broke in Bub, "and he tol' us how you carried Loretty from town on a mule behind ye, and she just a-sassin' you, an' as how she said she was a-goin' to git you fer *her* sweetheart."

Hale glanced by chance at the little girl. Her face was scarlet, and a light dawned.

"An' sis, thar, said he was a-tellin' lies—an' when she growed up she said she was a-goin' to marry——"

Something snapped like a toy-pistol and Bub howled. A little brown hand had whacked him across the mouth, and the girl flashed in doors without a word. Bub got to his feet howling with pain and rage and started after her, but the old man caught him:

"Set down, boy! Sarved you right fer blabbin' things that hain't yo' business." He shook with laughter.

Jealousy! Great heavens—Hale thought—in that child, and for him!

"I knowed she was cryin' 'bout something like that. She sets a great store by you, an' she's studied them books you sent her plum' to pieces while you was away. She ain't nothin' but a baby, but in sartain ways she's as old as her mother was when she died." The amazing secret was out, and the little girl appeared no more until supper time, when she waited on the table, but at no time would she look at Hale or speak to him again. For a while the two men sat on the porch talking of the feud and the Gap and the coal on the old man's place, and Hale had no trouble getting an option for a year on the old man's land. Just as dusk was settling he got his horse.

"You'd better stay all night."

"No, I'll have to get along."

The little girl did not appear to tell him good-by and when he went to his horse at the gate, he called:

"Tell June to come down here. I've got something for her."

"Go on, baby," the old man said, and the little girl came shyly down to the gate. Hale took a brown-paper parcel from his saddle-bags, unwrapped it and betrayed the usual blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked doll. Only June did not know the like of it was in all the world. And as she caught it to her breast there were tears once more in her uplifted eyes.

"How about going over to the Gap with me, little girl—some day?"

He never guessed it, but there were a child and a woman before him now and both answered:

"I'll go with ye anywhar."

. . . . . .

Hale stopped a while to rest his horse at the base of the big pine. He was practically alone in the world. The little girl back there was born for something else than slow death in that God-forsaken cove, and whatever it was—why not help her to it if he could? With this thought in his brain, he rode down from the luminous upper world of the moon and stars towards the nether world of drifting mists and black ravines. She belonged to just such a night—that little girl—she was a part of its mists, its lights and shadows, its fresh wild beauty and its mystery. Only once did his mind shift from her to his great purpose, and that was when the roar of the water through the rocky chasm of the Gap made him think of the roar of iron wheels that rushing through, some day, would drown it into silence. At the mouth of the Gap he saw the white valley lying at peace in the moonlight and straightway from it sprang again, as always, his castle in the air; but before he fell asleep in his cottage on the edge of the millpond that night he heard quite plainly again:

"I'll go with ye—anywhar."

(To be continued.)

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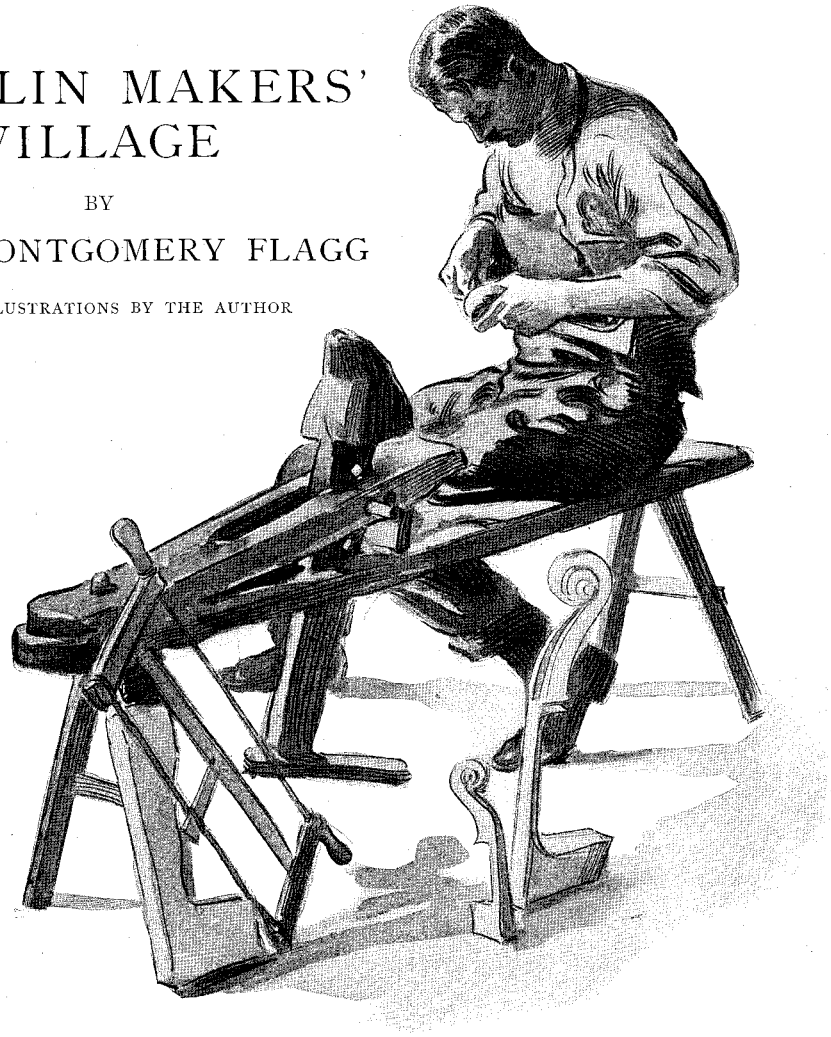
A VIOLIN MAKERS' VILLAGE

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



At work on the bench which his grandfather used.

IT was a little newspaper clipping that suggested the idea of going to Markneukirchen, and it was with the aid of magnifying glasses and persistent squinting at the map of Saxony that the place was found. To locate it on the map was one thing—actually to go there was several more.

In the age when most things are turned out by the thousands with machinery, we thought it would be refreshing to see a town where every one made things by hand, and particularly musical instruments.

So we learned that away off in the mountains, hundreds of miles from anywhere, was this town of about 8,000 people, most of whom were engaged in making violins, guitars, mandolins, harps, flutes, and horns; and, although they made them by hand, did a very large business with the outside world—buyers, representing firms in almost every civilized country, coming there to buy their instruments.

No one seemed able to tell us exactly how to get to the place; but by an all-day ride from Dresden, changing at Chemnitz and waiting two hours, then dropping slowly down hill all the rest of the way through the Erzgebirge, stopping at every twist in the road, we finally arrived at Markneukirchen.

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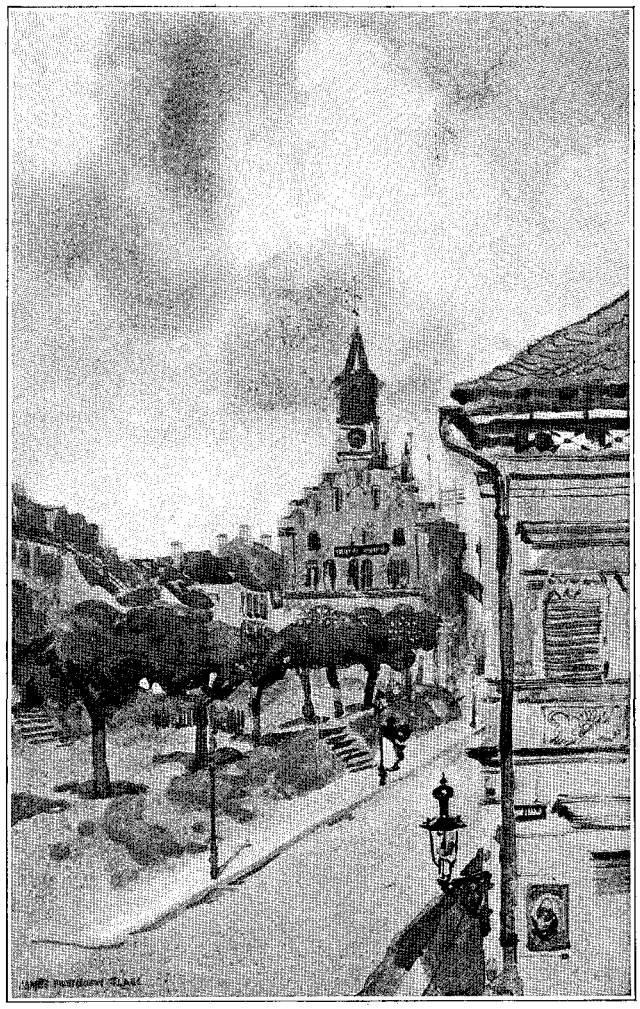
I had a growing premonition, as we came nearer our station, that the town itself would not be picturesque, although many hamlets we passed were so to a degree, with their thatched roofs and half-timbered sides, and their flocks of gray geese reflected in the edge of some tiny pond.



The town.

The town was not at the station, but twenty minutes away up the mountain side. As we drove up in the bus to the one inn of any pretensions, the Hotel Zur Post, I was quite disappointed in the looks of the town. After travelling all day through countless towns of more or less paintableness, and contrary to all rules of Europe, this most ungetatable village was the apotheosis of the commonplace—a real achievement in that line.

Never mind, suppose the houses were drab and suppose it did look more like a small English manufacturing town than the last stronghold of hand-made musical instruments in the world—that was only the outside. There were originally two towns, Mark and Neukirchen, and they became merged—and as neither would consider its name in the light of a maiden name to be dropped at the wedding, the two names were spliced—so it is Markneukirchen. It is built in a valley and up the

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An old violin maker.

side of a mountain—on the opposite mountain is a huge gray shaft raised in the honor of Bismarck.

In the daytime there seem to be few people on the streets, but at night and well into the most disreputably small hours of the morning the noise and the singing and laughing going on prevents strangers from getting much sleep.

I found that the son-in-law of the landlord, a nervous, snappy and intelligent young man, could speak a few disjointed English sentences, and he told me the man I wanted to see in regard to making drawings of the instrument-makers at work was a son of "the modern Stradivarius," as the best violin maker was called.

I called at their house the next morning, and as young Albert, luckily for me, spoke English quite well, I interested him in my desire to make pictures of the different instrument makers at work. He introduced me to his father, a fine-looking old gentleman, who would resemble Tolstoi if Tolstoi had a kindly expression.

It took a deal of coaxing on his son's

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part to get the old gentleman to sit for me. He refused pointblank first, but was finally cajoled into it by his son, who has lived four years in New York and was interested in Americans. This young violin maker's kindness and interest in an absolute stranger was most agreeable and unusual.

Varnishing a mammoth bass-viol.

He quite took entire charge of me and my project, stopping work and changing from felt slippers and overalls into street clothes, no end of times, to take me to different factories and introduce me to the owners and explain my errand and argue them into sitting for me. In only one instance was he unsuccessful—I stood apart looking at some German posters on the wall, while he argued in a low tone to a thick-headed owner of a brass-horn factory. This fellow was utterly unmoved by my friend's eloquence and could see no reason for allowing anyone to make a drawing in his shops.

As we went out into the street, I with my arms full of sketching boards, camp-stool and colors, he holding an umbrella over us both, he snapped out between his teeth,——

"He iss a tam fool, that's all!"

The "Stradivarius" workshop, like practically all the shops, was in connection with

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Where the mandolins, guitars and harps are made.

his home. They take a great pride in their craft, as for generations their family have made violins in this same town. Albert had an old-fashioned bench, on which he sat to carve out the violin necks, which had been used for the same purpose by his great grandfather. In a store-room at the top of their house were tier on tier of violins in the rough without varnish. These are kept for two years to season before the finishing work is begun. All the wood for these instruments is maple and is obtained in Bohemia, which lies across the border. The wood for the back and front of the violin comes in one wedge-shaped piece split by a saw almost through its width. In the beginning this is split and the halves are cut and slightly hollowed and trimmed up with a miniature steel plane about two inches long. In a little office leading down into the workshop stands a showcase. Here they keep the finished instruments, and very handsome some of them are, in different tones of reds and browns to suit individual tastes. As a recreation they sometimes make miniature violins not over five inches long and exact in every detail. One violin was exhibited with great pride—it was very elaborately carved and the neck-piece was surmounted with a carved head of the famous Joachim.

They make violins for a number of American firms and take many of the American technical journals.

It was amusing to see their amazed incredulity when they showed me some musical instrument journal printed in Chicago, and I confessed never having seen the paper before.

The "Stradivarius" brothers tried to outdo each other in their kind attention to me, a stranger with absolutely no claim on them. Their simplicity and genuineness and their just pride in their excellent workmanship was interesting and touching.

The father, without saying anything unnecessary, handed me a photograph, which was one of himself wearing on his coat the decoration given him by the King of Saxony for his violins.

The brothers, after I had made my drawing, asked me if my wife and I would be at home in the evening. I told them we would. "Well, then, we will call on you."

They clipped some roses in their little garden for me to deliver to my wife. In the evening they called and we four sat in the little dining-room—that being the

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only reception room in the "Post"—and talked of America.

Albert told us his father was sixty-five years old, but that it was seldom that he got to bed before one or two o'clock—a distinctly German trait, it seems—and was up every morning ready to work by six o'clock. While we talked and drank beer the Oberkellner's understudy, a very dirty little boy in a miniature dress-suit, shyly shoved a dog-eared book into Albert's hand. It was a text-book on the English language, and he laughed at the child good humoredly after glancing at the book and said, "He wants to go to America—everybody in Markneukirchen wants to go, yes. When I started to New York, four years ago, they all said take me with you!"

That night, after trying in vain to get to sleep on account of the boisterous talking and laughing in the hall outside our room, I got up and looked at my watch—it was a quarter to two. I opened the door and poked my head out. On the landing stood four Russians, who were guests of the hotel; their four heads were close together under the gas-light and they were having a very lively time. I cleared my throat to attract their attention and said, "Will you be kind enough to cut that noise out—we would like to go to sleep!"

The four heads turned toward me slowly, then revolved back again in silence; then one of the quartette said, "Sleepy!" in English; then they all laughed—in Russian—and calmly resumed the debate.

The next morning I went with Albert to a man's shop where the mandolins, guitars and harps were made. His factory was at the back of his house, across a courtyard, up some narrow and rickety stairs. He employed quite a number of men. The proprietor himself posed for me in the act of polishing a Hungarian guitar. They escorted me personally from the office across the yard and into the workrooms, as they said they kept a very ferocious dog at large and it would be as well for me not to go about alone.

I felt exceedingly sociable that morning. While I was working, the animal walked into the room past my camp-stool. I kept right on working, although his tail whisked my drawing board.

Then there was the proprietor of a bass-viol factory. He was persuaded to pose in the act of applying varnish to a mammoth instrument. All about the room on the walls hung bisected patterns of the bass-viol backs and fronts that suggested a dressmaking or tailoring establishment.

Next to the violin making, the most interesting work to watch was men who make brass tubas, trombones, etc. The factory was quite a large one.

The young manager of the place was an officer in the Reserves and had lived in South Africa; whereas Albert's English had a distinct New York flavor, this German spoke with a marked English accent.

He was very courteous, and when I concluded that the smell of gases was too overpowering for me down in the furnace room, he ordered two men to drive a stake into the ground just outside the door, to which he fastened my umbrella, and I sat outside protected from the rain and made my drawing. I don't see how those men ever stood those awful gases.

After the sheet of brass is shaped into the horn melted lead is poured down into them, and when that hardens they are ready to be bent. This is done on a huge windlass with heavy iron chains.

The man who was detailed to pose for me held a six-foot iron ladle full of hot lead for a half hour, *without resting it against anything!*

When they put the tubas in the fire the most gorgeous lilacs and cherry and lemon-yellow flames spring up and envelop the horn.

In the foreground I was just starting to draw in a bucket that was on the floor when a workman moved it. I got up and placed it back in its original position and said to the man in English, "Please leave that bucket there." If I had only gone on with my drawing and said nothing, it would have been all right, but that started him off—misinterpreting my gestures and, of course, not understanding a single word of English, he tried in every way to be of assistance. He shoved the bucket all over the floor, always keeping an eye on me to see when he had fixed it to suit; finally, in despair, I motioned downward with the flat of my hands. A great white light dawned on that grimy Saxon—he *sat down on the bucket* with a grin of triumph! Well, I had to go and push him away.

At four o'clock a whistle blew and all the workmen, long, short, lean and fat ones,

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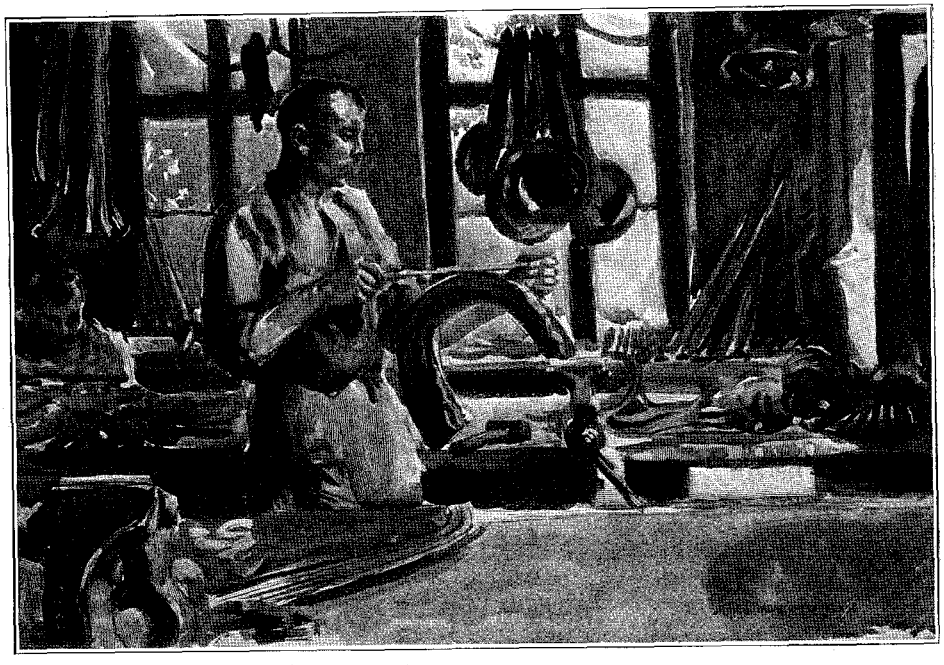

Making brass tubas and trombones.

all in blue blouses, piled out into the damp yard and, after refreshing themselves with coffee, they set to and pitched pfennigs. Even the old men with gray bristling pompadours and philosophical brows took their turns at the sport.

On Sunday morning we went to the Gerwerbe Museum, a smallish building in the middle of the main street.

There they had a wonderfully complete collection of musical instruments of all times and countries, from the tom-toms of Africa and the Japanese guitars, to an antique Swiss church organ on which the stout little spectacled caretaker played a few chords. Albert showed me a case with some violins which had been made years ago by some ancestor of his.

We were attracted to the street later by the familiar air of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes." The brass band in frock coats and shiny top-hats were playing a concert in the little fenced-in band-stand in the Square.

The workmen in the town have numerous bands of their own, and the instruments they play on are those made by themselves.

There is a young boys' band which marches quickly through the streets on certain occasions, followed by scores of children. They play one tune for miles, it seems—no sooner finishing it than they start over again, much to their own joy.

The Stradivarius family took us Sunday afternoon to their Schutzer Park, where a string orchestra plays Wagner, while hundreds of workmen and master workmen, with their wives and hordes of children, sit under the trees drinking beer and eating sausages and bread in the flickering sun and shadow.

One of the most amusing sights in the town is the black dachshund of the proprietor of the Hotel Zur Post. He stations himself in the doorway of the Hotel and when a guest arrives immediately examines him and follows him upstairs to see which room he takes. Satisfied as to that, down he trots again to his post and waits for the next. If another dog goes by the door, he rushes out at him and hurries him away from the hotel. That dachshund was the busiest little dog I ever saw.

Markneukirchen was just as hard to get away from as it was to get to. There are no through trains to anywhere except to Plauen, a few miles away, where, evidently, no one before had ever bought a first-class ticket.

The demand for two put the ticket agents out tremendously, and finally they *wrote* two out with *pen and ink*.

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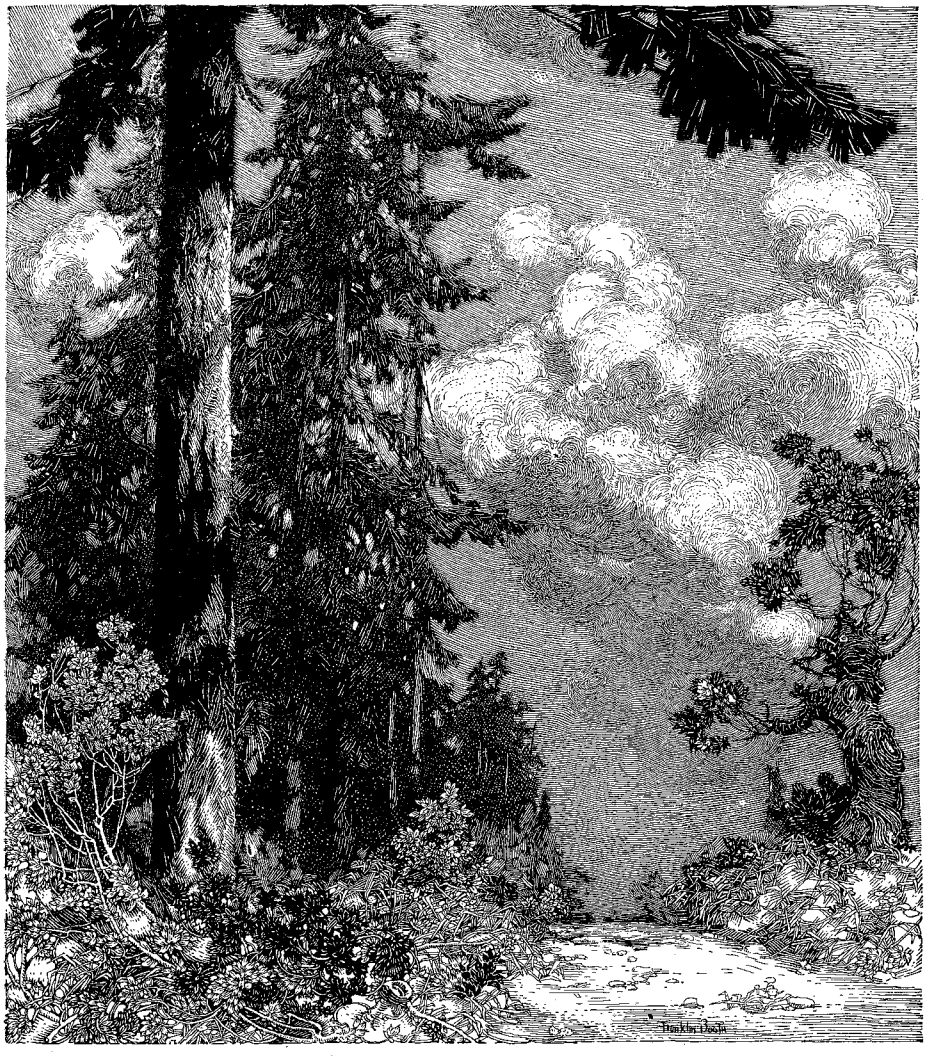

THE PINE By John Kendrick Bangs

Let others have the maple trees,
With all their garnered sweets.
Let others choose the mysteries
Of leafy oak retreats.
I'll give to other men the fruit
Of cherry and the vine.
Their claims to all I'll not dispute
If I can have the pine.

I love it for its tapering grace,
Its uplift straight and true.
I love it for the fairy lace
It throws against the blue.
I love it for its quiet strength,
Its hints of dreamy rest
As, stretching forth my weary length,
I lie here as its guest.

No Persian rug for priceless fee
Was e'er so richly made
As that the pine hath spread for me
To woo me to its shade.
No kindly friend hath ever kept
More faithful vigil by
A tired comrade as he slept
Beneath his watchful eye.

But best of all I love it for
Its soft, eternal green;
Through all the winter winds that roar
It ever blooms serene,
And strengthens souls oppressed by fears,
By troubles multiform,
To turn, amid the stress of tears,
A smiling face to storm.

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MY LADY OF THE CANYON

By Benjamin Thorne Gilbert

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

THE first person who trusts you wholly, who looks at you with eyes that say "The king can do no wrong," leaves a big, clean streak of light in a fellow's life that stands by him. At least so it affected me.

I had put in a couple of hard months in the San Miguel Mountains making a report on a silver and lead proposition up there; but I wanted money quickly—much quicker than I could earn it—so I added a still harder week down at Telluride, sitting up nights with a faro-bank dealer to make sure he got all I had made that fall.

The day I saw my last fifty pass over the green baize cloth I took the train for Cripple Creek, where I had a good position awaiting me. I felt distinctly uncomfortable, due to too much rye whiskey and too little sleep; otherwise the obliquity of my conduct troubled me but little.

The train was running through all those deserted mining towns that are strung along the canyon of the Gunnison, and about noon we pulled into one that was larger than the rest and looked more desolate. There wasn't even a hungry cur to be seen up the main street, and the only living evidence left from the general wreckage was a tiny waif of humanity awaiting our arrival on the platform. A slip of a girl, dressed in a calico gown, red stockings, moth-eaten jacket and scant worsted "enchanter" or "fascinator," I think she called it, thrown over her head and shoulders. The child had a much-mended pair of kid gloves, which, like the rest of her costume, were scrupulously clean, but after you had seen her face, clean cut and refined, and looked into the gray eyes that were so utterly fearless of evil, you forgot her funny clothes and the starved length of wrist that showed between where sleeve left off and glove began, and wanted to take off your hat and apologize for having even noticed her clothes. She came down the aisle to the seat in front of me, tugging along an old-fashioned carpet-bag which was almost as big as she, and quite as threadbare.

As the train pulled out I saw her swallow hard, and just one big tear ran down her nose and splashed on the window ledge; then she sat up very straight and looked steadily ahead.

The conductor came in a moment later and I saw her extract a ticket from an immense purse she carried and lay it on the window-sill just as the occupant of the seat in front raised his window. A blast of air shot in, whirling her ticket up and out the rear door before you could say Jack Robinson, and she running after it.

I followed down the aisle, and when she reached the door caught her, for our car was the rear end of the train and the old caboose was bucking and pitching around those curves like an outlaw broncho.

The ticket was clean gone, and she saw it was.

"Thank you," she said, and went back to her seat.

The conductor had seen the scurry down the car and readily accepted the explanation, saying:

"I'm sorry you lost it, miss, but I have to collect a ticket from every passenger."

"How much is it, please, to Cripple Creek?" The chin was quivering, but the voice was steady as she pulled out the big purse from her pocket.

"The fare is six dollars. You're small enough for half fare, I reckon." It was quite plain that the conductor found his duty most uncongenial that morning.

The little face grew white and drawn. "I have only a dollar and sixty cents left. Will you please stop the train so I can go back?"

"Let me buy the ticket," I interposed hastily, and dove down into my pocket for the change.

"Thank you, but I'd rather not. Please stop the train."

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It was patent to me that she meant every word of it and I resorted to intrigue with a precious guilty feeling.

"Can't she go on my ticket, conductor?" He understood the tintinnabulation of my off eye and rose to the occasion splendidly.

"Yes, that would be all right enough, only she will have to occupy the seat with you."

A great look of relief and gratitude came into her face. This was evidently a proposition which her self-respect could entertain.

"Would you mind having me in your seat?" The gray eyes demanded absolute truthfulness, and I'm sure I looked my words as I said with my very best bow, "Nothing could give me greater pleasure," and the transfer was made.

The afternoon passed with bewildering rapidity. We became great friends, and I was entertained and charmed beyond measure with this quaintly serious little maiden, though I had some qualms at the way she took it for granted that I was a paragon of all the virtues and a final authority upon the earth beneath and the heavens above.

She was journeying to the station next to Cripple Creek, where her married sister, who had preceded her some three months, would meet her and convey her to a mining camp in the mountains in which she was to help generally in the work of keeping a miner's boarding-house.

Her name was Jennie, and the woman with whom she had been left employed her in washing small linen, a sort of *blanchis-*

"How much is it, please, to Cripple Creek?"—Page 177.

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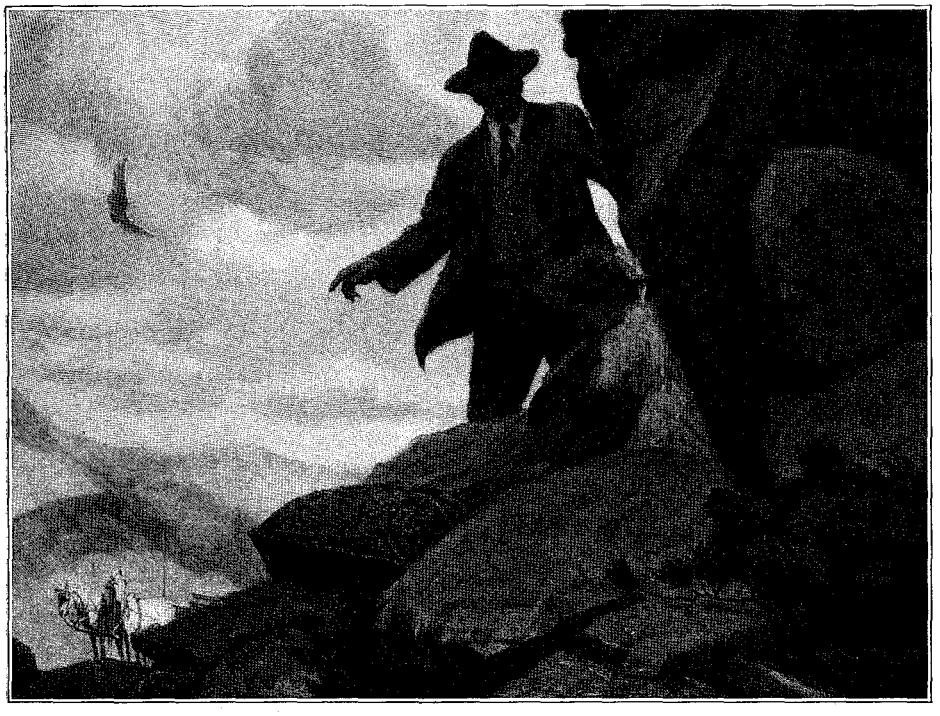

She was quite worn out.—Page 181.

seuse de fin, and the money with which to make the journey she had earned with her own small hands, which bore the marks of toil. Of her history, beyond the fact that her parents were Rhode Islanders and both dead, I could gather little, but her English was excellent, and in every line of her face and body the marks of good breeding were apparent. When she found I was from the East I had to answer many questions.

Where had I come from?

I told her of the big warehouses in Boston, and the old farm in Vermont where we went in June.

She was sure that they missed me. "Why had I come out West?"

"Because things went wrong one year; the warehouse caught fire and a steamer was lost. We got a mortgage"—mortgage seemed a pretty big word.

"I know what a mortgage is; we had one and a foreclosure before father died," she said.

"And so we are working to pay off that mortgage," I continued.

"And your brothers—what are they doing?"

I told her, and she repeated after me: "One is just out of college and hasn't started to work yet?"

"Oh!" a long pause, and then:

"He doesn't work? He just plays cards in bar-rooms?"

I explained as gently as I could that we had milder forms of diversion in the East.

"I have a brother, Phil. He is very good to me," she affirmed. "He used to pay for all my board and clothes and kept me in school and he sends me money even yet, but we haven't seen him for a long time." Then added, with a tinge of color mounting into the wan cheeks, "Still I know he loves me very, very much."

"Have you a sister?" was the next question, and when I answered:

"I did have one many years ago, but she is dead," a tiny hand crept into mine and pressed it in sympathy, making me aware of a loss I had never before felt.

There was a fiery furnace of thirst burning me from lips to toes, whiskey calling for more whiskey, but I had become suddenly and unaccountably anxious to shine in her eyes, so I let the confounded throat go on sizzling.

Nightfall saw our arrival at Oro Junc-

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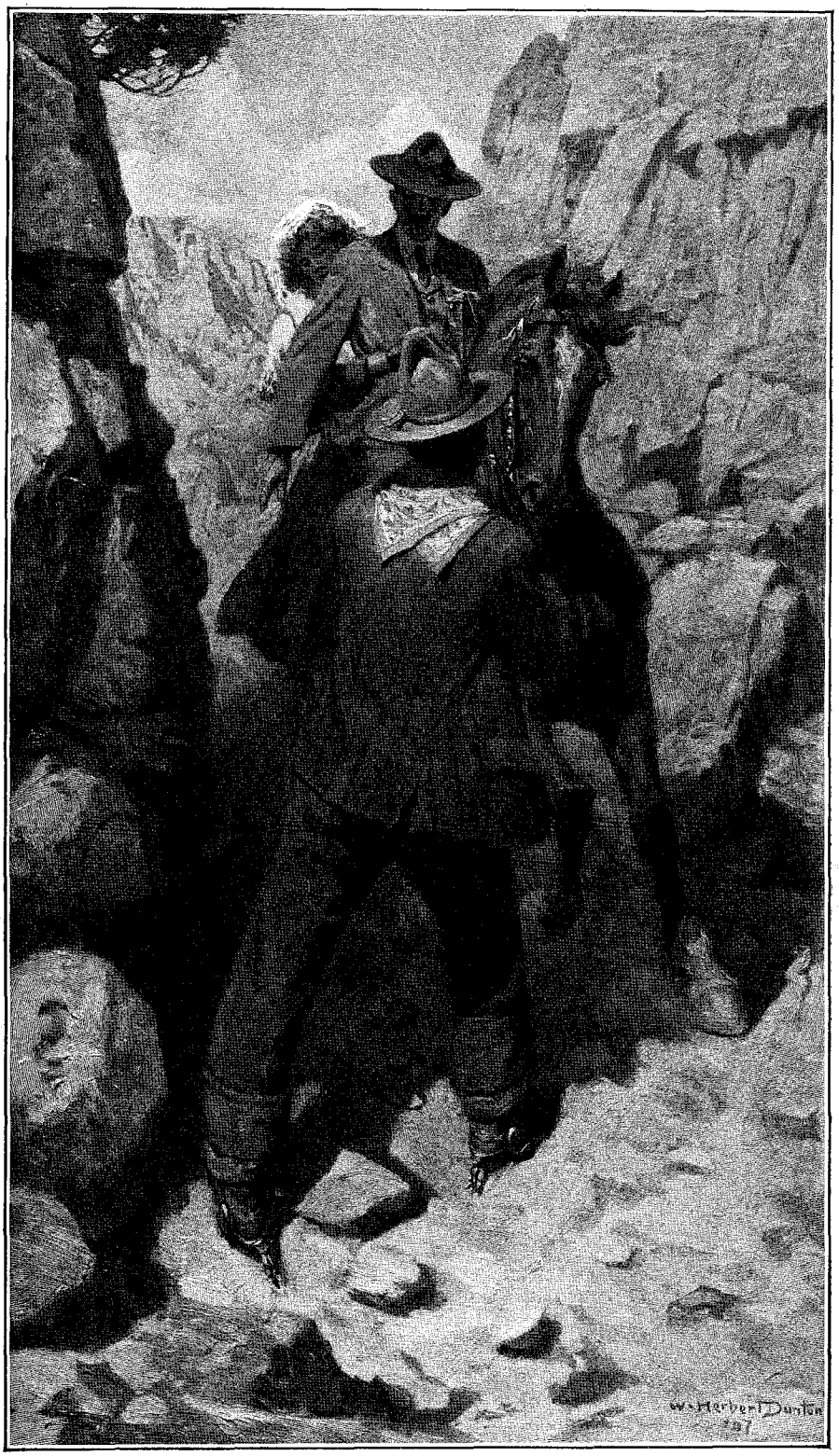

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

I found myself staring into the barrel before I grasped the idea that it was a hold-up.—Page 182.

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tion, where we were obliged to wait over until four o'clock the next morning for the Cripple Creek train.

A big bowl of clam chowder, some hot biscuits, a pile of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup to finish up, fortified us for the night, which we passed in the railroad station, she cuddling up at my side and occupying the major half of my great-coat. I didn't sleep much myself, but she put in some long, steady pull while I sat there in a state I can't describe, only it must have been something like that a father feels.

Four o'clock arrived all too soon for me, and it came hard to pile out and sit in the icy passenger coach waiting for the train to start. We were both shivering before long, so I took her forward into the smoking-car, which was filled with miners and tobacco-smoke, but glorified by a red-hot stove at one end, near which a miner gave her his seat.

The heat waves from that busy little stove were just about the most comforting things I had struck in a long time, but my Lady of the Canyon seemed distressed about something, and a minute later stood up on tiptoe and whispered the cause of her perturbation to me.

"It wasn't a 'lady's car' that we were in," and I saw her distress was so genuine at this breach of etiquette that back we went into the bleak and lonely propriety of the "lady's" car, where I shortly bribed the brakeman into building us a fire of our own.

The train climbed steadily up toward the gold-fields, and at every mile I felt more unhappy about parting from Jennie. You know I'm not altogether a little terra-cotta saint, but since her good-by I think I've been a heap cleaner and better man. She didn't say much, but ended with, "I'm going to ask God to make Phil just like you."

You see, a fellow couldn't cut loose much after that.

Her sister was to meet her at Oro, and the mining camp where they were going was some five miles in the mountains.

I was forbidden to carry her carpet-bag any farther than the car door; some feeling which I couldn't understand, but quite respected, made her wish to meet her sister alone, so when the car stopped I retired and watched her unobtrusively from a rear window.

There wasn't the sign of a woman on the platform, and she went up to a man lounging by the baggage truck and questioned him. I saw him wave an explanatory pipe down the trail which led into the mountains, and then she turned her back upon the station and set off resolutely into the unknown.

I jumped off and hurriedly asked the man what information she had obtained from him, and he told me that she had inquired the trail to Eclipse. That meant that she intended to walk it, and I climbed slowly back into the car.

The five minutes' wait which the train made at Oro seemed like five hours, and I shall never forget looking back as we pulled out and seeing the tiny figure far down the trail, just where it entered a tall narrow canyon, still lugging the huge carpet-bag and trudging steadily ahead into the great mountain wilderness.

Cripple Creek was ten minutes further on by train, and it was imperative for me to show up that morning. I rushed to the company's office, reported, and was back on the road toward Jennie with a span of horses in half an hour.

About a mile from Oro I picked up a forlorn little heap of carpet-bag and girl which I found under a big rock by the side of the trail. She was quite worn out, and as I carried her to the wagon the lump in my throat was in a condition it hadn't been in for years when I saw the wearied droop of her body, though the gray eyes still smiled up bravely into mine.

She was so happy at seeing me that I would have been repaid for a drive round the world and back again, just to get the gladness of her welcome.

An inquiry at the post-office at Eclipse revealed the fact that Jennie's letter announcing her arrival was still reposing there. Mails were an uncertain quantity in the district in those days. We found that her sister had moved to another mining camp, some twelve miles the other side of Cripple Creek. I'm free to confess that by this time the idea of adopting Jennie had gripped me hard and I would have given half the money I ever expected to see to any good-natured villain who would have eloped with the sister and taken her to China for good.

Then I drifted away in a dream of the years to come: Jennie at school, spending her summers on a certain old farm in Ver-

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mont; Jennie being finished; Jennie and I back in Europe; Jennie's marriage and white-haired old Grandpa Cal with her children in his lap and a gold-mine to make her happy. Oh, I tell you I was bewitched with her and I wanted her for keeps.

At the general office of the company I got my final instructions and fifteen hundred dollars in gold to pay off the miners for the last two weeks, besides learning from a miner who had just come down from the camp that Jennie's sister was really there.

You remember Cripple Creek in those days; every other shanty on the main street either a saloon or a dance-house, and the town marshal easily the hardest worked man in the camp.

We set off on horseback, Jennie mounted behind me, as the road had not yet been broken where we were going, and it was a pack-train camp as far as supplies went.

The trail led up through a huge cleft in the mountains at first, and then struck off at right angles, following the bed of a water-course up a big *arroya*. Like all Western trails, it doubled and twisted and somersaulted across the gulch, sometimes clinging high up on the walls to avoid a particularly big nest of bowlders in the bed of the creek below, or again ambled easily along where the creek bottom widened out in ripples and shallows.

Of a sudden, as my horse poked his nose around the angle of a big rock, the bridle was seized by a sinewy hand, and I found myself staring into the barrel of a Colt's six-shooter before I grasped the idea that it was a hold-up.

When I did it made me feel unhappy, for it meant losing my job when I reported the fifteen hundred gone, with an ugly suspicion hanging over me. I was pretty desperate under the circumstances and kept my eye peeled to take a long chance if the opportunity came, but at present there was no chance, so I inquired what I could do for him.

"You can present me with whatever gold and valuables you happen to have about you, especially the pay for the Lucky Vagabond mine," he answered.

The tone was as suave as my own, but the glint in the eye back of the gun savored of business to be accomplished with firmness and despatch.

I heard behind me a little gasp as Jennie, peering forward, saw my predicament, and in the instant of time his eyes flickered to her face and back to mine a subtle look of surprise softened his expression. After that the eyes never left mine for a second and the Colt's was kept pointed insistently in my direction.

"What are you doing with that little girl?"

Before I could frame a reply Jennie commenced speaking, and in a few graphic words pictured our journey together, ending with the words spoken so softly they were just a whisper:

"He has been so very, very good to me, and I want my own brother to be just like him."

He hesitated, glanced longingly at my saddle-bags and said: "Stranger, I'm going to change my request; just let the child hand me that gun of yours as a keepsake and we'll let the rest of the outfit stay where it is."

A long chance—and I took it. "Give it to him, Jennie," I replied.

She reached around, drew out my thirty-eight, and handed it to him.

"Thank you," he said; "I'll try and return it some day. Good luck to you, stranger," and, lifting his hat to Jennie, he stepped behind the rock and was gone.

We rode on for a minute in silence, though I could feel the great sobs shaking the tiny body, then I lifted her in front of me and held the dear face close to my shoulder.

"You won't say that we were stopped, will you?" It was the first time I had seen her break down, and I felt mighty sober myself as I answered:

"I shall keep quiet, Jennie, because—because——"

She looked at me with utter trust and said, "Because that was Phil."

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CHÂTEAU AND COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE

THIRD PAPER—WINTER AT THE CHÂTEAU

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

WE had a very cold winter that year—a great deal of snow, which froze as it fell and laid a long time on the hard ground. We woke up one morning in a perfectly still white world. It had snowed heavily during the night, and the house was surrounded by a glistening white carpet which stretched away to the "sapinette" at the top of the lawn without a speck or flaw. There was no trace of path or road, or little low shrubs, and even the branches of the big lime-trees were heavy with snow. It was a bright, beautiful day—blue sky and a not too pale winter sun. Not a vehicle of any kind had ventured out. In the middle of the road were footprints deep in the snow where evidently the keepers and some workmen had passed. Nothing and no one had arrived from outside, neither postman, butcher nor baker. The *chef* was in a wild state; but I assured him we could get on with eggs and game, of which there was always a provision for one day at any rate.

About eleven, Pauline and I started out. We thought we would go as far as the lodge and see what was going on on the high-road. We put on thick boots, gaiters and very short skirts, and had imagined we could walk in the footsteps of the keepers; but, of course, we couldn't take their long stride, and we floundered about in the snow. In some places where it had drifted we went in over our knees.

There was nothing visible on the road—not a creature, absolute stillness; a line of footprints in the middle where some laborer had passed, and the long stretch of white fields, broken by lines of black poplars running straight away to the forest.

While we were standing at the gate talking to old Antoine, who was all muffled up with a woollen comforter tied over his cap, and socks over his shoes, we saw a small moving object in the distance. As it came nearer we made out it was the postman, also so muffled up as to be hardly recognizable. He too had woollen socks over his shoes, and said the going was something awful, the "Montagne de Marolles" a sheet of ice; he had fallen twice, in spite of his socks and pointed stick. He said neither butcher nor baker would come—that no horse could get up the hill.

We sent him into the kitchen to thaw, and have his breakfast. That was one also of the traditions of the château; the postman always breakfasted. On Sundays, when there was no second delivery, he brought his little girl and an accordion, and remained all the afternoon. He often got a lift back to La Ferté, when the carriage was going in to the station, or the *chef* to market in the donkey-cart. *Now* many of the postmen have bicycles.

We had a curious feeling of being quite cut off from the outside world. The children, Francis and Alice, were having a fine time in the stable-yard, where the men had made them two snow figures—man and woman (giants)—and they were pelting them with snowballs and tumbling headlong into the heaps of snow on each side of the gate, where a passage had been cleared for the horses.

We thought it would be a good opportunity to do a little coasting and inaugurate a sled we had had made with great difficulty the year before. It was rather a long operation. The wheelwright at Marolles had never seen anything of the kind, had no idea *what* we wanted. Fortunately Francis had a little sled which one of his cousins had sent him from America; and with that as a model, and many explanations, the wheelwright and the blacksmith produced really a very creditable sled—quite large, a seat for two in front, and one behind for the person who steered. Only when the sled

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was finished the snow had disappeared! It rarely lasts long in France.

We had the sled brought out—the runners needed a little repairing—and the next day made our first attempt. There was not much danger of meeting anything. A sort of passage had been cleared, and gravel sprinkled in the middle of the road; but very few vehicles had passed, and the snow was as hard as ice. All the establishment "assisted" at the first trial, and the stable-boy accompanied us with the donkey who was to pull the sled up the hill.

We had some little difficulty in starting, Pauline and I in front, Francis behind; but as soon as we got fairly on the slope the thing flew. Pauline was frightened to death, screaming and wanted to get off; but I held her tight, and we landed in the ditch near the foot of the hill. Half-way down (the hill is steep but straight, one sees a great distance) Francis saw the diligence arriving; and as he was not quite sure of his steering-gear, he thought it was better to take no risks, and steered us straight into the ditch as hard as we could go. The sled upset; we all rolled off into the deep soft snow, lost our hats, and emerged quite white from head to foot.

The diligence had stopped at the foot of the hill. There were only two men in it besides the driver, the old Père Jacques, who was dumbfounded when he recognized Madame Waddington. It seems they couldn't think what had happened. As they got to the foot of the hill, they saw a good many people at the gate of the château; then suddenly something detached itself from the group and rushed wildly down the hill. They thought it was an accident, some part of a carriage broken, and before they had time to collect their senses the whole thing collapsed in the ditch. The poor old man was quite disturbed—couldn't think we were not hurt, and begged us to get into the diligence and not trust ourselves again to such a dangerous vehicle. However we reassured him, and all walked up the hill together, the donkey pulling the sled, which was tied to him with a very primitive arrangement of ropes, the sled constantly swinging round and hitting him on the legs, which he naturally resented and kicked viciously.

We amused ourselves very much as long as the snow lasted, about ten days—coasted often, and made excursions to the neighboring villages with the sled and the donkey. We wanted to skate, but that was not easy to arrange, as the ponds and "tourbières" near us were very deep, and I was afraid to venture with the children. I told Hubert, the coachman, who knew the country well, to see what he could find. He said there was a very good pond in the park of the château of La Ferté, and he was sure the proprietor, an old man who lived there by himself, would be quite pleased to let us come there.

The old gentleman was most amiable—begged we would come as often as we liked—merely making one condition, that we should have a man on the bank (the pond was only about a foot deep) with a rope in case of accidents. . . . We went in nearly every afternoon, and made quite a comfortable installation on the bank: a fire, rugs, chairs and a very good little *goûter*, the grocer's daughter bringing us hot wine and biscuits from the town.

It was a perfect sight for La Ferté. The whole town came to look at us, and the carters stopped their teams on the road to look on—one day particularly when one of our cousins, Maurice de Bunsen,* was staying with us. He skated beautifully, doing all sorts of figures, and his double eights and initials astounded the simple country folk. For some time after they spoke of "l'Anglais" who did such wonderful things on the ice.

They were bad days for the poor. We used to meet all the children coming back from school when we went home. The poor little things toiled up the steep, slippery hill, with often a cold wind that must have gone through the thin worn-out jackets and shawls they had for covering, all carrying their satchels and remnants of dinner. Those that came from a distance always brought their dinner with them, generally a good hunk of bread and a piece of chocolate, the poorer ones bread alone, very often only a stale hard crust that couldn't have been very nourishing. They were a very poor lot at our little village, St. Quentin, and we did all we could in the way of warm stockings and garments; but the pale, pinched faces rather haunted me, and Henrietta and I thought we would try and arrange with the school mistress, who was

* To-day British Embassador at Madrid.

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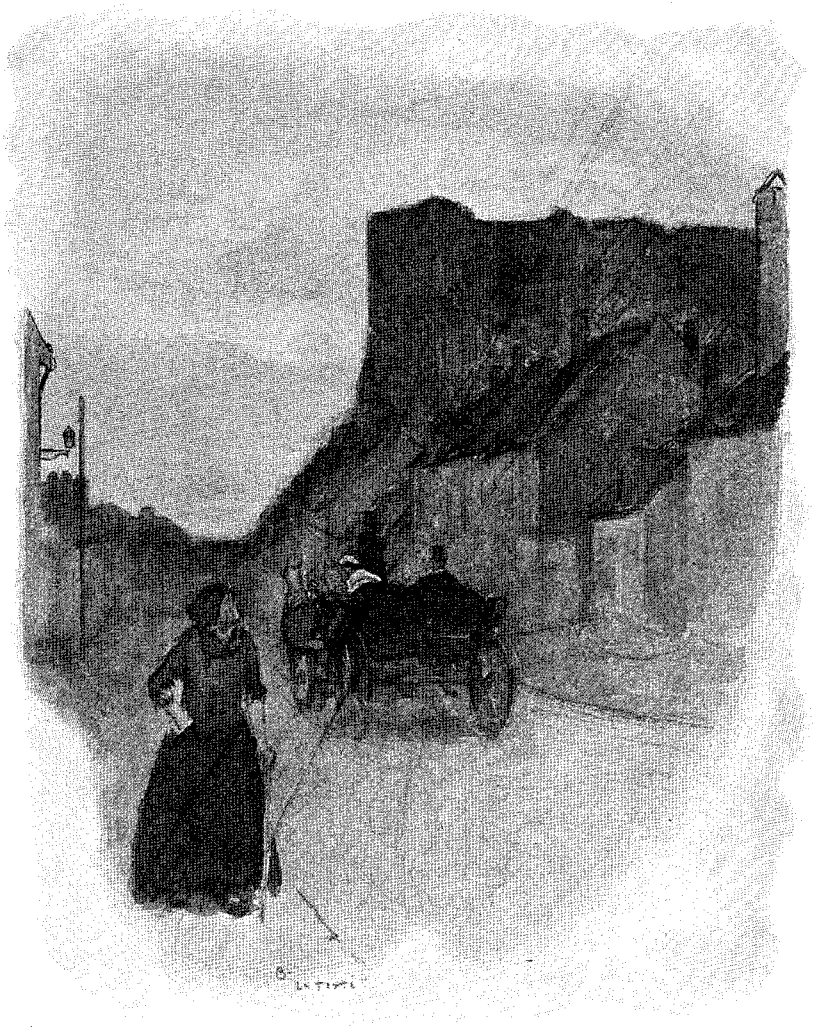

It must rouse such bitter and angry feeling where these poor creatures see carriages rolling past.—Page 196.

wife of one of the keepers, to give them a hot plate of soup every day during the winter months. W., who knew his people well, rather discouraged us—said they all had a certain sort of pride, notwithstanding their poverty, and might perhaps be offended at being treated like tramps or beggars; but we could try if we liked.

We got a big kettle at La Ferté, and the good Mère Cécile of the Asile lent us the tin bowls, also telling us we wouldn't be able to carry out our plan. She had tried at the Asile, but it didn't go; the children didn't care about the soup—liked the bread and chocolate better. It was really a curious experience. I am still astonished when I think of it. The soup was made at the head-keeper's cottage, standing on the edge of the woods.

We went over the first day about eleven o'clock—a cold, clear day, a biting wind blowing down the valley. The children were all assembled, waiting impatiently for us to come. The soup was smoking in a big pot hung high over the fire. We, of course, tasted it, borrowing two bowls from the children and asking Madame Labbey to cut us two pieces of bread, the children all giggling and rather shy. The soup was very good, and we were quite pleased to think that the poor little things should have something warm in their stomachs. The

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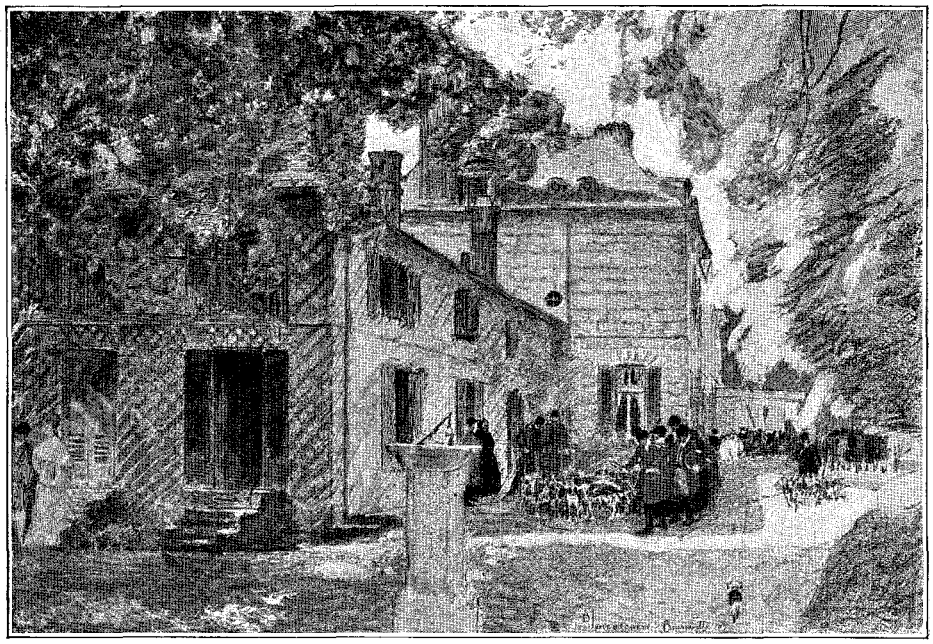

I suggested that the whole *chasse* should adjourn to the château.—Page 193.

first depressing remark was made by our own coachman on the way home. His little daughter was living at the keeper's. I said to him, "I did not see Céline with the other children." "Oh, no, Madame; she wasn't there. We pay for the food at Labbey's; she doesn't need charity."

The next day, equally cold, about half the children came (there were only twenty-seven in the school); the third, five or six, rather shamefaced; the fourth, not one; and at the end of the week the keeper's wife begged us to stop the distribution; all the parents were hurt at the idea of their children receiving *public* charity from Madame Waddington. She had thought some of the very old people of the village might like what was left; but no one came except some tramps and rough-looking men who had heard there was food to be had, and they made her very nervous prowling around the house when she was alone, her husband away all day in the woods.

W. was amused—not at all surprised—said he was quite sure we shouldn't succeed, but it was just as well to make our own experience. We took our bowls back sadly to the Asile, where the good sister shook her head, saying, "Madame verra comme c'est difficile de faire du bien dans ce pays-ci; on ne pense qu'à s'amuser." And yet we saw the miserable little crusts of hard bread, and some of the boys in linen jackets over their skin, no shirt, and looking as if they had never had a good square meal in their lives.

I had one other curious experience, and after that I gave up trying anything that was a novelty or that they hadn't seen all their lives. The French peasant is really conservative; and if left to himself, with no cheap political papers or socialist orators haranguing in the cafés on the eternal topic of the rich and the poor, he would be quite content to go on leading the life he and his fathers have always led—would never want to destroy or change anything.

I was staying one year with Lady Derby at Knowsley in Christmas week, and I was present one afternoon when she was making her annual distribution of clothes to the village children. I was much pleased with some ulsters and some red cloaks she had for the girls. They were so pleased, too—broad smiles on their faces when they were called up and the cloaks put on their shoulders. They looked so warm and comfortable, when the little band trudged home across the snow. I had instantly visions

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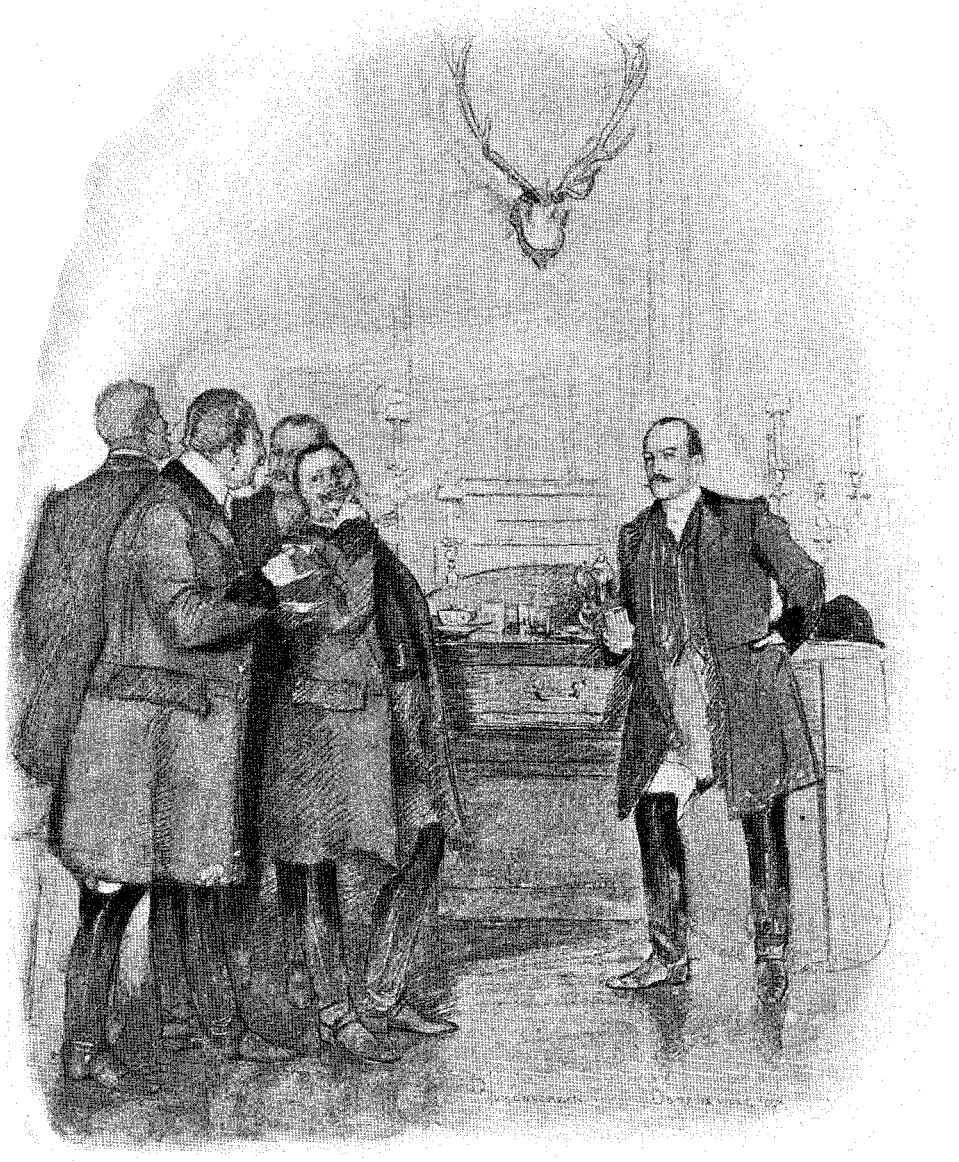
of my school children attired in these cloaks, climbing our steep hills in the dark winter days.

I had a long consultation with Lady Margaret Cecil, Lady Derby's daughter—a perfect saint, who spent all her life helping other people—and she gave me the catalogue of "Price Jones," a well-known Welsh shop whose "spécialité" was all sorts of clothes for country people, schools, workmen's families, etc. I ordered a large collection of red cloaks, ulsters, and flannel shirts at a very reasonable price, and they promised to send them in the late summer, so that we should find them when we went back to France.

We found two large cases when we got home, and were quite pleased at all the nice warm cloaks we had in store for the winter.

As soon as the first real cold days began,



Some red-coated, some green, all with breeches and high muddy boots.—Page 193.

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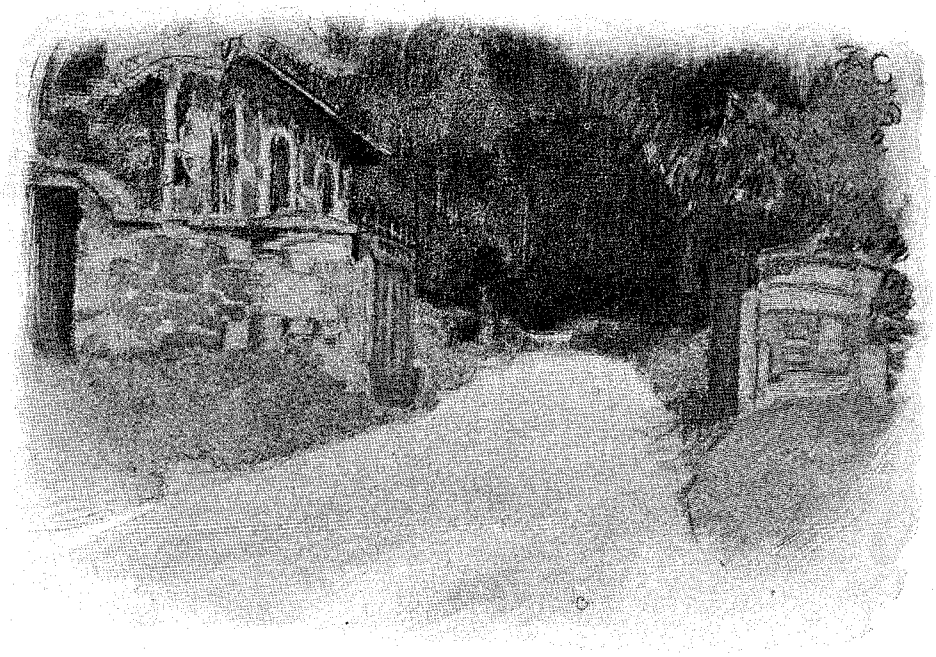
about the end of November, the women used to appear at the château asking for warm clothes for the children. The first one to come was the wife of the "garde de Borny"—a slight, pale woman, the mother of *nine* small children (several of them were members of the school at St. Quentin, who had declined our soup, and I rather had *their* little pinched, bloodless faces in my mind when I first thought about it). She had three with her—a baby in her arms, a boy and a girl of six and seven, both bare-legged, the boy in an old worn-out jersey pulled over his chest, the girl in a ragged blue and white apron, a knitted shawl over her head and shoulders. The baby had a cloak. I don't believe there was much on underneath, and the mother was literally a bundle of rags, her skirt so patched one could hardly make out the original color, and a wonderful cloak all frayed at the ends and with holes in every direction. However, they were all clean.

The baby and the boy were soon provided for. The boy was much pleased with his flannel shirt. Then we produced the red cloak for the girl. The woman's face fell: "Oh, no, Madame, I couldn't take that; my little girl couldn't wear it." I, astounded: "But you don't see what it is—a good, thick cloak that will cover her all up and keep her warm." "Oh, no, Madame, she couldn't wear that; all the people on the road would laugh at her! Cela ne se parte pas dans notre pays" (that is not worn in our country).

I explained that I had several, and that she would see all the other little girls with the same cloaks; but I got only the same answer, adding that Madame would see—*no* child would wear such a cloak. I was much disgusted—thought the woman was capricious; but she was perfectly right: not a single mother, and Heaven knows they were poor enough, would take a red cloak, and they all had to be transformed into red flannel petticoats. Every woman made me the same answer: "Every one on the road would laugh at them."

I was not much luckier with the ulsters. What I had ordered for big girls of nine and ten would just go on girls of six and seven. Either French children are much stouter than English, or they wear thicker things underneath. Here again there was work to do—all the sleeves were much too long;



The big gates were open.—Page 193.

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my maids had to alter and shorten them, which they did with rather a bad grace.

A most interesting operation that very cold year was taking ice out of the big pond at the foot of the hill. The ice was several inches thick, and beautifully clear in the middle of the pond; towards the edges the reeds and long grass had all got frozen into it, and it was rather difficult to get the big blocks out. We had one of the farm carts with a pair of strong horses, and three or four men with axes and a long pointed stick. It was so solid that we all stood on the pond while the men were cutting their first square hole in the middle. It was funny to see the fish swimming about under the ice.

The whole village of course looked on, and the children were much excited and wanted to come and slide on the ice, but I got nervous as the hole got bigger and the ice at the edges thinner, so we all adjourned to the road and watched operations from there.

There were plenty of fish in the pond, and once a year it was thoroughly drained and cleaned—the water drawn off, and the bottom of the pond, which got choked up with mud and weeds, cleared out. They made a fine haul of fish on those occasions from the small pools that were left on each side while the cleaning was going on.

Our ice-house was a godsend to all the countryside. Whenever any one was ill, and ice was wanted, they always came to the château. Our good old doctor was not at all in the movement as regarded fresh air and cold water, but ice he often wanted. He was a rough, kindly old man, quite the type of the country practitioner—a type that is also disappearing, like everything else. Everybody knew his cabriolet (with a box at the back where he kept his medicine chest and instruments), with a strong brown horse that trotted all day and all night up and down the steep hills in all weathers. A very small boy was always with him to hold the horse while he made his visits.

Our doctor was very kind to the poor, and never refused to go out at night. It was funny to see him arrive on a cold day, enveloped in so many cloaks and woollen comforters that it took him some time to get out of his wraps. He had a gruff voice, and heavy black overhanging eyebrows which frightened people at first, but they soon found out what a kind heart there was beneath such a rough exterior, and the children loved him. He had always a box of liquorice lozenges in his waistcoat pocket which he distributed freely to the small ones.

The country doctors about us now are a very different type—much younger men, many foreigners. There are two Russians and a Greek in some of the small villages near us. I believe they are very good. I met the Greek one day at the keeper's cottage. He was looking after his wife, who was very ill. It seemed funny to see a Greek, with one of those long Greek names ending in "popolo," in a poor little French village almost lost in the woods; but he made a very good impression on me—was very quiet, didn't give too much medicine (apothecaries' bills are always such a terror to the poor), and spoke kindly to the woman. *He* came still in a cabriolet, but his Russian colleague has an automobile—indeed so have now many of the young French doctors. I think there is a little rivalry between the Frenchmen and the foreigners, but the latter certainly make their way.

What is very serious now is the open warfare between the curé and the school-master. When I first married, the school-masters and mistresses took their children to church, always sat with them and kept them in order. The school-mistress sometimes played the organ. Now they not only don't go to church themselves, but they try to prevent the children from going. The result is that half the children don't go either to the church or to the catechism.

I had a really annoying instance of this state of things one year when we wanted to make a Christmas tree and distribution of warm clothes at Montigny, a lonely little village not far from us. We talked it over with the curé and the school-master. They gave us the names and ages of all the children, and were both much pleased to have a fête in their quiet little corner. I didn't suggest a service in the church, as I thought that might perhaps be a difficulty for the school-master.

Two days before the fête I had a visit from the curé of Montigny, who looked embarrassed and awkward, had evidently something on his mind, and finally blurted out that he was very sorry he couldn't be present at the Christmas Tree, as he was obliged to go to Reims that day. I, much surprised

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and decidedly put out: "You are going to Reims the one day in the year when we come and make a fête in your village? It is most extraordinary, and surprises me extremely. The date has been fixed for weeks, and I hold very much to your being there."

He still persisted, looking very miserable and uncomfortable, and finally said he was going away on purpose, so as not to be at the school-house. He liked the school-master very much, got on with him perfectly; he was intelligent and taught the children very well; but all school-masters who had anything to do with the Church or the curé were "mal notés." The mayor of Montigny was a violent radical; and surely if he heard that the curé was present at our fête in the school-house, the school-master would be dismissed the next day. The man was over thirty, with wife and children; it would be difficult for him to find any other employment; and he himself would regret him, as his successor might be much worse and fill the children's heads with impossible ideas.

I was really very much vexed, and told him I would talk it over with my son and see what we could do. The poor little curé was much disappointed, but begged me not to insist upon his presence.

A little later the school-master arrived, also very much embarrassed, saying practically the same thing—that he liked the curé very much. He never talked politics, nor interfered in any way with his parishioners. Whenever any one was ill or in trouble, he was always the first person to come forward and nurse and help. But he saw him very little. If I held to the curé being present at the Christmas Tree, of course he could say nothing; but he would certainly be dismissed the next day. He was married—had nothing but his salary; it would be a terrible blow to him.

I was very much perplexed, particularly as the time was short and I couldn't get hold of the mayor. So we called a family council—Henrietta and Francis were both at home—and decided that we must let our fête take place without the curé. The school-master was very grateful, and said he would take my letter to the post-office. I had to write to the curé to tell him what we had decided, and that he might go to Reims.

One of our great amusements in the winter was the hunting. We knew very well the two gentlemen, Comtes de B. and de L., who hunted the Villers-Cotterets forest, and often rode with them. It was beautiful riding country—stretches of grass alongside the hard highroad, where one could have a capital canter, the only difficulty being the quantity of broad, low ditches made for the water to run off. Once the horses knew them they took them quite easily in their stride, but they were a little awkward to manage at first. The riding was very different from the Roman Campagna, which was my only experience. There was very little to jump; long straight alleys, with sometimes a big tree across the road, occasionally ditches; nothing like the very stiff fences and stone walls one meets in the Campagna, or the slippery bits of earth (*tufa*) where the horses used to slide sometimes in the most uncomfortable way. One could gallop for miles in the Villers-Cotterets forest with a loose rein. It was disagreeable sometimes when we left the broad alleys and took little paths in and out of the trees. When the wood was thick and the branches low, I was always afraid one would knock me off the saddle or come into my eyes. Some of the meets were most picturesque; sometimes in the heart of the forest at a great *carrefour*, alleys stretching off in every direction, hemmed in by long straight lines of winter trees on each side, with a thick high undergrowth of ferns, and a broad-leaved plant I didn't know, which remained green almost all winter. It was pretty to see the people arriving from all sides, in every description of vehicle—breaks, dog-carts, victorias, farmer's gigs—grooms with led horses, hunting men in green or red coats, making warm bits of color in the rather severe landscape. The pack of hounds, white with brown spots, big, powerful animals, gave the *valets de chiens* plenty to do. Apparently they knew all their names, as we heard frequent admonitions to Comtesse, Diane (a very favorite name for hunting dogs in France), La Grise, etc., to keep quiet, and not make little excursions into the woods. As the words were usually accompanied by a cut of the whip, the dogs understood quite well, and remained a compact mass on the side of the road. There was the usual following of boys, tramps, and stray *bucherons* (woodmen), and when the day was fine, and the meet not too far, a few people would

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come from the neighboring villages, or one or two carriages from the livery stables of Villers-Cotterets, filled with strangers who had been attracted by the show and the prospect of spending an afternoon in the forest. A favorite meet was at the pretty little village of Ivors, standing just on the edge of the forest not far from us. It consisted of one long street, a church, and a château at one end. The château had been a fine one, but was fast going to ruin, uninhabited, paint and plaster falling off, roof and walls remaining, and showing splendid proportions, but had an air of decay and neglect that was sad to see in such a fine place. The owner never lived there; had several other places. An agent came down occasionally, and looked after the farm and woods. There was a fine double court-yard and enormous *communs*, a large field only separating the kitchen garden from the forest. A high wall in fairly good condition surrounded the garden and small park. On a hunting morning the little place quite waked up, and it was pretty to see the dogs and horses grouped under the walls of the old château, and the hunting men in their bright coats moving about among the peasants and carters in their dark-blue smocks.

The start was very pretty—one rode straight into the forest, the riders spreading in all directions. The field was never very large—about thirty—I the only lady. The *cor de chasse* was a delightful novelty to me, and I soon learned all the calls—the *débouché* the *vue* and the *hallalli*, when the poor beast is at the last gasp. The first time I saw the stag taken I was quite miserable. We had had a splendid gallop. I was piloted by one of the old stagers, who knew every inch of the forest, and who promised I should be in at the death, if I would follow him, "mais il faut me suivre partout, avez-vous peur?" As he was very stout, and not particularly well mounted, and I had a capital English mare, I was quite sure I could pass wherever he could. He took me through all sorts of queer little paths, the branches sometimes so low that it didn't seem possible to get through, but we managed it. Sometimes we lost sight of the hunt entirely, but he always guided himself by the sound of the horns, which one hears at a great distance. Once a stag bounded across the road just in front of us, making our horses shy violently, but he said that was not the one we were after. I wondered how he knew, but didn't ask any questions. Once or twice we stopped in the thick of the woods, having apparently lost ourselves entirely, not hearing a sound, and then in the distance there would be the faint sound of the horn, enough for him to distinguish the *vue*, which meant that they were still running. Suddenly, very near, we heard the great burst of the *hallali*—horses, dogs, riders, all joining in; and pushing through the brushwood we found ourselves on the edge of a big pond, almost a lake. The stag, a fine one, was swimming about, nearly finished, his eyes starting out of his head, and his breast shaken with great sobs. The whole pack of dogs was swimming after him, the hunters all swarming down to the edge, sounding their horns, and the master of hounds following in a small flatboat, waiting to give the *coup de grâce* with his carabine when the poor beast should attempt to get up the bank. It was a sickening sight. I couldn't stand it, and retreated (we had all dismounted) back into the woods, much to the surprise and disgust of my companion, who was very proud and pleased at having brought me in at the death among the very first. Of course, one gets hardened, and a stag at bay is a fine sight. In the forest they usually make their last stand against a big tree, and sell their lives dearly. The dogs sometimes get an ugly blow. I was really very glad always when the stag got away. I had all the pleasure and excitement of the hunt without having my feelings lacerated at the end of the day. The sound of the horns and the unwonted stir in the country had brought out all the neighborhood, and the inhabitants of the little village, including the *curé* and the *châtelaine* of the small château near, soon appeared upon the scene. The *curé*, a nice, kindly faced old man, with white hair and florid complexion, was much interested in all the details of the hunt. It seems the stag is often taken in these ponds, *les étangs de la ramée*, which are quite a feature in the country, and one of the sights of the Villers-Cotterets forest, where strangers are always brought. They are very picturesque, the trees slope down to the edge of the ponds, and when the bright autumn foliage is reflected in the water the effect is quite charming.

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Mme. de M., the *châtelaine*, was the type of the *grande dame Française*, fine, clear-cut features, black eyes, and perfectly white hair, very well arranged. She was no longer young, but walked with a quick, light step, a cane in her hand. She, too, was much interested, such an influx of people, horses, dogs, and carriages (for in some mysterious way the various vehicles always seemed to find their way to the finish). It was an event in the quiet little village. She admired my mare very much, which instantly won my affections. She asked us to come back with her to the château—it was only about a quarter of an hour's walk—to have some refreshment after our long day; so I held up my skirt as well as I could, and we walked along together. The château is not very large, standing close to the road in a small park, really more of a manor house than a château. She took us into the drawing-room, just as stiff and bare as all the others I had seen, a polished parquet floor, straight-backed, hard chairs against the wall (the old lady herself looked as if she had sat up straight on a hard chair all her life). In the middle of the room was an enormous palm-tree going straight up to the ceiling. She said it had been there for years and always remained when she went to Paris in the Spring. She was a widow, lived alone in the château with the old servants. Her daughter and grandchildren came occasionally to stay with her. She gave us wine and cake, and was most agreeable. I saw her often afterward, both in the country and Paris, and loved to hear her talk. She had remained absolutely *ancien régime*, couldn't understand modern life and ways at all. One of the things that shocked her beyond words was to see her granddaughters and their young friends playing tennis with young men in flannels. In her day a young man in *bras de chemise* would have been ashamed to appear before ladies in such attire. We didn't stay very long that day, as we were far from home, and the afternoon was shortening fast. The *retraite* was sometimes long when we had miles of hard road before us, until we arrived at the farm or village where the carriage was waiting. When we could walk our horses it was bearable, but sometimes when they broke into a jog-trot, which nothing apparently could make them change, it was very fatiguing after a long day.

Sometimes, when we had people staying with us, we followed the hunt in the carriage. We put one of the keepers of the Villers-Cotterets forest on the box, and it was wonderful how much he could see. The meet was always amusing, but when once the hunt had moved off, and the last stragglers disappeared in the forest, it didn't seem as if there was any possibility of catching them; and sometimes we would drive in a perfectly opposite direction, but the old keeper knew all about the stags and their haunts, when they would break out and cross the road, and when they would double and go back into the woods. We were waiting one day in the heart of the forest, at one of the *carrefours*, miles away apparently from everything, and an absolute stillness around us. Suddenly there came a rush and noise of galloping horses, baying hounds and horns, and a flash of red and green coats dashed by, disappearing in an instant in the thick woods before we had time to realize what it was. It was over in a moment—seemed an hallucination. We saw and heard nothing more, and the same intense stillness surrounded us. We had the same sight, the stag taken in the water, some years later, when we were alone at the château. Mme. A. was dead, and her husband had gone to Paris to live. We were sitting in the gallery one day after breakfast, finishing our coffee, and making plans for the day, when suddenly we saw red spots and moving figures in the distance, on the hills opposite, across the canal. Before we had time to get glasses and see what was happening, the children came rushing in to say the hunt was in the woods opposite, the horns sounding the *hallali*, and the stag probably in the canal. With the glasses we made out the riders quite distinctly, and soon heard faint echoes of the horn. We all made a rush for hats and coats, and started off to the canal. We had to go down a steep, slippery path which was always muddy in all weathers, and across a rather rickety narrow plank, also very slippery. As we got nearer, we heard the horns very well, and the dogs yelping. By the time we got to the bridge, which was open to let a barge go through, everything had disappeared—horses, dogs, followers, and not a sound of horn or hoof. One solitary horseman only, who had evidently lost the hunt and didn't know which way to go. We lingered a little,

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much disgusted, but still hoping we might see something, when suddenly we heard again distant sounds of horns and yelping dogs. The man on the other side waved his cap wildly, pointed to the woods, and started off full gallop. In a few minutes the hill slope was alive with hunters coming up from all sides. We were nearly mad with impatience, but couldn't swim across the canal, the bridge was still open, the barge lumbering through. The children with their *Fräulein* and some of the party crossed a little lower down on a crazy little plank, which I certainly shouldn't have dared attempt, and at last the bargeman took pity on us and put us across. We raced along the bank as fast as we could, but the canal turns a great deal, and a bend prevented our seeing the stag, with the hounds at his heels, galloping down the slope and finally jumping into the canal, just where it widens out and makes a sort of lake between our hamlet of Bourneville and Marolles. It was a pretty sight, all the hunters dismounted, walking along the edge of the water, sounding their *hallali*, the entire population of Bourneville and Marolles and all our household arriving in hot haste, and groups of led horses and *valets de chiens* in their green coats half-way up the slope. The stag, a very fine one, was swimming round and round, every now and then making an effort to get up the bank, and falling back heavily—he was nearly done, half his body sinking in the water, and his great eyes looking around to see if anyone would help him. I went back to the barge (they had stayed, too, to see the sight), and the woman, a nice, clean, motherly body with two babies clinging to her, was much excited over the cruelty of the thing. "Madame trouve que c'est bien de tourmenter une pauvre bête qui ne fait de mal à personne, pour s'amuser?" Madame found that rather difficult to answer, and turned the conversation to her life on the barge. The minute little cabin looked clean, with several pots of red geraniums, clean muslin curtains, a canary bird, and a nondescript sort of dog, who, she told me, was very useful, taking care of the children and keeping them from falling into the water when she was obliged to leave them on the boat while she went on shore to get her provisions. I asked: "*How* does he keep them from falling into the water—does he take hold of their clothes?" "No, I leave them in the cabin, when I am obliged to go ashore, and he stands at the door and barks and won't let them come out." While I was talking to her I heard a shot, and realized that the poor stag had been finished at last. It was early in the afternoon—three o'clock, and I suggested that the whole *chasse* should adjourn to the château for *goûter*. This they promptly accepted, and started off to find their horses. Then I had some misgivings as to what I could give them for *goûter*. We were a small party, mostly women and children. W. was away, and I thought that probably the *chef*, who was a sportsman as well as a cook, was shooting (he had hired a small *chasse* not far from us); I had told him there was nothing until dinner. I had visions of twenty or thirty hungry men, and an ordinary tea-table, with some thin bread and butter, a pot of damson jam, and some *sablés*, so I sent off Francis's tutor, the stable-boy, and the gardener's boy to the château as fast as their legs could carry them, to find somebody, anybody, to prepare us as much food as they could, and to sacrifice the dinner at once, to make sandwiches—tea and chocolate, of course, were easily provided. We all started back to the house up the steep, muddy path, some of the men with us leading their horses, some riding round by Marolles to give orders to the breaks and various carriages to come to the château. The big gates were open, Hubert there to arrange at once for the accommodation of so many horses and equipages, and the billiard and dining-rooms, with great wood-fires, looking most comfortable. The *chasseurs* begged not to come into the drawing-room, as they were covered with mud, so they brushed off what they could in the hall, and we went at once to our *goûter*. It was funny to see our quiet dining-room invaded by such a crowd of men, some red-coated, some green, all with breeches and high muddy boots. The master of hounds, M. Menier, proposed to make the *curée* on the lawn after tea, which I was delighted to accept. We had an English cousin staying with us who knew all about hunting in her own country, but had never seen a French *chasse à courre*, and she was most keen about it. The *goûter* was very creditable. It seems that they had just caught the *chef*, who had been attracted by the unusual sounds and bustle on the hillside, and who had also come down to see the show. He

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promptly grasped the situation, hurried back to the house, and produced beef and *mayonnaise* sandwiches, and a splendid *savarin* with whipped cream in the middle, (so we naturally didn't have any dessert—but nobody minded), tea, chocolate, and whiskey, of course. As soon as it began to get dark we all adjourned to the lawn. All the carriages, the big breaks with four horses, various lighter vehicles, grooms and led horses were massed at the top of the lawn, just where it rises slightly to meet the woods. A little lower down was Hubert, the huntsman (a cousin of our coachman, Hubert, who was very pleased to do the honors of his stable-yard), with one or two *valets de chiens*, the pack of dogs, and a great whip, which was very necessary to keep the pack back until he allowed them to spring upon the carcass of the stag. He managed them beautifully. Two men held up the stag—the head had already been taken off; it was a fine one, with broad, high antlers, a *dix cors*. Twice Hubert led his pack up, all yelping and their eyes starting out of their heads, and twice drove them back, but the third time he let them spring on the carcass. It was an ugly sight, the compact mass of dogs, all snarling and struggling, noses down and tails up. In a few minutes nothing was left of the poor beast but bones, and not many of them. Violet had *les honneurs du pied* (the hoof of one of the hind legs of the stag), which is equivalent to the "brush" one gives in fox-hunting. She thanked M. M., the master of hounds, very prettily and said she would have it arranged and hang it up in the hall of her English home, in remembrance of a lovely winter afternoon, and her first experience of what still remains of the old French *vénerie*. The horns sounded again the *curée* and the *départ*, and the whole company gradually dispersed, making quite a cortège as they moved down the avenue, horses and riders disappearing in the gray mist that was creeping up from the canal, and the noise of wheels and hoofs dying away in the distance.

We were pottering about in our woods one day, waiting for Labbez (the keeper) to come and decide about some trees that must be cut down, when a most miserable group emerged from one of the side alleys and slipped by so quickly and quietly that we couldn't speak to them. A woman past middle age, lame, unclothed really—neither shoes nor stockings, not even a chemise—two sacks of coarse stuff, one tied around her waist half covering her bare legs, one over her shoulders; two children with her, a big overgrown girl of about twelve, equally without clothing, an old black bodice gaping open over her bare skin, held together by one button, a short skirt so dirty and torn that one wondered what kept it on, no shoes nor stockings, black hair falling straight down over her forehead and eyes; the boy, about six, in a dirty apron, also over his bare skin. I was horrified, tried to make them turn and speak to me, but they disappeared under the brushwood as quickly as they could, "evidently up to no good," said W. In a few moments the keeper appeared, red and breathless, having been running after poachers—a woman the worst of the lot. We described the party we had just seen, and he was wildly excited, wanted to start again in pursuit, said they were just the ones he was looking for. The woman belonged to a band of poachers and vagabonds they could not get hold of. They could trace her progress sometimes by the blood on the grass where the thorns and sharp stones had torn her feet. It seems they were quite a band, living anywhere in the woods, in old-charcoal burners' huts or under the trees, never staying two nights in the same place. There are women, and children, and babies, who appear and disappear, in the most extraordinary manner. Many of them have been condemned, and have had two weeks or a month of prison. One family is employed by one of the small farmers near, who lets them live in a tumble-down hut in the midst of his woods, and that is their centre. We passed by there two or three days later, when we were riding across the fields, and anything so miserable I never saw, the house half falling to pieces, no panes of glass, dirty rags stuffed in the windows, no door at all, bundles of dirty straw inside, a pond of filthy water at one side of the house, two or three dirty children playing in it, and inside at the opening where the door should have been the same lame woman in her two sacks. She glowered at us, standing defiantly at the opening to prevent our going in, in case we had any such intention. I suppose she had various rabbits and hares hung up inside she

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couldn't have accounted for. There was no other habitation anywhere near; no cart or vehicle of any kind could have got there. We followed a narrow path, hardly visible in the long grass, and the horses had to pick their way—one couldn't imagine a more convenient trysting-place for vagabonds and tramps. It seems incredible that such things should go on at our doors, so to speak, but it is very difficult to get at them. Our keepers and M. de M., whose property touches ours, have had various members of the gang arrested, but they always begin again. The promiscuity of living is something awful, girls and young men squatting and sleeping in the same room on heaps of dirty rags. There have been some arrests for infanticide, when a baby's appearance and disappearance was too flagrant, but the girls don't care. They do their time of prison, come out quite untamed by prison discipline, and begin again their wild, free life. One doesn't quite understand the farmer who gives any shelter to such a bad lot, but I fancy there is a tacit understanding that his hares and rabbits must be left unmolested.

It is amusing to see the keepers when they suspect poachers are in their woods. When the leaves are off they can see at a great distance, and with their keen, trained eyes make out quite well when a moving object is a hare, or a roebuck, or a person on all fours, creeping stealthily along. They have powerful glasses, too, which help them very much. They, too, have their various tricks, like the poachers. As the gun-barrel is seen at a great distance when the sun strikes it, they cover it with a green stuff that takes the general tint of the leaves and the woods, and post themselves, half hidden in the bushes, near some of the quarries, where the poachers generally come. Then they give a gun to an under-strapper, telling him to stand in some prominent part of the woods, *his* gun well in sight. That, of course, the poachers see at once, so they make straight for the other side, and often fall upon the keepers who are lying in wait for them. As a general rule, they don't make much resistance, as they know the keepers will shoot—not to kill them, but a shot in the ankle or leg that will disable them for some time. I had rather a weakness for one poaching family. The man was young, good-looking, and I don't really believe a bad lot, but he had been unfortunate, had naturally a high temper, and couldn't stand being howled at and sworn at when things didn't go exactly as the *patron* wanted; consequently he never stayed in any place, tried to get some other work, but was only fit for the woods, where he knew every tree and root and the habits and haunts of all the animals. He had a pretty young wife and two children, who had also lived in the woods all their lives, and could do nothing else. The wife came to see me one day to ask for some clothes for herself and the children, which I gave, of course, and then tried mildly to speak to her about her husband, who spent half his time in prison, and was so sullen and scowling when he came out that everybody gave him a wide berth. The poor thing burst into a passion of tears and incoherent defence of her husband. Everybody had been so hard with him. When he had done his best, been up all night looking after the game, and then was rated and sworn at by his master before everyone because *un des Parisiens* didn't know what to do with a gun when he had one in his hand, and couldn't shoot a hare that came and sat down in front of him, it was impossible not to answer *un peu vivement peut-être*, and it was hard to be discharged at once without a chance of finding anything else, etc., and at last winding up with the admission that he did take hares and rabbits occasionally; but when there was nothing to eat in the house and the children were crying with hunger, what was he to do? Madame would never have known or missed the rabbits, and after all, *le Bon Dieu* made them for everybody. I tried to persuade W. to take him as a workman in the woods, with the hope of getting back as underkeeper, but he would not hear of it, said the man was perfectly unruly and violent-tempered, and would demoralize all the rest. They remained some time in the country, and the woman came sometimes to see me, but she had grown hard, evidently thought I could have done something for her husband, and couldn't understand that as long as he went on snaring game no one would have anything to do with him—always repeating the same thing, that a *Bon Dieu* had made the animals *pour tout le monde*. Of course, it must be an awful temptation for a man who has starving children at home, and who

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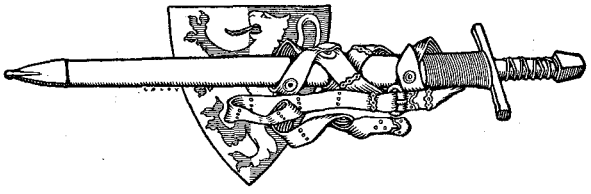
knows that he has only to walk a few yards in the woods to find rabbits in plenty; and one can understand the feeling that *le Bon Dieu* provided food for all his children, and didn't mean some to starve, while others lived on the fat of the land.

It was a long time before I could get accustomed to seeing women work in the fields (which I had never seen in America). In the cold autumn days, when they were picking the *betterave* (a big beet root) that is used to make sugar in France, it made me quite miserable to see them. Bending all day over the long rows of beets, which required quite an effort to pull out of the hard earth, their hands red and chapped, sometimes a cold wind whistling over the fields that no warm garment could keep out, and they never had any really warm garment. We met an old woman one day quite far from any habitation, who was toiling home, dragging her feet, in wretched, half-worn shoes, over the muddy country roads, who stopped and asked us if we hadn't a warm petticoat to give her. She knew me, called me by name, and said she lived in the little hamlet near the château. She looked miserably cold and tired. I asked where she came from, and what she had been doing all day. "Scaring the crows in M. A.'s fields," was the answer. "What does your work consist of?" I asked. "Oh, I just sit there and make a noise—beat the top of an old tin kettle with sticks and shake a bit of red stuff in the air." Poor old woman, she looked half paralyzed with cold and fatigue, and I was really almost ashamed to be seated so warmly and comfortably in the carriage, well wrapped up in furs and rugs, and should have quite understood if she had poured out a torrent of abuse. It must rouse such bitter and angry feeling when these poor creatures, half frozen and half starved, see carriages rolling past with every appliance of wealth and luxury. I suppose what saves us is that they are so accustomed to their lives, the long days of hard work, the wretched, sordid homes, the insufficient meals, the quantities of children clamoring for food and warmth. Their parents and grandparents have lived the same lives, and anything else would seem as unattainable as the moon, or some fairy tale. There has been one enormous change in all the little cottages—the petroleum lamp. All have got one—petroleum is cheap and gives much more light and heat than the old-fashioned oil lamp. In the long winter afternoons, when one must have light for work of any kind, the petroleum lamp is a godsend. We often noticed the difference coming home late. The smallest hamlets looked quite cheerful with the bright lights shining through the cracks and windows. I can't speak much from *personal* experience of the *inside* of the cottages—I was never much given to visiting among the poor. I suppose I did not take it in the right spirit, but I could never see the poetry, the beautiful, patient lives, the resignation to their humble lot. I only saw the dirt, and smelt all the bad smells, and heard how bad most of the young ones were to all the poor old people. "Cela mange comme quatre, et cela n'est plus bon à rien," I heard one woman remark casually to her poor old father sitting huddled up in a heap near the fire. I don't know, either, whether they liked to have us come. What suited them best was to send the children to the château. They always got a meal and a warm jacket and petticoat.



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THE WEST IN THE ORIENT

II—ELECTRICITY: THE NEW FORCE IN OLD LANDS

BY CHARLES M. PEPPER

Foreign Trade Commissioner, Department of Commerce and Labor

WITH A DRAWING BY W. J. AYLWARD, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

THE appeal of the forces of the unknown to the subjective Oriental imagination has little of the material in it. Yet there is the awakening of the senses through unseen power, as in the telegraph and telephone, and through novelty, as in illumination by electric lights, and, but more visibly, in the trolley traction and machine energy which are typified as force in the dynamo.

Conspicuously illustrative of the impact of the modern spirit on the Hindu mind is the mingling of the most recent application of electrical energy with one of the gorgeous ceremonial religious festivals. Let us transport ourselves in fancy to Mysore, the potential Native State of Southern India, when devoutly minded Hindus are preparing for the impressive spectacle of the Dussera, the feast of the initiation of all kinds of enterprises, warlike and peaceful. The preparations completed and the day arrived we may see the splendid procession to the Holy Tank, where sacred rites are performed to the arms and animals of the Maharajah or ruler; we may view with unglamoured eyes the four chosen camels, the imposing troupe of royal elephants caparisoned in cloth of gold and purple velvet; we may watch the cavalcade of cavalry and artillery bearing the token emblems; we may listen to the shrill native music while it winds its way along the route bordered with silken streamers and artificial flowers festooned from lines of masts; we may observe His Highness alight from the glittering state elephant and after performing the ceremonial *puja* or prayer tribute to the banyan tree on which the arms are piled, shoot at the tree with bow and arrow; we may follow his return preceded by the balawallas dressed in green and yellow and carrying lantern-hung lances; we may move in the midst of this chromatic life till we see His Highness again, this time robed in loose flowing saffron silks receiving barefoot the sword of State at the palace door; we may rub our eyes and wonder if it is the unprogressive Orient—for Western Innovation sweeps along in the machine shape of modern motor cars electrically driven, and swathed with jessamine garlands and silk cloths—symbols of their deification—the same as the lordly elephants, the dignified camels and the magnificent horses. The animals, typifying movement as they do, are deified at this festival of the Dussera. Since the motor car with its stored movement has become part of the Maharajah's stable, why should not it be deified along with the other animals?

A sequence of events accounts for the motors taking part in the observance of the Dussera at Mysore. Some years back the then Maharajah was possessed with the Western spirit of doing big things. The Kolar gold fields were among the most valuable resources of the State. Western gold-seekers had found them, but they were worked under difficulties owing to the want of power. This existed in the Cauvery River, the stream that for centuries furnished the means of irrigation in the Grand Anicut. Western imagination in the person of a young Canadian-American officer of the Royal Engineers supplied the suggestion—transmit the power. This engineer officer was Major A. J. de Lotbiniere presumably of French-Canadian blood, of British citizenship as an engineer officer in the Imperial Army, of Western training, of Yankee association, himself not an electrician but with the directing mind of a captain of industry in seizing mechanical possibilities and leaving experts to work out the technical results. He proposed the scheme of what was at that time (1898) the longest electrical installation in the world. The West, as centred at Schenectady, New York,

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and as represented in the myriad personality of the General Electric Company, was consulted. The General Electric, through some of its leading minds, took up the project with these results:

A generating station was erected on the banks of the Cauvery River, where it flows through a deep valley. On account of the bad climate in the valley it was necessary to erect a separate station house at the top of the slope and to make arrangements so that the electric control of the system could be accomplished from this second station, which was healthy enough to serve as permanent working quarters for the American operators. Water is taken from the Cauvery River a long way above the Cauvery Falls and carried through open supply channels to the top of the bluff, where they end in a forebay. From this forebay the water is taken down the bluff through the penstocks and conducted to the water turbines, which discharge into the river. Eleven water turbines are in operation at the generating station and the necessary energy for exciting the alternators with which they are connected is furnished by three water-wheel driven G. E. direct-current generators of 75 kilowatts, 125 volts. The generating station is connected by cables with the step-up transformer station and through these cables the total electrical energy generated by the alternators is transmitted to a main switchboard and from there to the low-tension windings of a number of step-up transformers which convert the electrical energy into 35,000 volts. There are installed 8,200 kilowatts in air-blast step-up transformers. From the high-tension windings of these transformers the energy is distributed through a high-tension switchboard to the different transmission lines that lead to central sub-stations in the territory that is served.*

Owing to the large number of motors installed for mining work in the gold fields, the increasing demand for electric light in Bangalore and the desire to introduce electrical illumination in the city of Mysore, large extensions of the power-plant have been carried out. These include a third line to the gold fields, a second one to Bangalore and two new lines to the city of Mysore.

An installation of importance in the Kolar gold fields concerns the electrification of a number of mine hoists. For this purpose the General Electric Company furnished three motor generator sets of 400 kilowatts each, each set consisting of a 550 volt direct-current motor direct connected to a 2,300 volt 3-phase alternating-current generator.*

The results of this distributed electric power had something more in them than supplying industrial establishments, increasing the gold output, and lighting Hindu cities in one section of the country. The appeal was to the universal mind of India by the force of example.

In the North once I travelled across the edge of the Jodhpur-Bikaneer desert on the narrow-gauge railway which the ruler of a Native State of Rajputana had constructed in order that his domain might be in and not out of the world. There is a mixed goods and passenger train with natives chiefly of the coolie class as the passengers. But sometimes an Englishman or a foreigner or a native of high caste wants to use this rail route. So a toy-like coach is provided where one may make up his bed and also whence he may pass to the "café car" and, sitting along the bench, may get a pretty good dinner. To the Englishman the certainty of getting this meal is the measure of civilization in Rajputana and he speaks approvingly of the enlightened Rajah who makes it possible. But to the American something else is more indicative of civilization. This is the button which he touches in his little sleeping compartment and turns on the electric light. The train carries a dynamo and I am not sure but that the arrangement was made for lighting one's berth even before the enterprising American

* Three transmission lines were originally employed, two of them to the Kolar step-down station which applies power to the various industrial establishments in the gold fields and the third one to the city of Bangalore. A large part of the power transmitted to Bangalore is converted into 2,200 volt, 60-cycle single-phase alternating current by means of revolving frequency changer sets. This single-phase current is used to feed constant-current transformers and arc lamps in accordance with the requirements of the G. E. series arc lighting system.

A remarkable installation is that of a 1,000 kilowatt G. E. rotary condenser installed in the step-down station on the Kolar gold fields, which is used to raise the power factor of the Kolar lines, that is to say to adjust the system to the smallest possible current per kilowatt consumed energy.

* This hoisting scheme is laid out by taking energy from the Kolar step-down station at 2,300 volts, 3-phase, and transmitting it to the synchronous motors of the 125 kilowatt sets which load up a large storage battery during the load pauses of the hoist. The energy required for the hoists at their largest loads is obtained from the 125 kilowatt motor generator sets with the assistance of a storage battery and a booster set, the total energy being again transformed by the kilowatt motor generator sets into such of 3,300 volts alternating 3-phase character and being transmitted in this form to the hoist motors over long distances.

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railways provided this facility on their luxurious sleeping-car trains.

If the Rajah of Rajputana had kindled with the ambition for modern electrical invention who could tell where the spark that had been struck by the Maharajah of Mysore would end? The flaming spirit of emulation responded from the heart of the Himalayas. The Maharajah of Kashmir looked about him and saw famed industries decaying. Competitive European machine inventions were imitating and absorbing the prized shawl product of the hand-looms; silk and other native manufactures were suffering depreciation through the scarcity of the fuel supply. The natural means of reparation and restoration were there. The influencing Western mind was also within touch. Major de Lotbiniere was communicated with and to his plausible presentation of the possibilities of electricity for renewing the ancient industries of Kashmir was due the initiative of the Maharajah and the Durbar or State Council.

What could this Himalayan region, celebrated in poetry and song, offer to the modern engineer? Travellers' tales of the Vale of Kashmir, passed through the refining fire of Moore's imagination, still have some semblance of reality in the land as it is even in the twentieth century. The panoramic brightly colored life is best seen in Srinagar, the capital of the State, a Himalayan Venice, beloved of English civilian and military officials who cheerfully journey 2,000 miles to take their outing there. It is the old, old East; yet its canals and island gardens show a wonderful similitude to the old, old West that exists to-day thirty miles from the City of Mexico at Xochimilco, which, with its canals and floating gardens, its aboriginal inhabitants and uncontaminated Aztec customs, perfectly reproduces what Cortez saw four centuries ago.

The life of Srinagar may be viewed from the first bridge or the seventh bridge or any one of the bridges between. It may be seen at close view in an evening or a morning walk along any of the canals, through the alley-like streets or mingling with the crowding denizens of the bazaar; or a drive may be taken which will disclose how extensive a city, or rather group of cities, is this Himalayan Venice with its population jumbled along the river and canal banks. Then it will be understood that though the censuses of Kashmir are not frequent the first impression of perhaps 50,000 inhabitants must be multiplied by three.

The artist delights in this labyrinth of rude wooden architecture—peaked roofs; upper and lower balconies latticed and lacquered into screens; arched windows; walls of mud plaster and reeds; unpainted boards and unglazed bricks; flat turf roofs, covered with birch brush, weeds or plants, and forming a genuine garden; and again the complexity of tiny box upper stories, rafters, beams, slats, rickety stairways, projecting balconies and overhanging latticed windows. It is all graphically picturesque in its ramshackleness, and one hears with regret the benison of the local official, who has lived in modern places, on the fire which destroyed one section of Srinagar, and his hope for yet other conflagrations, till all may be swept away to be replaced by a new metropolis.

Perhaps it would be better to climb up Takht i Suleiman peak, and, if the breath gives out before the ruins of the Hindu Temple at the top are reached, from any one of the several half-way stages the view of Srinagar, the emerald valleys and the encircling mountain ranges with their snowy chaplets is enough to satisfy the sense of the grand and beautiful. The harsh angles of the ramshackle buildings are confused and blended in a dim outline that takes away their roughness. The groves of silver poplars soften the contour, the white birches bleach the water banks, while the leafy Persian chenars, in their spreading foliage surpassing the English oak or the Ohio maple, stand out majestically as monarchs of the landscape. Characteristic of the two religions that dwell harmoniously under the Hindu ruler are the Hindu Temple and the quaint wooden mosque of the Moslems.

Dall Lake hardly seems more than a mirror spread over the land. One wonders even whether it may not be a mirage. But it is no mirage, no dream, for you may come down from the mountain-side and float across it. The boatmen smoothly propel their craft through the river flood-gates and the chain of canals past the island gardens, across the liquid floor of mosses and grasses into the crystal clear water, the serpentine stems of the plant-life floating in green festoons and wreaths. The lotus stalks

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bend with Grecian grace and their flat circular leaves rest contentedly on the water's surface, but unfortunately the time of bloom is past. Yet if the lotus is lost there is compensation. The chenar trees are beginning to blush and flame with the crimson and scarlet warmth of nature's blood-red dyes. The sight of one is as of a wide spreading torch at the water's edge, every leaf a living coal and every branch a glowing forge. It is the coming of the Kashmir winter.

And there is, too, that perfection of beauty which is found in the reflected sky and mountain range and forest. The cactus stalks are shown with a sharpness of outline that makes you hesitate to reach for them in fancy lest they prick the finger; the granite veining looks as if traced by a needle, so delicately precise is it in the mirroring. The ruined Hindu Temple at the summit of Takht tempts one to scrape the damp moss from its gray stones; the snow of the peaks lures to a school-boy header into the drifts; the fleecy clouds underneath the water churn with the melting colors of gold and blue and purple and crimson; and most wonderful of all is the nearness of the reflected vault of lapis lazuli, so close that Infinity, Eternity, seems there, and to reach it no plunge necessary—only a gentle stretching out. Thus the impression of the senses at sunset on Dall Lake.

Sometimes the boatmen and boatwomen appear to give way to this impression; at other times and oftener they talk of the hardship of their lives, of the closeness with which visitors bargain, of the plague of mosquitoes on the house-boats, and of the difficulties of earning an honest living in these days. That all Kashmirans are liars and cheats, as recorded in the books of veracious or mendacious travellers, they deny. Are not their own exactions reasonable? But there is no gainsaying that times are not what they were in the flourishing days of the Kashmir handicrafts, and the visitor must allow for the particular exactions to which he is subjected. Shawl worker, silk-weaver, hand-loom carpet-craftsman, gunsmith, wood-carver, artificer in papier-mache, maker of "modern antiquities," copper or silver metal-worker, lapidary in Ladakh jade or Tibetan turquoise—it is the same tale of good old times and decadent native industries. Have I not done business with them all in the modest volume which a traveller's purse permits, and do I not know it from their own lips? And moreover I understand the possibilities of the Kashmir arts and handicrafts from the knowledge gleaned during several visits to the excellent Sri Pratap Singh Museum where examples may be seen.

Hand arts may not all be restored; many of them must yield to machine craft, but old industries may be revived and fresh ones be developed which will improve the condition of the inhabitants and add to the productive wealth of the State; and it is this that is sought in the installation of hydro-electric power.

The crooked courses of the Jhelum River are alluring in their waywardness; a carriage road that for a distance of nearly 100 miles has been hewn out of the overhanging cliffs and runs precipitous suspended over the river-bed far below, satisfies the adventurous longing for new sensations; but the practical picturesqueness is in the leaping cascades and the foaming torrents that spill the waters which gush from the mountain sides. Here is the unbridled force that has been going to waste for ages to which the constructive and imaginative mind of the twentieth century engineer from Western lands applies itself, and calculates mathematically that 1,000,000 horse-power dashes and whirls in these cascades.

The engineering problem is to convert it into trained and humanized energy; the means of conversion, electricity. The purposes contemplated and the results anticipated are various. Coal of good quality has not yet been discovered in these Himalayan mountains, and the forests in supplying the daily fuel-needs of the population already are too much denuded, so that nothing is left for the industries requiring steam-power. Far away from the manufacturing world as Kashmir is, her rulers have discovered that this is the industrial age and hand arts are not enough even for this remote community. The mulberry tree flourishes, the silk-worm thrives, but in the State silk factory some means besides carbon fuel must be found for heating the 2,000 filature basins. So the inspiration came to heat them by electricity.

The native agricultural products require oil crushing, wool, rice and husking mills; all of these can be operated cheaply by electrical power.

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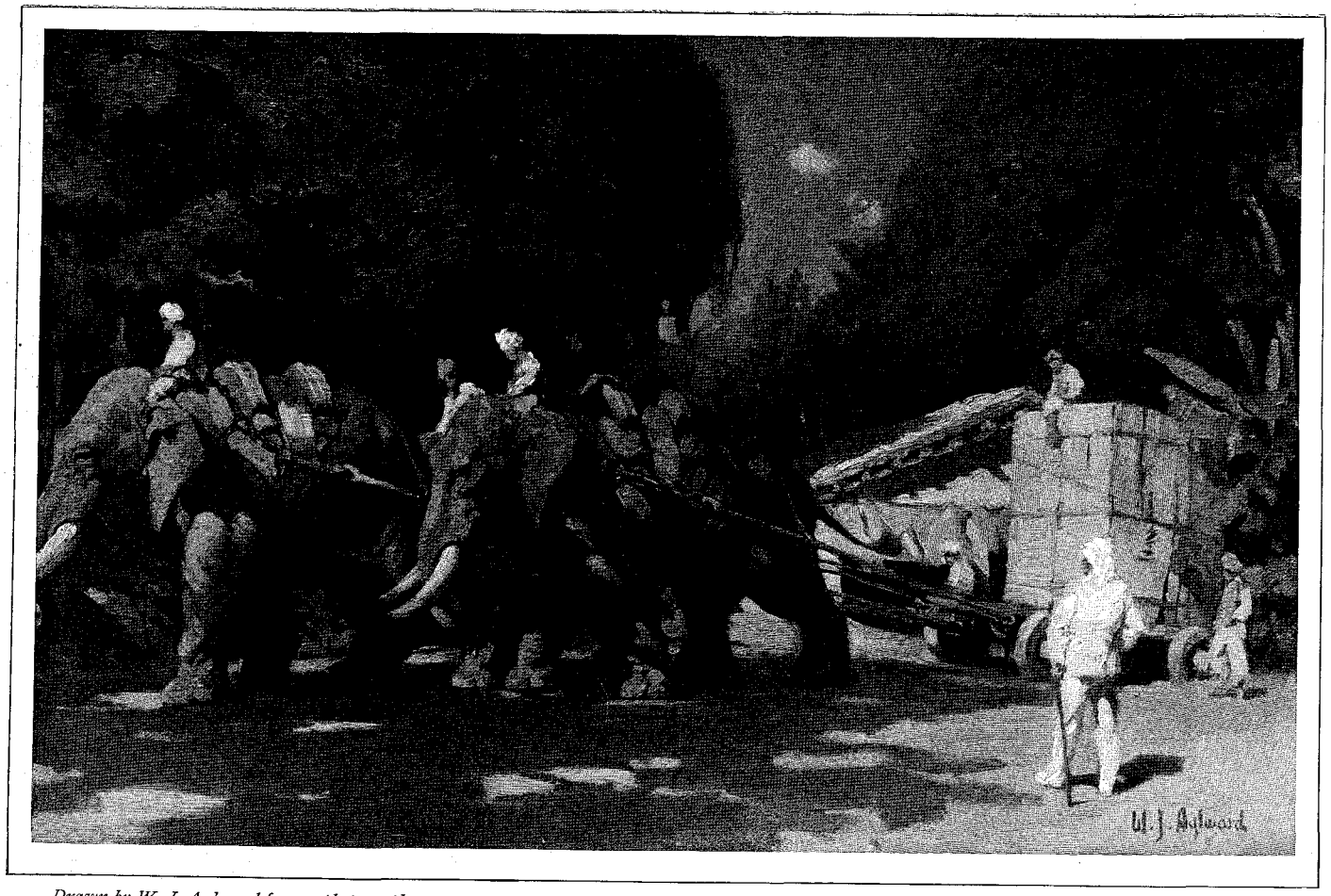

Drawn by W. J. Aylward from a photograph.

Elephants hauling heavy machinery to the Cauvery Falls power-house, India.

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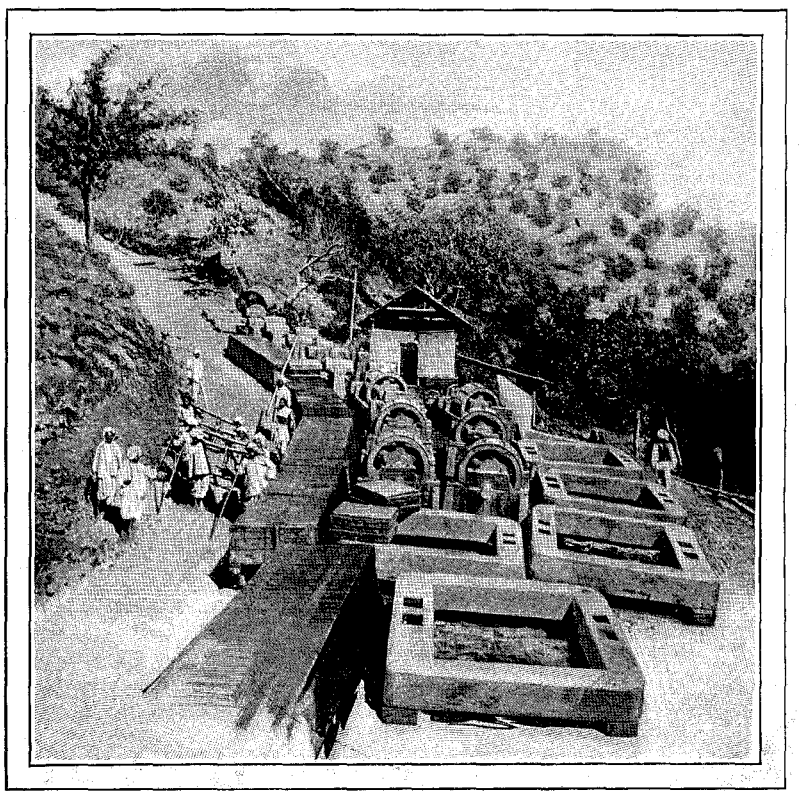
An area of 100,000 acres is submerged by the too voluminous flow of the Jhelum. This area needs reclamation, and by means of reclamation the 100,000 acres will be producing rice and providing a large addition to the food supply of the inhabitants of Kashmir. This region is to be relieved of the annual floods by means of a fleet of dipper and hydraulic dredges, the project being to lower the bed of the Jhelum fifteen feet for a distance of eight miles from the Wular Lake to the point where it leaves the valley and enters the hills. Next to changing the course of riotous rivers nothing appeals more strongly to the engineer than to deepen their beds. In the case of the Jhelum the new force is to be applied through electrically operated dredges deepening the outfall of the river and then cutting drainage channels from the inundated lands into Wular Lake.



Electric plant at the foot of the bluff.
(Cauvery Power Transmission, Cauvery, India.)

These are what may be called ordinary applications of electricity, but the Western imagination when given play in the mystical East sometimes finds scope for extraordinary application of new forces. Such is the daring dream of converting the free air of the Himalayas and the white limestone of the Kashmir hills, just as free and almost as abundant, into the means of fuller life for the crops which spring from the irrigated lands of the Punjab—in short terms, more wheat to the acre by means of fertilizers or artificial manures. Danish chemists discovered that by the agency of powerful electric currents the nitrogen of the air can be extracted and mixed with lime so as to obtain nitrate of lime. Norwegian manufacturers, with plentiful limestone about them, converted their abounding waterfalls into electrical furnaces and these two elements, air and lime, were combined and fertilizers became the output of the factories. Agriculturists may not yet be fully satis-

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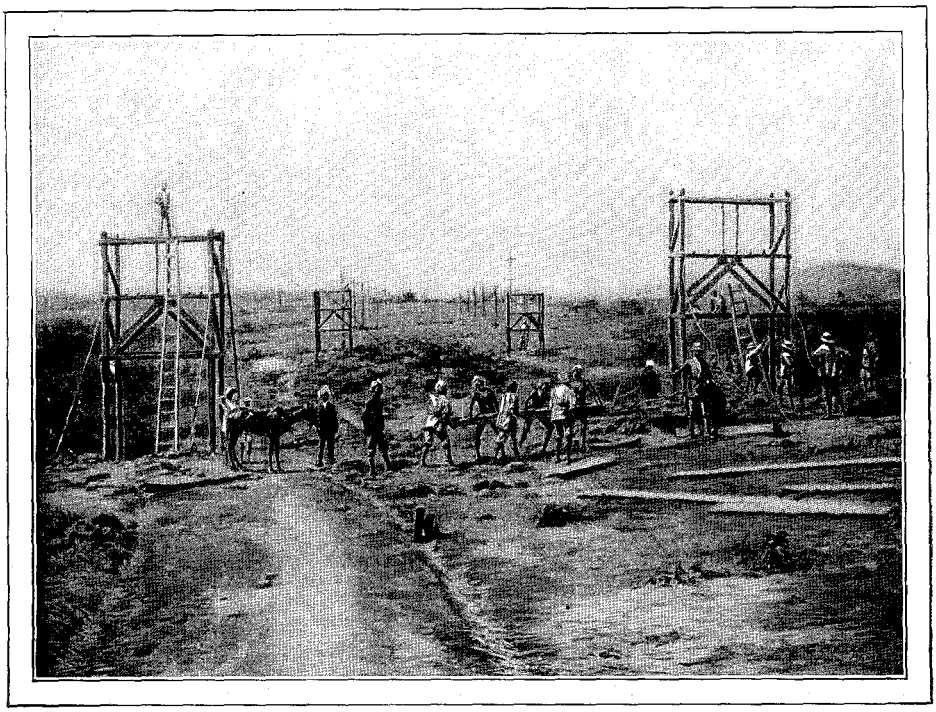

Transmission line at Hulli Ballah River.
(Cauvery Power Transmission, Cauvery, India.)

fied whether this new artificial fertilizer is equal or superior to the Chilean nitrate of soda or saltpetre; Chile's government experts may discover new possibilities in the vast white stretches which have added so prodigiously to the wealth of that country and may argue that this source of natural richness, instead of nearing exhaustion in another third of a century, is inexhaustible. That will not affect the value of the new fertilizer to India because the first question is of distance, transportation and freight rates.

Some years ago when among the Chilean saltpetre fields I speculated, as everyone does, on their possible exhaustion, and subsequently followed with keen interest the discoveries of the German chemists which assured the world that the means of keeping soils productive would still exist; but in the midst of these chalky Kashmir hills and the swirling torrents of the Jhelum the possibilities of new discoveries become immediate. Here are the two prime raw materials —air and limestone. Near Rampur, 60 miles from Srinagar, are the producers of the third agency—the power-house and the controlling works for drawing the water from the river-bed, the masonry and wooden flume along the hillside terminating in the forebay 400 feet above the river. The Jhelum has a fall for eighty miles of its length averaging thirty-one feet per mile and in places much greater, the minimum discharge being 30,000 gallons per second. Plentiful force here for silk factories and other mills; for lighting the Himalayan Venice, the whole valley and the neighboring British Indian province of Hazra; for operating the electrical dredges to reclaim the rice lands; and then power to spare inexhaustibly for high-heated furnaces to oxidize the azote of the air, convert it into azotic acid to be in turn concentrated in the granite chimneys into nitric acid and received into wooden chimneys filled with quicklime, which absorbs the nitric acid and converts it into nitrate of lime.

Inexhaustible possibilities these, but not to be tested on too large a scale in the beginning, for, when the problems of manufacturing are settled, there is yet to be developed the market for the product. The grain-growing regions of the Punjab lie at hand;

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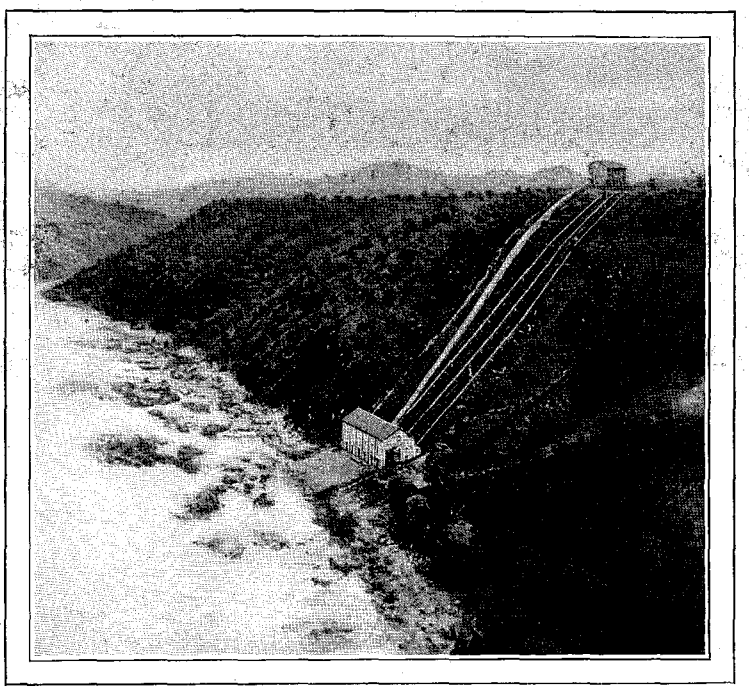
the soil yearns for fresh fertilization to aid the sun's rays, but the Hindu cultivator is slow in the improvement of his lands. No one familiar with his inherited conservatism would expect him of his own initiative to adopt a fertilizer even though cheap, easily obtainable, and abundant. Yet the paternalism of government in India, whether in the British Territory or in the Native States, has some faculty of initiation. On a small scale artificial manuring may be attempted and the scheme for supplying it in the form of nitrate of lime is also on a modest scale such as to render it purely experimental. It is proposed to erect a small factory capable of producing 1,000 tons of nitrate of lime annually, which would demonstrate the practicability of the manufacture and test the commercial feasibility of the scheme; but beyond the 1,000 tons in the processes of the years are millions of tons. The project of combining the atmosphere and the limestone cliffs of Kashmir by means of electrical energy is not surpassed by the Niagara manufactories in which Western forces of nature are dominated by Western minds.

A railroad line 200 miles in length linking Kashmir with the Northwestern Railway system, and involving the co-operation of the Government of British India, was a feature of the original plans of hydro-electric installation. Subsequent surveys and studies seemed to show that at first a steam railway was more feasible; but whether the railroad be steam or electric traction its construction will be the direct outcome of the electric installation.



General view exterior of power house.
(Cauvery Power Transmission, Cauvery, India.)

For the young West of the New World this enterprise in the heart of the Orient has a magnetic attraction. The progressive ruler of the Native State who sought the development of its resources by means of electrical energy looked not to Europe but to the land of the initiative. I have explained that Major de Lotbiniere, the guiding spirit and the responsible head of the enterprise, is a Canadian-American. What more natural than that he should turn to his old associations in order to bring the project to a successful conclusion? The installation as conceived and planned is of the General Electric Company of Schenec-

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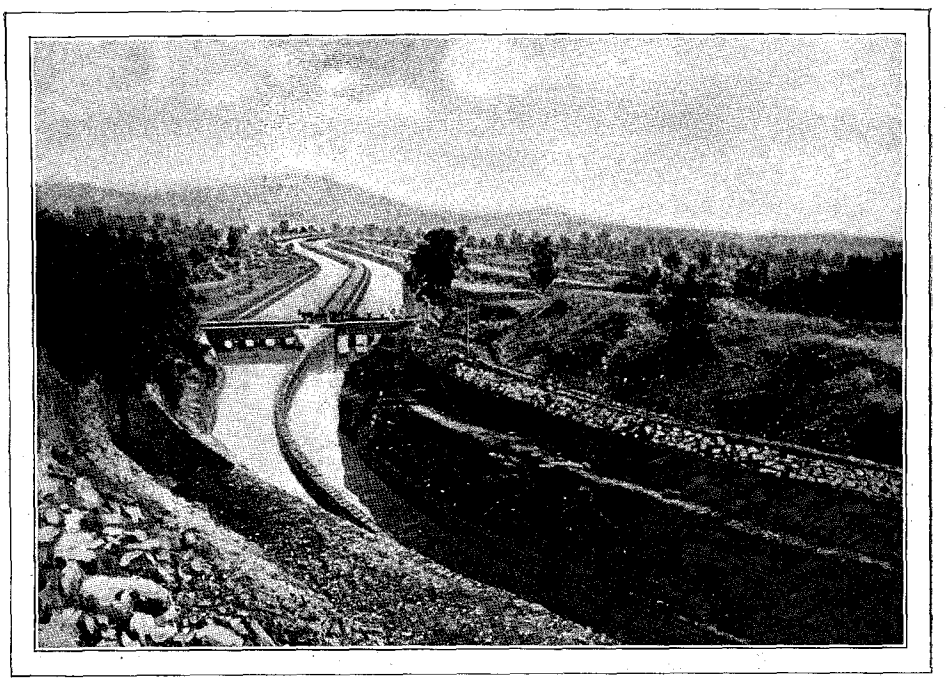

Channels from rock cutting to power station.
(Cauvery Power Transmission, Cauvery, India.)

tady. The dredges that are to deepen the bed of the Jhelum River are of Milwaukee and embody the experience of the makers in scooping the Panama Canal; and the turbine wheels which utilize the water-power are made in San Francisco.

How completely the Western spirit permeates and dominates this enterprise I felt one morning when stopping at a dak bungalow or stage house to get some breakfast. A group came in whose members had the same purpose. While satisfying healthy appetites the talk was of the similarity of the Kashmir topography to some parts of Mexico, of experiences in Brazil, of the laziness of the shambling and sheepish coolie laborers, of the Kashmir emerald mines and the intention later to go to the Pamir passes or to Tibet to prospect for gold, for no company of pioneering Americans ever gathers in distant regions without discussing that chance. The discussion also was of the technical plans to be worked out, of problems yet unattempted and of difficulties already developed, of expedients for overcoming them, of results appearing and of greater results to come—desultory talk of passing interest in itself but of intense and instructive suggestiveness in the spirit shown of hope, or determination, and of confidence; the spirit of the young West, of America, moulding and applying the new force of electrical energy to the civilization which the old East is assimilating.

Out of one project grows the idea of similar enterprises. There is a plan for utilizing the tremendous force which lies beyond the Khyber Pass in the wasted waters of Afghanistan. It is proposed to supply electricity for lighting the forts and military cantonments scattered over a large territory and also for the stations and yards along the railway lines. The enterprise contemplates the construction of trolley lines spreading out through the dense populations of northern India and an electric railway from Peshwar up the Khyber Pass to the British outpost station there. When I write this article this project is receiving favorable consideration from the British Government. In some form within the next few years it will be adopted.

Apropos of the Himalayas and the progress of electricity a query is raised regarding Tibet. Is the roof of the world less susceptible to this progress than Kashmir,

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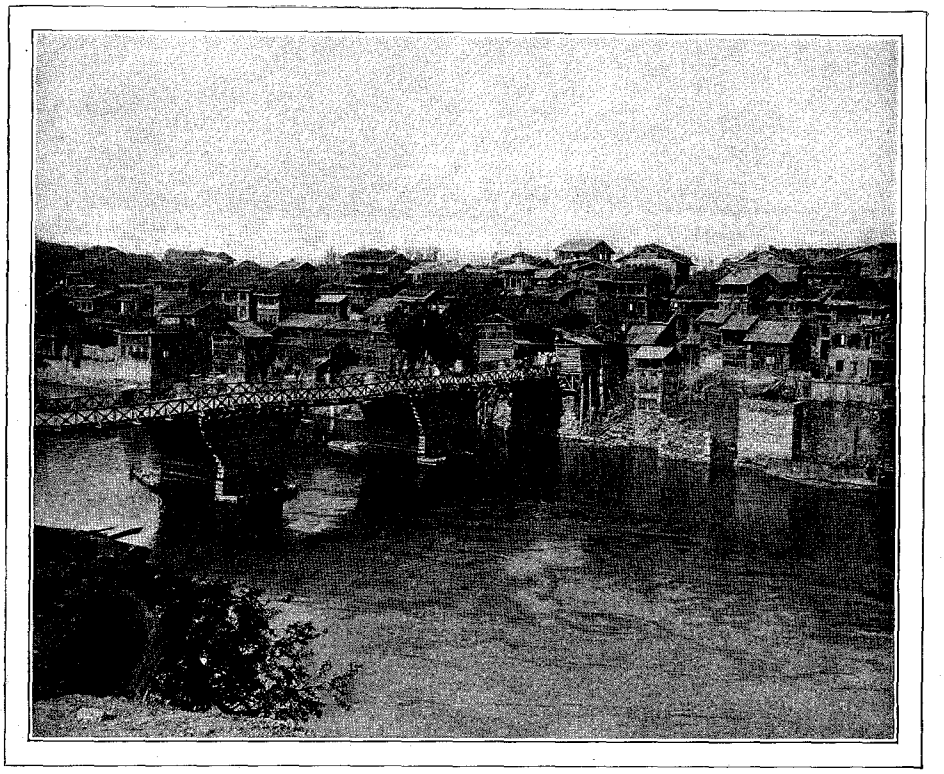

The second bridge at Srinager, Kashmir, a Himalayan Venice.

which may be called the eaves? The answer may be given that the conditions are not the same, for Kashmir is habitable by a large number of people, in altitudes ranging from 2,500 to 10,000 feet, while Tibet at 14,000 to 20,000 feet could not sustain a large population. Yet should the ultimate outcome of the British political mission to Lhassa with its military accompaniment be the prospecting of the Himalayas for gold, and discoveries of that precious metal be made, the water-power would be utilized as in the Kolar gold fields of Mysore.

The influence of the electrical element in one of its primary forms already is seen. During the British invasion the "lineman" was with the advance guard of the troops and communication with the rear was kept up by the telephone and telegraph apparatus. To-day remote recesses of the Chumbi Valley in Tibet are in communication with the world's centres, London, New York, Hongkong, for the messages are transmitted to Darjeeling, the Indian gateway to the Tibetan passes, retelegraphed to Calcutta or Bombay and then cabled to their destination.

This electric spark keeps the lonely frontier exile in touch with the Western civilization of which he is the living message. Sometimes the reminder may be too pointed for personal comfort, as in the case of the British official stationed at the last camp through which intercourse with the Grand Lama is conducted. China also is represented, and by a mandarin, so that the rivalry is to maintain the dignity of the respective nations. The jolly subalterns hunt and roam at will and in their camp discard the conventional dress. The Government representative of higher grade solemnly arrays himself and dines in solitary state. Why? Because the mandarin has been in London and knows that this institution of evening dress at dinner is the foundation on which the British Empire rests. If the Englishman sat down in boots and hunting jacket, as do the subalterns further along the valley, the mandarin would hear of it,

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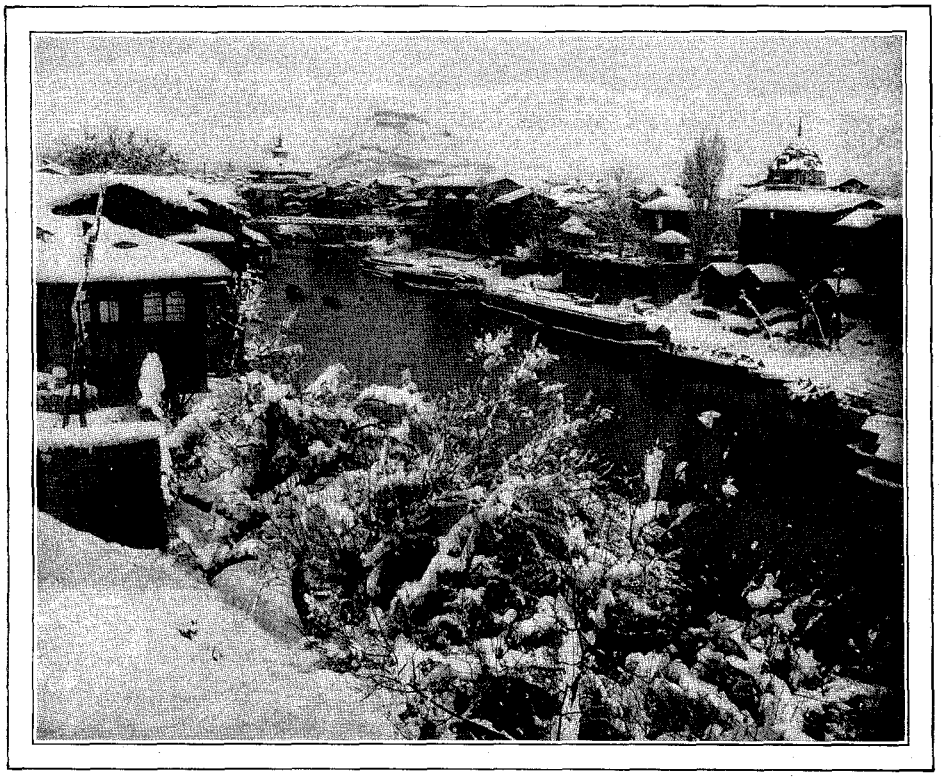

Srinager in winter, showing the fourth bridge.

and he never fails to uphold the dignity of the Confucian Empire by apparelling himself in the silken robes fitting for an Oriental dignitary at dinner. The British official confesses in confidence that he might chance it and consult his comfort, but there is the fatal telegraph wire which warns him that if he were to ignore conventionality the news might get out and a message come from the Government House in Calcutta or the Foreign Office in London asking what German intrigue was afloat in the Chumbi Valley that he should be so remiss. So he wearily dresses for dinner and perhaps damns the invention which brings the remote East so near to the West.

There are possible religious uses to which electrical power may be applied in the Tibet region. I heard the suggestion at Darjeeling when watching the wandering, ragged brown-robed priests twirl their prayer-wheels while the devout kept up the refrain,

O soul that in the lotus dwells,
O jewel of the sacred flower.

In some of the monasteries the prayer-wheel is as big as a barrel and is worked by an arrangement of pulleys and ropes. My travelling companion remarked that since many of the monks were feeble old ones, and others lazy young ones, the continuance of the praying should be assured by introducing electricity as the motor-power with which to turn the wheels and keep the Sanscrit text revolving. I am not sure that this proposition is any more whimsical than was the original suggestion for lighting the tombs of the Egyptian rulers of 5,000 years ago by incandescent lamps, but the tourists who visit Thebes and other monuments of the Pharaohs gratefully acknowledge how much easier sightseeing is rendered by this innovation. The convenience of the trolley from Cairo to the Pyramids is also admitted.

Something of the linking of the Western world with the Orient by the subtle power of the electric current was shown during the Spanish-American War. It was desirable for the United States to learn the atti-

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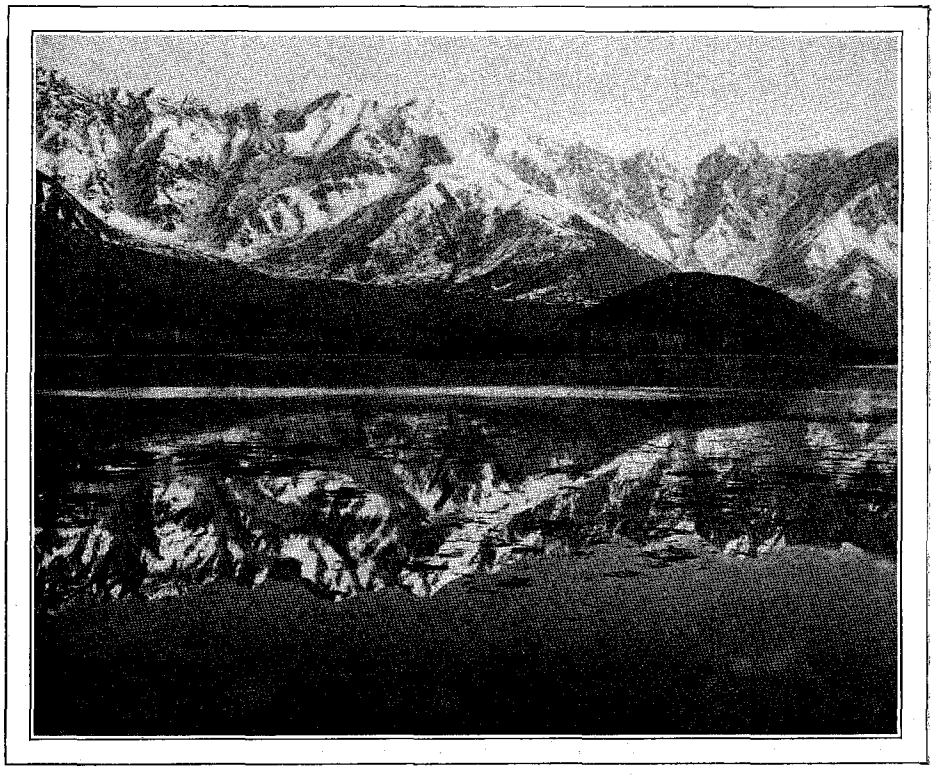

Dall Lake, Kashmir.

Dall Lake hardly seems more than a mirror spread over the surface.

tude of the Mohammedans in the Far East towards our occupation of the Philippines. Where should this information be had? The suggestion came from Minister Straus in Constantinople that the pilgrims from the Philippines to Mecca be sounded by means of the telegraph. The line had been built from Damascus to Medina by the Turkish Government for military and pilgrimage purposes. It excellently served the end of securing information for the American Minister.

But though the telegraph had been installed in the Ottoman Empire, the Sultan had shown no hospitality to the newer development of electrical energy which in the form of the dynamo symbolized power. Yet the Western spirit of innovation at last triumphed and some franchises were granted for electric traction and lighting; not, to be sure, on the European side of the Bosphorus but in Asiatic Turkey.

The waters first to be captured, harnessed and turned to docile uses are those of the Barada and its tributary, the Abana which Naaman when he was wroth would have trusted to cleanse his leprosy instead of the Jordan.

The first city to be modernized by the introduction of electricity was the one with the oldest continuous existence known to human history; the city which is as it has been through the ages—Damascus, the kaleidoscope of the near Orient with Arab and Greek, Jew and Christian, Moslem and Infidel, Kurd and Circassian, Turk and Tartar, jostling elbows.

See the panorama of Oriental life as it flashes by! There goes a huge flat-nosed negro from Mecca, wrapped in an ample cloak tunic and blouse to keep warm, for the breeze from the towering white apex of Mt. Hermon or from the gray anti-Lebanon range is not always as the hot caress from the sun-beaten sands of the Arabian desert: his broad, good-natured face radiates childish delight, and it must be his first visit to Damascus.

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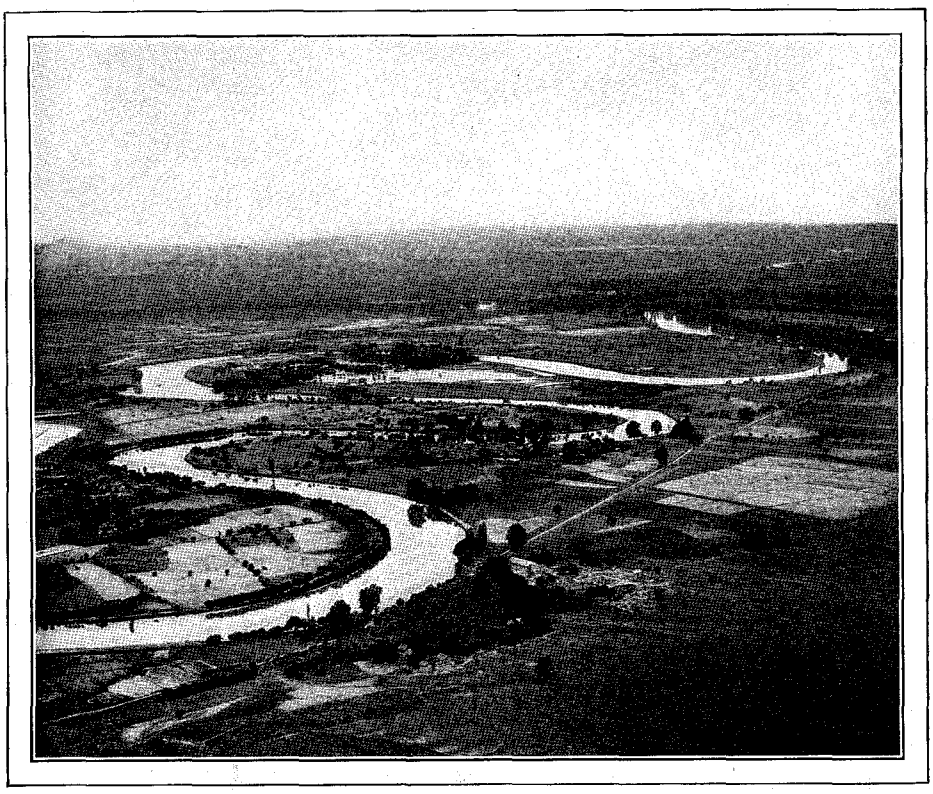

Windings of the Jhelum River in the Vale of Kashmir, which gave rise to the shawl pattern.

This river submerges an area of 100,000 acres and electrically operated dredges are to be used to deepen the outfall of the river and to cut drainage channels from the inundated lands to an adjoining lake.

Here wanders a lone stranger from Bagdad, tall and slim, with a small, well-formed head, and meditative intellectual features, wearing a silk tunic, a black undervest or jacket, his turban noticeable by its fine filet of golden threads. He strolls with curious yet condescending superiority.

Yonder pass wild-looking Kurds who do not belie their looks, driving the sheep that they have brought from Mesopotamia. Following them go stray Circassians with their astrakhan caps, their loose sheepskin cloaks girdled to the body, their belts studded with knives and less warlike implements—tall, ungainly and unbearded, they are the real rustics of the Orient.

Here in the coffee-houses and khans or wayside inns, sitting cross-legged, smoking their nargilehs, are Bedouins from the four corners of the desert differing markedly in appearance.

There pass a group of heavy-bearded Druzes, powerful frames, strong physiognomies. Their sheik is in richly brocaded scarf and blouse, tunic worn with the grace of a Roman Senator and more than the dignity of an English chancery Judge, turban of embroidered silk surmounting a massive head set on square shoulders, a heavy nose and the jaw of a mastiff. With them are Druze women, fine and regular features and graceful, sinuous figures, set off by the orange and crimson-clad shawls of silk or cotton, their unveiled faces marking them as distinct from their Mohammedan sisters. The Druzes are neither Christian nor pagan, neither Jew nor Moslem, keepers of a mysterious faith, believers in transmigration and reincarnation, the portals of whose creed none may enter and none may leave.

Here too are the partly westernized Syrians, and Maronites of Lebanon, as distinctive in dress and features and manner as they have been for ages immemorially.

In those numberless bazaars in which trading is carried on as it has been for

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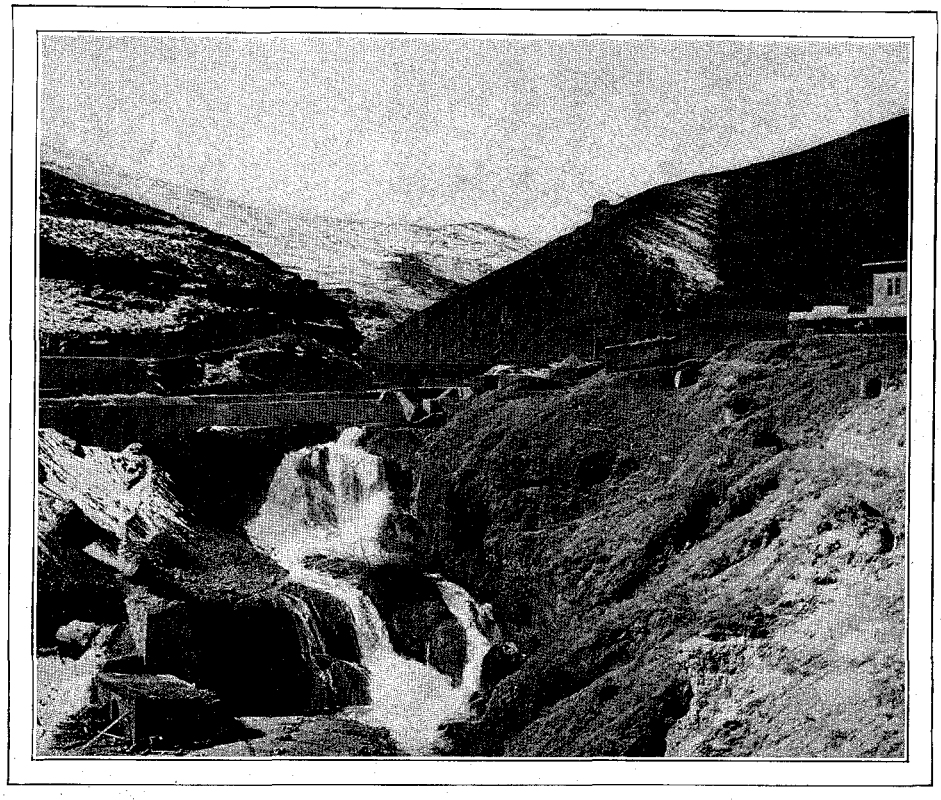
countless centuries, this Oriental life pictures itself as of shopkeepers and artisans. Here are the primitive blacksmith forges worked by hand-bellows, while hammer and chisel keep time and the anvil chorus rings; the squatting horse-shoer unconcernedly tying the tails of the animals that are to be shod. Over there is the woman grinding



The power-station for electric cars, Damascus, showing waterfall.

the coffee between two stones. Here in the leather bazaar are a brace of diligent artisans fashioning the goatskin canteens for the Mecca pilgrims; there are the silk weavers at their hand looms; here the potter; just across the way, the wood-carver; and wares for sale in all the stalls, with no hurry or rush, but courteous and dignified discussion of the price between buyer and seller.

Could anything startle these placid currents of Oriental life out of the channels in which they have moved for measureless time?

I do not say; but I thought there were some signs of emotional undercurrents the

day in January, 1907, when I boarded one of the orange-red trolley cars that were sent out of the power-house on trial trips. Grave elders stopped their leisurely promenade to watch the test judicially; small boys, genuine street Arabs, escorted the car in delighted procession; high-class Mohammedan ladies raised their veils with uncermonious curiosity; a Dervish dancing priest craned his neck until his green cylinder turban was at an unpriestly angle; the dragoman who was escorting a party of Western tourists forgot his rôle as a target for questions and himself became the questioner, asking if these wonders were common in the West and how to pronounce trolley, seeking vainly an equivalent term in Syrian-Arabic; a passing caravan of camels sniffed contemptuously as the car whizzed by; the Damascus hackman, scenting a possible competitor, reined his Arab steeds, which trembled a little at the invisible locomotion; a straw-laden donkey backed into one of the narrow streets, block-

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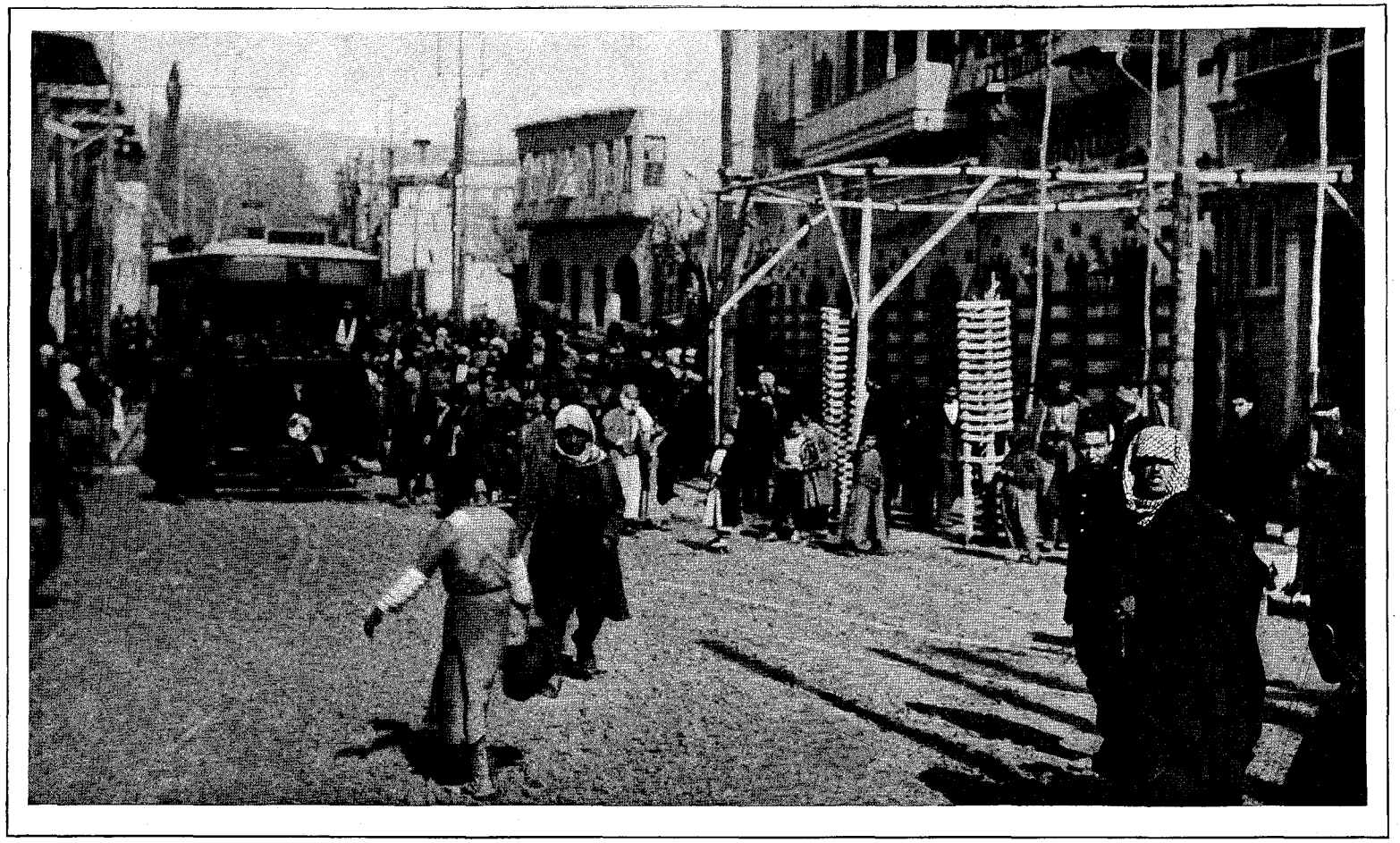

First round trip of the trolley cars, Damascus.

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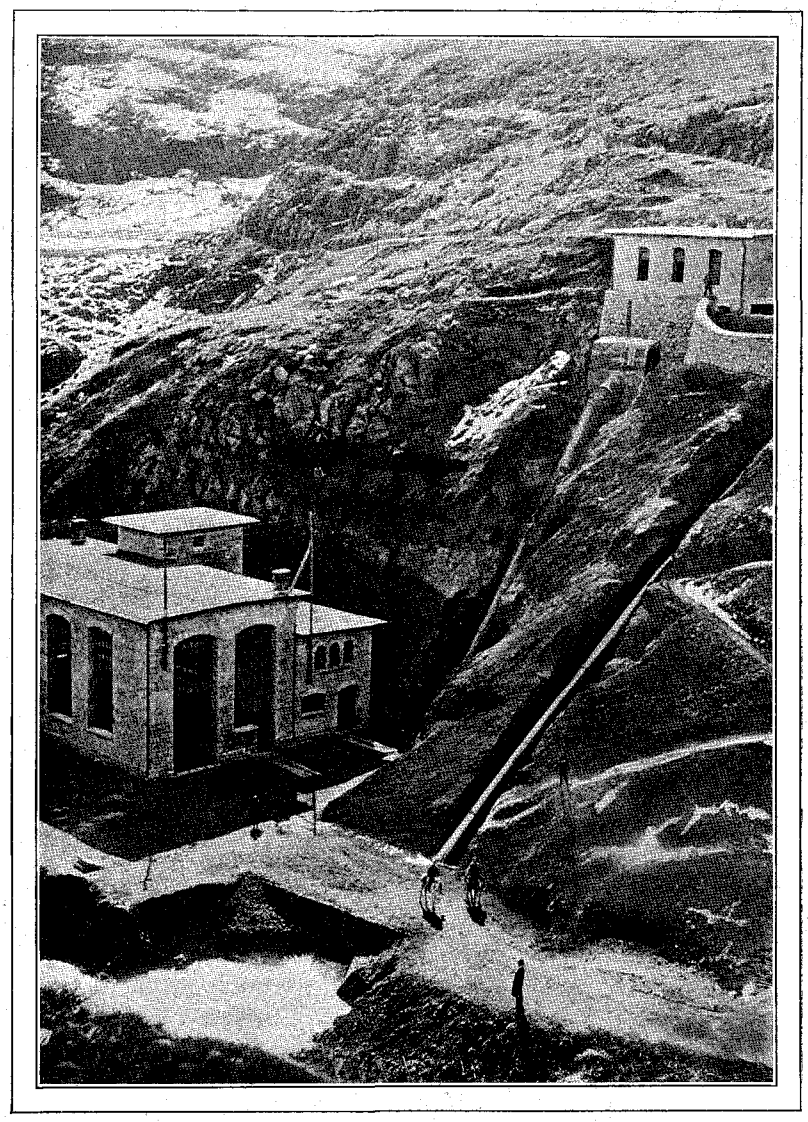
ing it completely and bringing down curses from the spectators whose view of the novel thing was shut off.

Since that trial trip the trolley car has ceased to be a novelty in Damascus and the electric lights have dimmed the oil lamps of the public thoroughfares. There were conservatives, old fogy tax-payers, who grumbled at the innovation, pointed to the wretched condition of the streets as something to remedy before taking up with new-fangled notions. But the streets of Damascus have been wretchedly bad for 3,000 years and the prospect of their improvement really came with the trolley and the electric light, because these typify the spirit of progress which demands municipal improvements.



Power-house, Damascus.

Electric lights were installed in the Grand Mosque, too. The same thing has been done in the mosques of Egypt and India, but this electrifying of the chandeliers in the Grand Mosque of Damascus seems to

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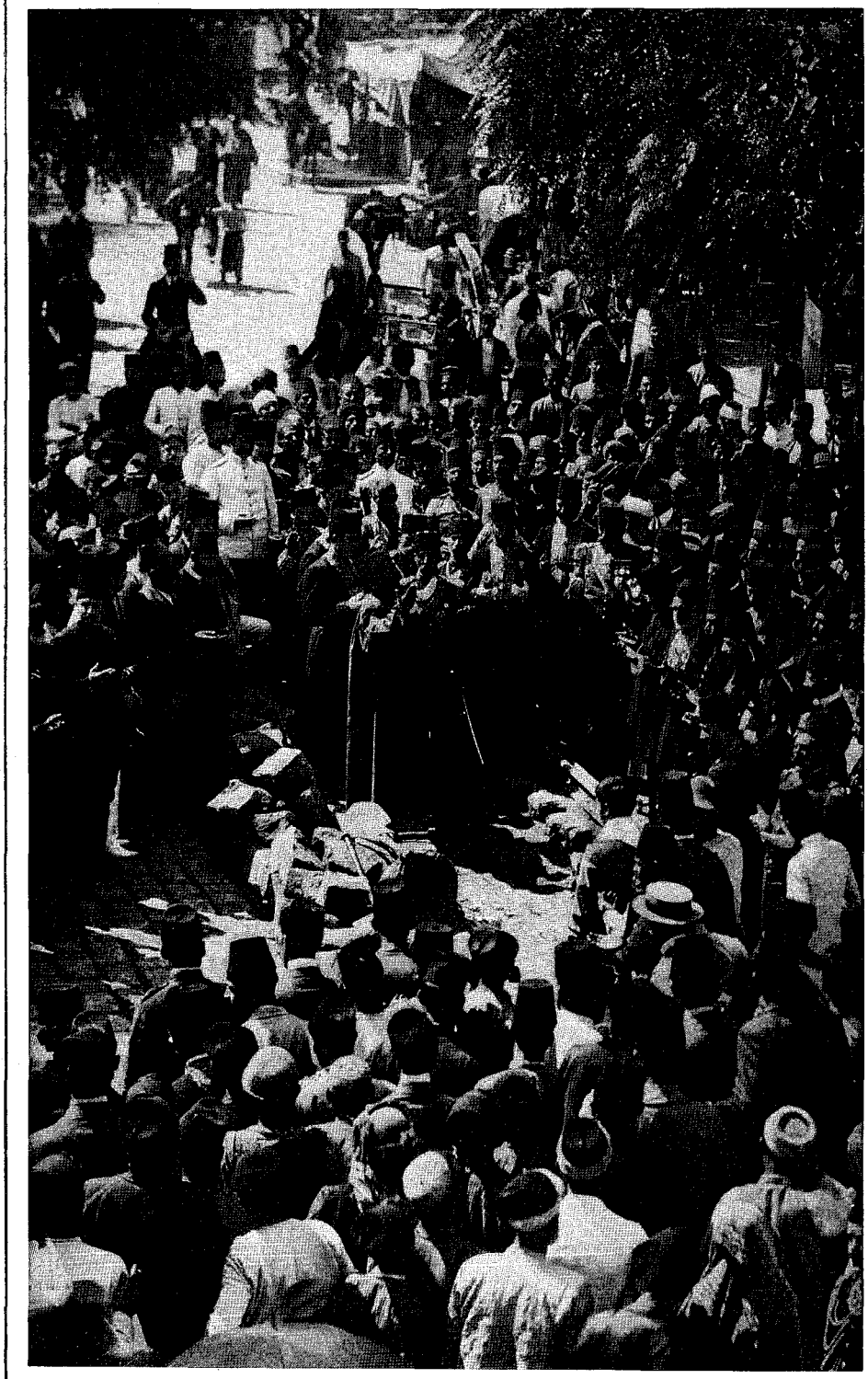

Laying first rail of the electric tramway, Beyrout.

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be more suggestive of change, of the empire of Islam taking to the new forces which are of the West.

The power for the trolleys and for the lights is obtained from the generating station erected a few miles up the Barada River by the Belgian Company, which has the concession. It is capable of expansion for manufacturing purposes, but many years will elapse before the introduction of electrical machinery will drive out the hand-loom silk-weaver, the brass-worker, the inlay cabinet worker, the goldsmith, the lock-maker, the carpet weaver, and the thousand hand arts for which Damascus has been famous through the centuries. Nor is swift change either desirable or necessary. Industrial life must be altered and social conditions be modified gradually as is best in an Oriental country. What is essential is the recognition that electrical installation in Damascus means its installation in Beyrout, Smyrna, Aleppo, even Jerusalem and elsewhere. Wise men from the West once having installed the new force in the old lands which constitute the Sultan's dominions, will continue their industrial conquests through this realm of the East, even to providing electrically driven irrigating pumps for the ancient wheat fields of Babylonia.

THE MISSING ST. MICHAEL

By Francis Cotton

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

DENNIS, our Epicurean sage, addressed us all as we lolled on his terrace, drank his tea, and divided our attention between his fluent wisdom and his spacious view of the Valdarno.

"The question is," he repeated, "What will Emma do? Will she be brave, or, rather ordinary enough, to act for herself and him, or will she refuse him because of what she thinks we will think of them both. As we calmly sit here she may be deciding. That is if you are sure, Harwood, that Crocker was really bound for Emma's when you saw him."

"How could anybody mistake his beaming Emma face?" growled Harwood. "He was marching like a squad of Bersaglieri.

"And she knows that Crocker wants it terribly?" added the Sage's wife.

"She does, indeed," sighed Frau Stern repentantly, "for that demon (pointing to Harwood) did tell me and I, haf babylike, told her."

"Here is the case, then," resumed Dennis: "She knows we know Crocker wants her and it, but she doesn't know he doesn't know she has it."

"Precisely, most clearly and gracefully put, my dear," laughed Mrs. Dennis.

"And she knows, too," he pursued imperturbably, "that we may think he wants her merely for it."

"Bravo!" puffed Harwood smokily from his camp-stool. "She is too clever to expect any weak generosity from any of us. She believes we will think the worst. And won't we? Viva Nietsche, and perish pity!"

"Shame upon us, then," cried Frau Stern. "She will gif up that fine young man for fear of our talk? Never!"

"She will send him away, dear Frau Stern, the moment he gives her the chance," declared Dennis. "What else can she do? She can never take the chance of our surmises. Behold us, the destroyers! The victims are prepared."

"Can't we do something about it?" Harwood chuckled. "Repent? Be as harmless as doves? Let's write a round-robin solemnly stating that, to the best of our knowledge and belief, he wants her for herself and not for it."

"Gently," exclaimed Mrs. Dennis, as she blew out Harwood's poised and lighted match. "You surely don't imagine Crocker will propose the very day she shows it to him."

"My dear," protested Dennis, "don't we all know him well enough to understand that any shock will produce that effect? If

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his mother died or his horse, his vines got the scale, his Ghirlandaio sprung a crack, his university gave him an honorary degree—these would all be reasons for proposing to Emma. Dear old Crocker is like that; any jolt would affect him that way."

"Has it occurred to anybody that Emma may have foreseen just this complication and quietly got rid of it first?" suggested Mrs. Dennis, the really practical member of our group, adding, "That's how I'd have served you if I'd wanted him."

"Never," responded Dennis. "She loves it too well, and then she would feel we felt she had spirited it away on purpose."

"Besides," continued Harwood, whose buried aspirations Emmawards had long ago flowered into a minute analysis of her moods, "she is true blue, you know. She will never serve us like that. She may immolate the mighty Crocker upon the altar of our collective curiosity, but she will never dodge us."

"Cannot we all go back to our own countries and leave them alone," suggested Frau Stern almost tearfully; "but no; we no longer haf countries. Here we belong; elsewhere the air is too strong for our little lungs. I pity us, and I pity more those poor young people. If only they will but haf the sense to trample on our talk."

"That, too, would be a sensation," Dennis added cheerfully, and we went our ways, as usual, without having reached anything so vulgar as a conclusion.

Meanwhile Emma Verplanck stood in the *loggia* of her tiny villa and winced in the focus of the curiosities she despised. She scanned the white road that rimmed her valley before descending sharply to Florence beyond the hill, and especially the crescent of dust where an approaching figure would first appear. Now and then, as if for a rest, her eye traced the line of flaming willows down toward the plunge of her brook into the larger valley, or the file of spectral poplars that led into the vineyards hanging on the declivity of Fiesole. Above all the gaunt and gashed bulk of Monte Ceceri glistened hotly against a pale blue sky, for if it was a backward April, the first stirring of summer was already in the air. She thrilled with disgust as she asked herself why she dreaded this call. Why should she fear lest an elementary test, a very simple explanation such as she planned for that afternoon, should compromise an established friendship? Interrupting this self-examination, the mighty but unwieldy form of Morton Crocker loomed in the white dust crescent, and his premature panama swiftly followed the curve of the low gray wall towards her gate. As his steps were heard, her mind flew to the forbidding St. Michael on his gold background in her den and she could fairly hear Harwood saying to all of us, "Three to one on the Saint, who takes me?" The jangling of the bell recalled her to Crocker, and she braced herself in the full sunlight to receive him. For a moment, as he loomed in the archway, she indulged that especial pride which we reserve for that which we might possess but virtuously deny ourselves.

Her mingled moods produced an unusual softness. Crocker felt it and wondered as she gave him her hand and had him sit for a prudent moment outside. All the hot way up the valley he had had a sense of a crisis. It was odd to be summoned whither he had been drifting for four years, and now the sight of Emma disarmed, perplexed him. It seemed ominous. One finds such transparent kindness in clever people generally at parting, when one would be remembered for one's self and not for a phrase. Then Crocker for an instant glimpsed the wilder hope that the softening was for him and not for an occasion. Emma had never seemed more desirable than today. A white strand or two in her yellow hair, the tiny wrinkles at the corners of her steady gray eyes, and the untimely thinness of her long white fingers made him eager to ward off the advancing years at her side, to keep intact, as it were, these precious evidences that she had lived.

Some sense of his tenderness she must have had, for as she chatted gravely about his farming, about the lateness of the almond blossoms, about everything except people, who always tempted her sharp tongue, her manner became almost maternally solicitous. "To-day you shall have your first tea in my den, Crocker" (so much she presumed on her two years' seniority), she said at last, "and you are commanded to like my things." "What has thy servitor done to deserve this grace?" he managed to reply. "Nothing," she said, "graces never are for

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"By Jove, it's my missing St. Michael."—Page 217.

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things. Or, rather, you poor fellow, you have been asked to tramp out here in this glare and really deserve to sit where it is cool." As they walked through the hall and the little drawing-room Crocker still felt uneasily that no road with Emma Verplanck could be quite as smooth as it seemed.

The den deserved its name, being a tiny brown room with a single arched window that looked askance at the cypresses and bell towers of Fiesole. Beside a couch, an Empire desk, and solid shelves of books, the den contained only a couple of chairs and the handful of things that Emma laughingly called her collection. As Crocker took in vaguely bits of Hispano-Moresque and mellow ivories, a broad medal or so and a well-poised Renaissance bronze, a Japanese painting on the lighted wall, and one or two drawings by great contemporaries, Emma's friends, he was amazed at the quality of everything. A sense of extreme fastidiousness rebuked, in a way, his more indiscriminate zeal as a collector. Uncomfortably near him on the dark wall he began to be aware of something marvellous on old gold when tea interrupted his observations. Tea with Emma was always engrossing. The mere practice and etiquette of it brought the gentlewoman in her into a lovely salience. Her hands and eyes became magical, her talk light and constant without insistency. A symbolist might imagine eternal correspondence between the amber brew and her sunny hair. It was easy to adore Emma at tea, and generally she did not resent a discreetly pronounced homage. But this afternoon she grew almost petulant with Crocker as they talked at random, and finally laughed out impatiently: "I really can't bear your ignoring my St. Michael, especially as you have never seen him before and may never see him again. St. Michael, Mr. Morton Crocker."

"My respects," smiled Crocker, as he turned lazily toward the gilded panel. There was the warrior saint, his lines stiff, expressive and hieratic, his armor glistening in gray-blue fastened with embossed gilded clasps; here and there gorgeous hints of a crimson doublet—the unmistakable enamel, the grave and delicate tension of a masterpiece by that rare Venetian, Carlo Crivelli. Crocker gasped and started from his seat, losing at once his cup, his muffin, and his manners. "By Jove, Miss Verplanck, Emma, it's my missing St. Michael. Where did you ever find it? I must have it." His toasted muffin rolled unconsidered beside the spoon at his feet. Emma retrieved the cup—one of a precious six in old Meissen—he retained the saucer painfully gripped in both hands.

"I was afraid it was," she answered, "but look well and be sure."

"Of course we must be sure. You'll let me measure it, won't you? It's the only way." Assuming his permission he climbed awkwardly upon the chair, happily a stout Italian construction, and as she watched him with a strange pity, he read off from a pocket rule: "One metre thirty-seven. A shade taller than mine, but there is no frame. Thirty-one centimetres; the same thing. Yes, it is my missing St. Michael," and as he climbed down excitedly he hurried on: "How strange to find it here. I never talked to you about it, did I? That's odd, too. I've been hunting for it for years. You didn't know, I suppose. I want it awfully. What can we do about it?"

For Crocker, this fairly amounted to a speech, and before replying Emma gave him time to sit down, and thrust another cup of tea into his unwilling hands. Having thus occupied and calmed him, she said, "I'm very sorry, I hoped it would turn out to be something else. I only learned last week that you wanted it. You have seldom talked about your collecting to me. There's nothing to do about it. I wish there were. You want it so much. But I can't give it to you. That wouldn't do. And I won't sell it to you. I wouldn't to anybody, and then that wouldn't do, either. So there we are. Only think of their talk, and you'll see the situation is impossible."

Crocker's eyes flashed. "There's a lot we might do about it if you will, Emma. Damn the St. Michael. If his case is so complicated, and I don't see it, leave him out of the reckoning between us. Can't you see what I need and want?"

"They wouldn't see it, and I'm shamefully afraid of them," she said simply, and then she added indignantly, "How could you dare to-day? I can't trust you for any perception, can I?"

Not perceiving that her scruple was belated, Crocker blurted out ruefully. "I'm an ass, and I'm sorry and I'm not. It's what I have wanted to say these many days,

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and perhaps it might as well be so. But I've wounded you and for that I'm more than sorry."

"Let's not talk about it," Emma said gently. "Of course I'll forgive an old friend for saying a little more than he should. Only you must stop here. You'll forgive me, too, for owning your St. Michael. I'm honestly sorry it happened so. I would dismiss him if I could, for he is likely to cost me a good friend. But he creates a kind of impossibility between us, doesn't he, and for a while it's best you shouldn't come, not till things change with you. It's kindest so, isn't it, Crocker?"

There was more debate to this effect before the impassive St. Michael, until at last Crocker agreed impatiently, "You're right, Emma, or at least you have me at a disadvantage, which comes to the same thing. And yet it's all wrong. You are putting a painted saint between yourself and a friend who wants to be more. It's logical, but it isn't human. As for their talk, they'll talk, anyhow, and we might as well stand it together. I'm probably off for a long time, Emma. I hope you'll find your St. Michael companionable. When you decide to throw him out of the window, let me know. Forgive me again. Good-by."

She gave him her hand silently and followed him out into the *loggia*. As she watched him striding angrily down the valley and away she had the air of a woman who would have cried if she were not Emma Verplanck.

Crocker was right, we all did talk. And naturally, for had we not all been eagerly awaiting the collision announced by the cessation of his visits and the rumor that he was bound north. In council on Dennis's terrace, however, we came to no unanimous reading of the affair. Generally, we felt that even if Emma wanted a way out, which we guessed to be the fact, she would never expose herself to our batteries, and with regret we opined that there was no way, had we wished, to divest ourselves of our collective formidableness. On all sides we divined a deadlock, with Dennis the only dissenting voice. He insisted scornfully that we none of us knew Emma, that we underestimated both her emotional capacity and her resourcefulness, and, finally, in a burst of rash clairvoyancy he declared that she would give away both the St. Michael and herself, but in her own time and manner, and with some odd personal reservation that would content us all. We should see.

Given the rare mixture of the conventional and instinctive that was Emma Verplanck, something of the sort did indeed seem probable. For ten years she had inhabited her nook, becoming as much of a fixture among us as the Campanile below. She came, like so many, for the cheapness and dignity of it primarily. Here her little patrimony meant independence, safety from perfunctory and uncongenial contacts at home, and more positively all those appurtenances of the gentlewoman that she required. But, unlike the merely thrifty Italianates, she never became blunted by our incessant tea giving and receiving. With familiarity the ineffable sweetness of the country penetrated her with ever-new impressions. She loved the overlapping blue hills that stretched away endlessly from the rim of her valley, and the scarred crag that closed it from behind. She loved the climbing white roads, her chalky brook—sung as a river by the early poets—with its bordering poplars and willows and its processional display of violets, anemones, primroses, blueflags, and roses. She loved even better that constant passing trickle of fine intelligences which feeds the Arno valley as her brook refreshed its vineyard. The best of these came gladly to her, for she was an open and a disillusioned spirit, with something of a man's downrightness under her sensitive appreciation. There was the calm of a temperament fined but not dulled by conformity and experience. Mrs. Dennis, whose sources of information were excellent, said it was rather an unhappy girlish affair with an unworthy cousin. Within the limits of the possible, the Verplancks always married cousins, and Emma, it was thought, had in her 'teens paid sentimental homage to the family tradition. In any case she remained surprisingly youthful under her nearly forty years. Her capacity for intellectual adventure seemed only to increase as she passed from the first glow to proved impressions of books, art, persons, and the all-inclusive Tuscan nature.

Her Stuyvesant Square aunts, who were authorities on self-sacrifice, agreed that the only sacrifice Emma had made in a thor-

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oughly selfish life was the purchase of the St. Michael. She had found it, on a visit in Romagna, in the hands of a noble family who knew its value and needed to sell it, but dreaded the vulgarity of a transaction through the antiquaries. To Emma, accordingly, whom they assumed to be rich, they offered it at a price staggering for her, though still cheap for it. From the first she had adored it. There had been a swift exchange of dispatches with New York, and the St. Michael went home to Florence with her. After that adventure the small victoria, the stocky pony, and the solemn coachman had never reappeared. Emma walked to teas or, when she must, suffered the promiscuity of the trams. To those of us who knew the store she set by her equipage its exchange for the St. Michael indicated a fairly fanatical devotion. To her aunts it meant that she had spent her principal which, in their eyes, was an approximation to the mysterious "sin against the Holy Ghost."

It was Dennis who speculated most audaciously, and perhaps truly, about the St. Michael. When he learned that Emma secreted it in her den, where she rarely admitted anyone, he maintained that it had become her incorporeal spouse. The daintiness with which it fingered a golden sword-hilt, as if fearing contamination, symbolized the aloofness of her spirit. The solitary enjoyment of a great impression of art made her den a sanctuary, absolving her from commoner or shared pleasures. And in a manner the Saint was the type of the ultra-virginal quality she had retained through much contact with books and life. For her to sell the St. Michael, Dennis felt, would be a sort of vending of her soul, to give it away in the present instance would imply, he insisted, an instinctive self-surrender of which he judged her incapable.

To Crocker's side of the affair we gave very little thought, considering that he, after all, had in a way created the thrilling importance of the St. Michael. But our general attitude toward the unknown was one of indifference, and Crocker was too unlike us to permit his orbit to be calculated. The element of foible in him was almost null. None of our guesses ever stuck to him, and we had grown weary of rediscovering that anything so simple could also be so impermeable to our ingenuity. In a word, Crocker's case was as much plainer than Emma's as noonday is than twilight. When one says that he was born in Boston and from birth dedicated to the Harvard nine, eleven, or crew—as it might befall; that he was graduated a candidate for the right clubs, that he took to stocks so naturally that he quickly and safely increased an ample inherited fortune, and this without neglecting horse, or rod, or gun; finally that he carried into maturity a fine boyish ease—when this has been said all has been told about Morton Crocker except the whimsical chance that made him an Italianate.

Some reminiscence of his grand tour had beguiled a tedious convalescence and, following the gleam for want of more serious occupation, he had set sail for Naples with a motor-car in the hold. At thirty-three he brought the keenness of a girl to the galleries, the towns, and the ineffable whole thing. It was Tuscany that completed his capture. He bought a villa and, as his strength came back, began to add new vineyards and orchards to his estate. But this was his play; his serious work became collecting and more particularly, as has been hinted, the quest of the missing St. Michael. When he learned, as a man of means soon must, that good pictures may still be bought in Italy, he promptly succumbed to the covetousness of the collector, and the motor-car became predatory. Its tonneau had contained surreptitious Lottos and Carpaccios. Its gyrations became an object of interest to the Ministry of Public Instruction. Once on crossing the Alps it had been searched to the linings. While Crocker had his ups and downs as a collector, from the first his sense of reality stood him in stead. Being a Bostonian he naturally studied, but even before he at all knew why, he disregarded the pastiches and forgeries, and made unhesitatingly for the good panel in an array of rubbish.

It was this sense for reality that impelled him to settle where the rest of us merely perched. Fifty *contadini* tilled his domain and actually began to earn out the costly improvements he had introduced. His wine and oil were sought by those who knew and were willing to pay. In the intervals of the major passion Crocker walked up and down the grassy roads superintending the larger operations. His muscular and hulking blondness—he had rowed four

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years—towered above the dark little men who served, feared, and worshipped him. Unlike the rest of us who preferred to live in a delightful Cloud Cuckoo Town, which happened to be Florence also, he had chosen to take root in Tuscany.

First he purged his castellated villa of the international abuses it had undergone for a century. It had hardly regained its fifteenth century spaciousness and simplicity before it began to fill up again, but this time with pictures and fittings of the time. In all directions he bought with enthusiasm, but his real vocation, after the cultivation of Emma's society, soon came to be the completion of his great and growing altar-piece by Carlo Crivelli. What is usually a frigid exercise, a mere ascertainment that the parts of a scattered ancona are at London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Boston, etc.—a patient compilation of measurements, documents and probabilities; what is generally a mere pretext for a solid article in a heavy journal—or at best a question of pasting photographs together in the order the artist intended—Crocker converted into an eager and most practical pursuit. Bit by bit he gradually reconstituted his Crivelli in its ancient glory of enamel on gold within its ornate mouldings. The quest prospered capitally until he stuck hopelessly at the missing St. Michael.

As it stood for a couple of years complete except for the void where the St. Michael should be, the altar-piece represented less Crocker's abundant resources than his tireless patience and energy. He had picked up the first fragment, a slender St. Catherine of Alexandria demurely leaning upon her spiked wheel, at a provincial antiquary's in Romagna, not far from where the ancona had been impiously dismembered. Fortunately the original Gothic frame remained to give a clue to other panels. Next, word of a Crivelli Madonna with Donors at Christie's took him post-haste to London. Frame, period and measurements proved that it was the central panel, and the tiny donors, a husband and wife with a boy and girl, indicated that the wings had contained two female and two male saints. Between the St. Lucy (which turned up more than a year later in an unheard-of Swedish collection, and was had only by a hard exchange for a rare Lorenzo Monaco and a plausible Fra Angelico) and the sumptuous St. Augustine, which was brought to the villa in a barrow by a little dealer, there was a longer interval. Meanwhile the frame had been reconstructed, and a niche for the missing saint rose in melancholy emptiness. A little before the sensational *rencontre* in Emma's den, the chance of finding a rude pilgrim woodcut on the Quai Voltaire revealed the saint's identity. This ugly print informed the faithful that the "prodigious image" of Our Lady existed in the Church of the Carmelites at Borgo San Liberale. One might distinguish at the extreme right of the five compartments a willowy St. Michael in armor, like Chaucer's squire in a black-letter folio, or if the identification had been doubtful, there was the name below in all letters.

When the print was shown to the scheming Harwood over the afternoon vermouth, he suspended a long discourse on the contemptible fate of being born an Anglo-Saxon, and it came over him with a blessed shock that Emma had the missing St. Michael. Penetrated by the joy of the situation he hesitated for a moment whether to give the initiative to the man or the woman. A glance at Crocker's uncompromising sturdiness convinced him that on that side the situation might be quickly exhausted. Emma he could trust to do it full justice. Excusing himself abruptly, he made for Frau Stern's lodgings, and with the taste of Crocker's vermouth still in his faithless mouth, told her that Emma's Crivelli was no other than the missing St. Michael. To make matters sure he also bound Frau Stern solemnly to secrecy. That accomplished, he strode whistling down through the purple twilight to his well-earned *fritto* at Paoli's. The next day began our wondering what Emma would do.

She did, as is known, a thing that her simple Knickerbocker ancestresses would have approved—presented Crocker to the St. Michael and left the decision modestly to the men. Behind the frankness of her procedure lay, perhaps, a curiosity to see how Crocker would bear himself in a delicate emergency. It was to be in some fashion his ordeal. Thus she might at least shake the appalling equanimity with which he had passed from the stage of comrade to that of suppliant. Not that she doubted him; nobody did that, but she resented a little in retrospect his silence on the subject of the great quest. Was it pos-

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sible that for these five years he had chatted only about his college pranks, his fishing trips, his orchards and vineyards, and the views? As she reviewed their countless walks and teas, it really seemed as if he had never paid her the compliment of being impersonal. Well, that was ended now at any rate. A little misgiving filled her that she had never revealed the presence of the St. Michael to so good a play-fellow. A delicacy, knowing his incorrigible zeal as a collector, had restrained her, and then, as Dennis had guessed, her den was her sanctuary, admission to which implied an intimacy difficult to concede. Whatever the merits of the case, the rupture had produced in a *milieu* consumed by the desire to guess what Emma would do at least one person who was solely interested in what Crocker's next move might be. For the first time in a singularly calculable life he had become an object of genuine curiosity.

He acted with his usual simplicity. To Emma he wrote a brief note upbraiding her for fearing the voices of the valley, professing his eagerness to return when the St. Michael had been put out of the reckoning, and declaring that if it were not soon he would willy-nilly come back and see how things were between them. It was a letter that wounded Emma, yet somehow warmed her, too, and from its reception we found her in an unwonted attitude of nonconformity to the verdicts of the valley. She began to speak up in behalf of this or that human specimen under our diminishing lenses with the unsubtle and disconcerting bluntness of Morton Crocker himself. The phenomenon kept alive our waning interest during nearly a year of waiting. As for Crocker he gave it out ostentatiously that he was bound for a wonderful Cima in Northumbria and afterward was to try dry-fly fishing on the Itchen. Beyond that he had no plans. All this was characteristically the truth; he bought the Cima, wrote of his baskets to Harwood, but stayed away past his melons, his grapes and his olives. By early winter we heard of him shooting the moose in New Brunswick, and later organizing a system of art education in the Massachusetts schools, and it was not till the brisk days of March that we learned the west wind was bringing him our way again.

Meanwhile Emma had acquired a few more gray hairs and had resolutely declined to dispossess herself of the St. Michael. A couple of months after Crocker's leave-taking, a note had come to her from Crespi, the unfrocked priest and consummate antiquarian, who, to the point of improvising a *chef d'oeuvre*, will furnish anything that this gilded age demands. Crespi most respectfully begged to represent an urgent client, a Russian prince, who desired a fine Crivelli. Would the most gentle Miss Verplanck haply part with hers? The price would be what she chose to name. It was no question of money, but of obliging a client whom Crespi could ill afford to disappoint. Emma curtly declined the offer. The St. Michael was valued for personal reasons and was not for sale. Six weeks later came a more insidious suggestion. The Director of the Uffizi, learning that she possessed a masterpiece of a school sparsely represented in the first Italian gallery, pleading that such an object should not pass from Italy, and representing a number of generous art-lovers who desired to add it to the collections under his care, made the following offer, trusting, however, not to any pecuniary inducement but to her loyalty as an honorary citizen of Florence. The price named was something less than the London value, but its acceptance would have perpetually endowed the Victoria, and perhaps——. If the malicious Harwood had not passed the word that the offer was a ruse of the wily Crocker we all believed that she would have accepted. Indeed, we regretted her obduracy. It would have been such a capital way out, with no sacrifice of her scruples nor waiver of our collective impressiveness. Failing such a compromise, we felt only too sure that the barbaric Crocker would one day demolish us in Emma's eyes. So Harwood came in for mild reprehension, the Sage Dennis remarking with some asperity that when the gods have provided us with farces, comedies, and tragedies in from one to five acts it is unseemly to string them out to six or seven.

Early March, then, saw the deadlock unbroken. The St. Michael had not been dislodged. Emma still was unwavering so far as we knew. We were unable, had we willed, to divest ourselves of our deterrent attributes. But the situation had changed to this extent that Crocker was said to be on his way down to oversee a new system of spring pruning in person.

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Emma took his approach with something between terror and an unwonted resignation. From the day when he had planted himself firmly beside her fireplace with a boyish wonder at finding himself so much at home, he had represented the incalculable in her carefully planned life. Declining to accept the attitude of other people toward her, he had almost upset her attitude toward herself. He was the first man since the scapegrace cousin who had neither feared nor yet provoked her sharp tongue. While he relished her wit, it had always been with an unspoken deprecation of its cutting edge. He gave her a queer feeling of having allowances made for her—a condescension that in anybody but this big, likable boy she would have requited with sarcasm. But against him the *cheveux de frise* she successfully presented to the world seemed of no avail. He knew it was not timber but twigs, and that at worst one was scratched and not impaled. Day by day she watched the cropping of the long line of flaming willow plumes that escorted her brook toward the level. The line dwindled as the shorn pollards gave up their withes to bind the vines to the dwarf maples. She felt the miles between herself and Crocker lessening, and (at rare moments) her scruples ready to be garnered for some sweet and ill-defined but surely serviceable use. But she would not have been Emma Verplanck if the manner of her not impossible surrender had not troubled her more than the act itself. Any lack of tact on the part of the husbandman might still spoil things. She had a whimsical sense that any one of the flaming willows might refuse its contribution to the vineyard should the pruner approach with anything short of a persuasive "*con permesso.*"

Crocker's "by your leave" was so far from persuasive that it left her with a panicky desire to run away—again a new sensation. He wrote:

DEAR EMMA—
We have had an endless year to think it over, and the only change on my side is that I need you more than ever. I will go away for real reasons, for your reasons, but for no others. If it is only their talk that separates us, their talk has had twelve good months and shall have no more. I must see you. May I come to-morrow at the old hour? As always yours,
MORTON CROCKER.

Something between wrath and dismay was the result of this challenge. She sat down to answer him according to his impudence, and the words would not come. The greatness of the required sacrifice came over her and therewith the desire to temporize. The voice of many Knickerbocker ancestresses spoke in her, and between herself and a real emergency she interposed the impenetrable buckler of a conventionality. She wrote:

PENSION SCHALCK, Bad Weisstein,
Austrian Tyrol.
MY DEAR CROCKER—
It would be pleasant to see you and talk over your trip, but you see by this address it is for the present impossible. As always,
Cordially yours,
EMMA VERPLANCK.

When Crocker found Emma's valley as effectually barred as if a battery guarded the approaches, he gave way to a deep resentment. Instinctively hating anything like a trick, to be tricked by Emma at this point was intolerable. His gloom was such that he confided to the malicious Harwood a profound disgust with the irreality of the life Italianate. The *podere* should be sold as soon as it could be put in order. Such pictures as the Italian Government coveted it should keep, the rest should go to the Museum at Boston. He himself would grow orange trees in North Cuba where there were things to shoot and, thank heaven, no civilization. Harwood came breathlessly to Dennis's with the tale, gloating openly that there was to be a seventh act if not an eighth.

A long hard day with his bailiff and the peasants restored Crocker's poise. He looked for the hundredth time over into Emma's valley and divined her attitude. Dreading an interview, she had left the way open to parley. She virtually pleaded for a delay. It was a new and, in a way, delightful sensation to be feared. For the first time in any human relation he exploited a personal advantage and wrote, addressing Bad Weisstein:

DEAREST EMMA—
You have wanted a delay. Well, you have it—probably a week already. Make the most of it, for two weeks from this date—I give you time to recover from your journey—I am coming for tea in the old way. Meanwhile you can hardly imagine the impatience of
Yours more than ever,
MORTON CROCKER.

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Whether Crocker or Emma was more miserable during the fortnight even Dennis could not have told. But there was in his woe something of the sublime stolidity of the man who is going to stand up to be shot or reprieved, whereas she suffered the uncertainty of the soldier who has been drawn to make up the "firing party" for a comrade. She feared that she would not have courage enough to despatch him, and then she feared she would. Meantime the days passed, and she woke up one morning with an odd little shiver reminding her that it was no longer possible to get a note to him by way of Bad Weisstein. Nor had she the heart to move to a nearer coign of constructive absence. Of half measures she was, after all, a foe. Her determination to send Crocker away daily increased, and the implacable St. Michael seemed to command that course. "You are not for him. You represent a whole artificial world in which he cannot breathe. I, the finest incarnation of the most exquisite mannerism of a bygone time, am your spiritual spouse, and you may not lightly renounce me. You have devoted yourself to graceful irrealities and must now abide by your choice." Thus the St. Michael had spoken in a dream in the troubled hours before daybreak, and when Emma went to her den late the next morning she confronted him and admitted, "You are right, St. Michael. It's all true." That afternoon Crocker was coming for tea, and if her New York aunts could have known, even they would have granted that, for the second time in a thoroughly selfish life, Emma was displaying capacities for self-sacrifice.

As Emma and Crocker shook hands that afternoon, one might see that both had aged a little, but he most. Something of the appealing boyishness had gone out of his eyes. He had become her contemporary. A certain moral advantage, too, had passed to his side and she, whose prerogative it had been to take the leading part, now waited for him to begin. As if on honor to do nothing abruptly, he sketched his year for her—his sports and committees, his kinsfolk and hers, their fresh, invigorating, half-made land. She listened almost in silence until he turned to her and said.

"With me, Emma, it is and always will be the same. You know that. Has anything changed with you?"

"I don't think so, Crocker? How can I tell? I'm glad you're here, in spite of the shabby trick I've played you. Let me say just that I'm heartily glad to see an old friend."

"No, I must have more than that or less. I want much more than that."

"You want too much. You want more than I can give to anybody. O! Why can't you see it all? You are alive, even here in Florence but, I, I am no longer a real person that can love or be loved. Can't you see that I am only a sensibility that absorbs the sweetness of this valley, a mere bundle of scruples and fears, a weathercock veering with the talk of the rest of them? Think of that and take back what you have thought about me."

"Emma, you admit a need, and that is very sweet to me. You want some one to strengthen you against all this that you call the valley. Mightn't that helper be I?"

"You shan't be committed to anything so hopeless."

"It isn't as hopeless as it seems. The strength of the valley is only in its weakness, and we shall be strong together."

"I have forgotten how to be strong, for years I have only been clever."

"You'd be dull enough with me as you well know. I can do that for both. But don't talk as if there were some fate between us. There can be none except your indifference, and I believe you do care a little and will more."

"Of course I care, Crocker, but not as you wish. You have refreshed me in this opiate air. You have represented the real country I have exchanged for this illusion, the real life I might have lived had I been braver or more fortunate. But you can have no part in what I have come to be. Go, for both our sakes."

"Not for any such reason. I can't surrender my happiness for a phrase; I can't leave you to these delusions about yourself."

"It is no delusion; I wish it were. It's in my blood and breeding. For generations my people have lived the unreal life. I am the fine flower of my race, and in coming to this valley of dreams and this no-life I am merely fulfilling a destiny—a fate, as you say—and coming to my own."

"But Emma, the worthy Verplancks?"

——

"No, listen to me. For generations the

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Verplancks have been what people expected them to be, incarnate formulas of etiquette and timid living. They took their color from the gossiping society in which they seemed to live. They prudently married other Verplancks, cousins or cousins' cousins. They hoarded their little fortunes without increasing them, and if what they called the rabble had not peopled New York and raised the price of land, which my people were merely too stolid to sell, we should long ago have gone under in penury. We have led nobody and made nothing, but have been maintained by stronger forces and persons, toward whom we have always taken the air of doing a favor. That mistake at least I shall not make with you, Crocker. I want you to feel the full nullity of me. As I see you now I have a twinge because my great grandfather, who was a small banker, would have called yours, who was a farmer—you see I have looked you up—not 'Mister' but 'My Good Man.'"

For a moment she paused, and Crocker groped for a reply. "All this may be true, Emma," he said at last, "and yet mean very little to you and me. Besides, I'm quite willing you should call me your Good Man. In fact, I'd rather like it."

"You must take me seriously—you shall. I cannot marry. I'm married already. Dennis says I am. Come and see my bridegroom." And she fairly dragged the bewildered Crocker into her den and set him once more before the missing St. Michael.

"There he is, an incarnated weakness and fastidiousness. His hand is too delicate to draw his own sword. If he really cast out Satan, it must have been by merely staring him down. His helmet rests with no weight upon his curled and perfumed locks—his buckles are soft gold where iron should be. He represents the dull, collective, aristocratic intolerance of Heaven for the only individualist it ever managed to produce. He pretends to be a warrior and is as feminine as your St. Catherine. He is the imperturbable champion of celestial good form, and Dennis, who sees through things, says he is my spiritual husband. He is the weakest of the weak and is too strong for you, Crocker."

For a space that seemed minutes they faced each other, Emma excited, with a diffused indignation that defied impartially the missing St. Michael and the puzzled man before her; Crocker with a perplexity that renewed the old boyish expression of his eyes. He seemed to be thinking, and, as he thought, the tension of Emma's attitude relaxed, she forgot to look at the St. Michael and wondered at the even, steady patience of the big likable boy she was dismissing. She pitied him in advance for the futile argument he must be revolving. She had dispatched him as in duty bound and was both sorry and glad.

But his counterplea when it came was of a disconcerting briefness and potency. He said very slowly, "Yes, I see it all. There is your spiritual husband; there are they" (indicating the valley with a sweep of a big hand), "and there are you, Emma, caught in a web of baffling and false ideas; and here am I, a real man who loves you, fearing neither the St. Michael nor them" (another gesture) "nor your doubts. I set myself, Morton Crocker, your lover, against them all and take my own so."

There was a frightened second in which his sturdy arms closed about her. There was a little shudder, as the same big hand that had defied the valley sought her head and pressed it to his shoulder. When Emma at last looked up the mockery she always carried in her eyes had given place to a new serenity, and her hand reached up timidly for his.

Crocker and Emma—we now instinctively gave him the precedence—were inconsiderate enough to remove themselves without making clear the fate of the no longer missing St. Michael. We still speculated indolently as to the nature of the afterpiece in which we assumed this ex-hero of our comedy might yet appear. Then we learned that Emma was to be married without delay from the stone manor house under the Taconics where her people had dwelt since patroon days. Only a handful of friends with Crocker's nearest kin and her inevitable New York aunts were to be present. These venerable ladies had admitted that in marrying, even opulently, out of the family, Emma had once more shown velleities of self-sacrifice. Then we heard of Crocker and Emma on his boat along the coast "Down East." Later we were shocked by rumors of a canoe trip through Canadian waterways. Hereupon the usu-

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ally benevolent Dennis protested as he glanced approvingly at the well-kept Tuscan landscape. "Crocker needn't rub it in," he opined. "Why, it's the same scrubby spruce tree from the Plains of Abraham to James's Bay—and Emma, who hated being bored! Why, it's marriage by capture; it's barbaric." "It's worse; it's rheumatic," shuddered Harwood as he declined Marsala and took whiskey. "But he'll have to bring her back to civilization some time, if only to hospital. We shall have her again." "He will bring her back, but we shall never have her again," said Dennis solemnly. "She has renounced us and all our works." "Renouncing our works isn't so difficult," smiled Mrs. Dennis, and then the talk drifted elsewhere, to new Emmas who were just beginning to eat the Tuscan lotus.

Before the year had turned to June again we had nearly forgotten our runaways, when a quite unusual activity about her villa and Crocker's warned us that they were coming back. Only a few barrow-loads of her things went across the river, for it appeared that they meant to keep the villino on. Harwood had seen in transit a box which he thought corresponded to the St. Michael's stature, but was not sure. In a few days came a circular note from Crocker through Dennis saying that they were fairly settled and he glad to see any or all of us. She, however, was still fatigued by the journey and must for a time keep her room.

Harwood straightway volunteered to undertake the preliminary reconnaissance, while Frau Stern engaged to penetrate to Emma herself.

On a beatific afternoon we sat in council on Dennis's terrace awaiting the envoys. Below the misty plain rose on and on till it gathered into an amber surge in Monte Morello and rippled away again through the Fiesolan hills. Nearer, torrid bell-towers pierced the shimmering reek, like stakes in a sweltering lagoon. In the centre of all the great dome swam lightly, a gigantic celestial buoy in a vaporous sea. The spell that bound us all was doubly potent that day. The sense of a continuous life that had made the dome and the belfries an inevitable emanation from the clean crumbling earth, lulled us all, and we hardly stirred when Harwood bustled in, saying, "Cheer up. I have seen Crocker, and it isn't there." "You mean," said the cautious Dennis, "that Crocker still possesses only the hole, aperture, frame, or niche that the missing St. Michael may yet adorn. "I only know that it isn't there now," growled Harwood. "I deal merely in facts, but you may get theories, if you must have them, from Frau Stern, who heroically forced her way to Emma over Crocker's prostrate form."

As he spoke we heard Frau Stern's timid, well-meaning ring, and in a moment her smile filled the archway.

"We don't need to ask if you have news," cried Mrs. Dennis from afar.

"If I haf news. Guess what it is. It is too lovely. You cannot think? Well, there will be a baby next autumn, what you call it?"

"Michaelmas, I suppose," grunted Harwood through his pipe-smoke and subsided into indifference.

"All this is most charming and interesting, Frau Stern," expostulated Dennis, "but, as our enthusiastic friend Harwood delicately hints, what we really let you go for was to locate the Missing St. Michael."

"I haf almost forgot that," she apologized as she nibbled her *brioche*, "Emma was so happy." But for the bothersome St. Michael there is no change. I saw it in what she calls her new den. She laughed to me and said, "I cannot let him have it, you see, you would all say he married me for it."

"Bravo!" shouted Dennis and Harwood in unison, and the Sage added with unction, "So she has not been able to renounce us utterly."

"It is not now for long," rejoined Frau Stern, "it is only to the time we haf said."

"Michaelmas," repeated Harwood disgustedly.

"Yes, that is it," she pursued tranquilly, "Emma told me in confidence, 'To Crocker I cannot give it because of you all, but to our child I may, and it shall do with it what it will.' Now do you prevail, Misters Dennis and Harwood?"

"We are a bit downcast but not discomfited," acknowledged Dennis, while Harwood remained glumly within his smoke. "Emma has escaped us, but she still pays us the tribute of a subterfuge. It is enough, we will forgive her, even if her way lies from us dozers here. For to-day the same sunshine drenches her and us. It is a bond. Let us enjoy it while we may."

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A SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION

HENRY BEYLE-STENDHAL

By James Huneker

WITH A PORTRAIT

THE fanciful notion that psychical delicacy is accompanied by a corresponding physical exterior should have received a death-blow in the presence of Henry Beyle, better known as Stendhal. Chopin, Shelley, Byron did not in personal appearance contradict their verse and music; but Stendhal, possessing an exquisite sensibility, was, as Hector Berlioz cruelly wrote in his Memoirs: "A little pot-bellied man with a spiteful smile, who tried to look grave." Sainte-Beuve is more explicit. "Physically his figure, though not short, soon grew thick-set and heavy, his neck short and full-blooded. His fleshy face was framed in dark curly hair and whiskers, which before his death were assisted by art. His forehead was fine: the nose turned up, and somewhat Calmuck in shape. His lower lip, which projected a little, betrayed his tendency to scoff. His eyes were rather small, but very bright, deeply set in their cavities, and pleasing when he smiled. His hands, of which he was proud, were small and daintily shaped. In the last years of his life he grew heavy and apoplectic. But he always took great pains to conceal the symptoms of physical decay even from his own friends."

Henri Monnier, who caricatured him, apparently in a gross manner, denied that he had departed far from his model. Some one said that Stendhal looked like an apothecary—Homais, presumably, or M. Prudhomme. His maternal grandfather, Doctor Gagnon, assured him when a youth that he was ugly, but, he consolingly added, that no one would reproach him for his ugliness. The piercing and brilliant eye that like a mountain lake could be both still and stormy, his eloquent and ironical mouth, pugnacious bearing, Celtic profile, big shoulders and well modelled leg, made an ensemble, if not alluring, at least striking. No man with a face capable of a hundred shades of expression can be ugly. Furthermore, Stendhal was a charming *causeur*, bold, copious, witty. With his conversation he paid his way into society, he drolly remarked. And this god or monster, as he was alternately named by his enemies and admirers, could be the most impassioned of lovers. His life long he was in love; Prosper Mérimée declares he never encountered such furious devotion to love. It was his master passion. Not Napoleon, not his personal ambitions, not even Italy were such factors in Stendhal's life as his sentimental attachments. His career was a sentimental education. This ugly man with the undistinguished features was a haughty cavalier, an intellectual Don Juan, a tender, sighing swain, a sensualist and ever lyric where the feminine was concerned. But once seated, pen in hand, the wise, worldly cynic was again master. "My head is a magic-lantern," he said. The word "logic" was always in his mouth. And his literary style is on the surface as unattractive as was the man; the inner ear for the rhythms and sonorities of prose was missing. That is the first paradox in the Beyle-Stendhal case.

Few writers in the nineteenth century were more neglected; yet, what a chain of great critics his work begot. Commencing with Goethe in 1818, who, after reading "Rome, Naples and Florence," wrote that the Frenchman attracted and repulsed him, interested and made him impatient, but it was impossible to separate himself from the book until its last page. What makes the opinion remarkable is that Goethe calmly noted Stendhal's plagiarism of his own "Italian Journey." About 1831 Goethe was given "Le Rouge et le Noir" and told Eckermann of its worth in warm terms. After Goethe another world-hero praised Stendhal's "La Chartreuse de Parme": Balzac literally exploded a bouquet of pyrotechnics, calling the novel a masterpiece of observation, and extolling the Waterloo

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picture. Sainte-Beuve was more cautious. He dubbed Stendhal a "romantic hussar," and said that he was devoid of invention; a literary Uhlan, for men of letters, not for the public. Shortly after his sudden death, M. Bussière wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of Stendhal's "clandestine celebrity." Taine's trumpet-call in 1857 proclaimed him as the great psychologue of his century. And later, in his "English Literature," Taine wrote: "His talents and ideas were premature, his admirable divinations not understood. Under the exterior of a conversationalist and a man of the world Stendhal explained the most esoteric mechanisms—a scientist who noted, decomposed, deduced; he first marked the fundamental causes of nationality, climate, temperament; he was the naturalist who classified and weighed forces and taught us to open our eyes." Taine was deeply influenced by Stendhal; read carefully his "Italian Pilgrimage," or "Thomas Graindorge." He so persistently preached Stendhalism—*beylisme*, as its author preferred to term his vagrant philosophy—that Sainte-Beuve reproved him. Melchior de Vogüé said that Stendhal's heart had been fabricated under the Directory and from the same wood as Barras and Talleyrand. Brunetière saw in him the perfect expression of romantic and anti-social individualism. Caro spoke of his "serious blague," while Victor Hugo found him "somniferous." But Mérimée, though openly disavowing discipleship, acknowledged privately the abiding impression made upon him by the companionship of Beyle. Much of Mérimée is Stendhal better written, better composed.

About 1880 Zola, searching a literary pedigree for his newly born "naturalism," pitched upon Stendhal to head the movement. The first Romantic—he employed the term Romanticism before the rest—the first literary Impressionist, the initiator of Individualism, Stendhal forged many formulas, was a matrix of *genres*, literary and psychologic. Paul Bourget's incomparable "Essays in Contemporary Psychology" definitely placed Beyle in the niche he now occupies. This was in 1883. Since then the swelling chorus headed by Tolstoy, Georg Brandes, and the amiable fanatics who exhumed at Grenoble his posthumous work, have given to the study of Stendhal fresh life. We see how much Nietzsche owed to Stendhal; see in Dostoïevsky's Raskolnilikow—"Crime and the Punishment"—a Russian Julien Sorel; note that Bourget from "Le Disciple" to "Sensations d'Italie," is compounded of his forerunner, the dilettante and cosmopolitan who wrote "Promenades dans Rome" and "Lamiel." What would Maurice Barrès and his "Culte du Moi" have been without Stendhal—who employed before him the famous phrase "deracination"? Amiel, sick-willed thinker, did not alone invent: "A landscape is a state of soul"; Stendhal had spoken of a landscape not alone sufficing; it needs a moral or historic interest. Before Schopenhauer he described Beauty as a promise of happiness; and he invented the romance of the petty European Principality. Meredith followed him, as Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Prince Otto" patterned after Meredith. The painter-novelist Fromentin mellowed Stendhal's procedure; and dare we conceive of Meredith or Henry James composing their work without having had a complete cognizance of Beyle-Stendhal. "The Egoist" is *beylisme* of a superior artistry; while in America our most exquisite and whimsical artist, Henry B. Fuller, shows sympathy for Beyle in his "Chevalier Pensieri-Vani" and its sequel. Surely the Prorege of Arcopia had read the "Chartreuse." And in the gracious cosmopolitan spirit of Edith Wharton the Stendhal touch is not absent. In England, after the timid and rather dull essay by Haywood (prefixed to E. P. Robbin's excellent translation of "Chartreuse"), Maurice Hewlett has contributed an eloquent introduction to a new edition of the "Chartreuse" and calls him "a man cloaked in ice and fire." Anna Hampton Brewster was possibly the first American essayist to introduce to us Stendhal in her "St. Martin's Summer." Saintsbury, Dowden, Benjamin Wells, Count Lützow have since written of him; and in Germany the Stendhal cult is growing, thanks to Arthur Schurig, L. Spach, and Friedrick von Oppeln-Bronikowski.

It has been mistaken criticism to range Beyle as only a "literary" man. He despised the profession of literature, remarking that he wrote as one smokes a cigar. His diaries and letters and the testimony of his biographer, Colomb, and his friend Mérimée, betray this pose—a greater poser and *mystificateur* it would be difficult to

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find. He labored like a slave over his material, and if he affected to take the Civil Code as his model of style it nettled him, nevertheless, when anyone decried his prose. His friend Jacquemont spoke of his detestable style of a grocer; Balzac called him to account for his carelessness. Flattered, astounded and cynical as was Stendhal by the panegyric of Balzac, his letter of thanks shows that the reproof cut deeply. He abused Châteaubriand, Madame de Staël and George Sand for their highly colored imagery and flowing manner. He even jeered at Balzac, saying that if he—Beyle—had written "It snows in my heart" or some such romantic figure, Balzac would then have praised him.

Thanks to the labors of Casimir Stryienski and his colleagues we may study the different drafts Stendhal made of his novels. He seldom improved by repetition. The truth is that his dry, naked method of narration, despite its clumsiness, despite the absence of plan, is excellently adapted to the expression of his ideas. He is a psychologue. He deals with soul-stuff. An eighteenth century man in his general ideas and feelings he imitated the seventeenth century and Montesquieu; he derives from Montaigne and Chamfort, and his philosophy is colored by a study of Condillac, Hobbes, Helvetius, Cabanis, Destutt Tracy and Machiavelli. He is a descendant of Diderot and the Encyclopædists, a *philosophe* of the *salons*, a *petit maître*, a materialist for whom nothing exists but his ideas and sensations. A French epicurean, his pendulum swings between love and war; the adoration of energy and the adoration of pleasure. What complicates his problem is the mixture of warrior and psychologist. That the man who followed Napoleon through his campaigns, serving successfully as a practical commissary and fighter, should have been also an adorer of women was less strange than that he should have proved to be the possessor of such vibrating sensibility. He read Voltaire and Plato during the burning of Moscow—which he described as a beautiful spectacle—and he never failed to present himself before his kinsman and patron, Marshal Daru, with a clean-shaved face, even when the grand army was a mass of stragglers.

"You are a man of heart," said Daru, Frenchman in that phrase. When Napoleon demanded five millions of francs from a German province, Stendhal—who adopted this pen-name from the archæologist Winckelmann's birthplace, a Prussian town—raised seven millions and was in consequence execrated by the people. Napoleon asked on receiving the money the name of the agent, adding "It's well." We are constrained to believe Mérimée's assertion that Stendhal was the soul of honor, and incapable of baseness, after this proof. At a time when plunder was the order of the day's doings the poor young aide-de-camp could have pocketed with ease at least a million of the excess tax. He did not do this, nor did he, in his letters or memoirs, betray any remorse for his honesty.

Sainte-Beuve said that Beyle was the dupe of his fear of being duped. This was confirmed by Mérimée in the concise little study prefixed to the Correspondence. It is doubtful if these two men were drawn to each other save by a certain contemptuous way of viewing mankind. Stendhal was the more sentimental of the pair; he frequently reproached Mérimée for his cold heart. He had also a greater sense of humor. That each distrusted the other is not to be denied. Augustin Filon, in his *brochure* on Mérimée, said that "the influence exercised by Stendhal on Mérimée during the decisive years in which his literary eclecticism was formed, was considerable, and even more than Mérimée himself was aware." But the author of Carmen was the greater artist. The Danish critic, Georg Brandes, has described Beyle's relation to Balzac as "that of the reflective to the observant mind; of the thinker in art to the seer. We see into the hearts of Balzac's characters, into the 'dark-red mill of passion' which is the motive force of their action; Beyle's characters receive their impulse from the head, the 'open light-and-sound chamber'; the reason being that Beyle was a logician, and Balzac a man of an effusively rich animal nature. Beyle stands to Victor Hugo in much the same position as Leonardo da Vinci to Michel Angelo. Hugo's plastic imagination creates a supernaturally colossal and muscular humanity fixed in an eternal attitude of struggle and suffering; Beyle's mysterious, complicated, refined intellect produces a small series of male and female portraits, which exercise an almost magic fascination on us with their far-away, enigmatic expressions, and their sweet, wicked

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smile. Beyle is the metaphysician among the French authors of his day, as Leonardo was the metaphysician among the great painters of the Renaissance."

According to Bourget, Beyle's advent into letters marked the tragic dawn of pessimism. Is it precise to call him a pessimist? He was of too vigorous a temper, too healthy in body to be classed with the decadents. His was the soul of a sixteenth century Italian, one who had read and practised the cheerful scepticism of Montaigne. As he served bravely when a soldier, so, stout and subtle in after life, he waged war with the blue devils—his chief foe. Disease weakened his physique, weakened his mentality, yet he fought life to its dull end. Doubtless he was a victim of the persecution-mania, but he had plenty of reasons for his suspicions. He was pursued by the secret police, and this led him to all sorts of comical disguises and pseudonyms. And to the last he experienced a childish delight in the invention of odd names for himself.

Felix Fénéon, in speaking of Arthur Rimbaud, asserted that his work was, perhaps, "outside literature." This, with some modification, may be said of Beyle. His stories are always interesting; they ramble and halt, digress and wander into strange places; but the psychologic vision of the writer never weakens. His chief concern is the mind or soul of his characters. He hitches his kite to earth, yet there is the paper airship floating above you, lending a touch of the ideal to his most matter-of-fact tales. He uses both the microscope and scalpel. He writes, as has been too often said, indifferently; his formal sense is nearly *nil;* much of his art criticism mere gossip; he has little feeling for color; yet he describes a soul and its manifold movements in precise terms, and while he is at furthest remove from symbolism, he often has an irritating spiritual suggestiveness. The analogue here to plastic art—he, the least plastic of writers—is unescapable. Stendhal, whatever else he may be, is an incomparable etcher of character. His acid phrases "bite" his arbitrary lines deeply; the sharp contrasts of black and white enable him to portray, without the fiery-hued rhetoric of either Châteaubriand or Hugo, the finest split shades of thought and emotion. Never color, only *nuance;* and the slash and sweep of a drastic imagination.

He was an inveterate illusionist in all that concerned himself; even with himself he was not always sincere; and he usually wrote of himself. His many books are a masquerade behind which one discerns the posture of the mocker, the sensibility of a reversed idealist, and the spirit of a bitter analyst. This sensibility must not be confounded with the *sensibilité* of the eighteenth century *salon*, a literary affectation; nor is it the poetic sensibility of a Maurice de Guérin. Rather it is the morbid sensitiveness of a Swift combined with an unusual receptivity to sentimental and artistic impressions. Vanity ruled in Stendhal. Who shall say how much his unyielding spirit suffered because of his poverty, his enormous ambitions. His motto might have been: Blessed are the proud of spirit, for they shall inherit the Kingdom of Earth. He wrote in 1819: "I have had three passions in my life. Ambition—1800–1811; love for a woman who deceived me, 1811–1818; and in 1818 a new passion." But then he was ever on the verge of a new passion, ever deceived—at least he believed himself to be—and he, the fearless theoretician of passion, often was, he has admitted, in practice, the timid amateur. He planned the attack upon a woman's heart as a general plans the taking of an enemy's citadel. He wrote "L'Amour" for himself. He defined the rules of the game, but shivered when he saw the battlefield. Magnificent he was in precept, though not always in action. He was for this reason never *blasé*, despite continual grumblings over his *ennui*. In his later years at Civita Vecchia he yearned for companionship like a girl, and, a despiser of Paris and the Parisians, he suffered from the nostalgia of the boulevard. He adored Milan and the Milanese, but Italy finally proved too much for his nerves. *J'ai tant vu le soleil*, he confessed. Contradictory and fantastic, he hated all authority. Mérimée puts down to the account of the sour old *abbé* Raillane, who taught him, the distaste he entertained for the Church of Rome. Yet he enjoyed its æsthetic side. He was its admirer his life long notwithstanding his jibes and irreligious jests, just as he was a Frenchman by reason of his capacity for reaction under depressing circumstances. But how account for the monstrous hatred of his father? The elder Beyle was penurious and as hard as flint.

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He nearly starved his son, for whom he had no affection. Henry could not see him salute his mother without loathing him. She read Dante in the original, and her son assured himself that there was Italian blood on her side of the house. His hatred, too, of his Aunt Seraphie became a mania. It has possibly enriched fiction by the portrait of Gina of the resilient temperament, the delicious Duchess of Sanseverina. All that she is his Aunt Seraphie was not, and with characteristic perversity he makes her enamoured of her nephew Fabrice del Dongo. Did he not say that parents and masters are our first enemies when we enter the world?

Henry Beyle admired Shakespeare, Mozart, Rossini, Canova—with whom he was acquainted—Correggio, Cimarosa and his merry little opera, "Il Matrimonio Segreto," Ariosto, Byron and the ballets of Viganó. Gayety and tenderness in art attracted him. Of Correggio's voluptuous grace and virtuosity he never tired. The sparkling music of Rossini found in him a champion at a time when it was considered unpatriotic to listen to any but French composers. He loved Lombard and Florentine art, despised Rubens and the Dutch school. His criticisms of music and painting are chiefly interesting for what they tell us of his temperament. He called himself "observer of the human heart" and was taken by a cautious listener for a police spy. He seldom signed the same name twice to his letters. He delighted to boast of various avocations; little wonder the Milanese police drove him out of the city. He said that to be a good philosopher one must be *sec*, clear and without illusions. Perspicacious, romantic, delicate in his attitude toward women, he could be rough, violent, suspicious. He scandalized George Sand, delighted Alfred de Musset; Madame Lamartine refused to receive him in her drawing-room at Rome. His intercourse with Byron was pleasant. He disliked Walter Scott and called him a hypocrite—possibly because there is no freedom in his love descriptions. Lord Byron in a long letter expostulated with Stendhal, defending his good friend, Scott; but Stendhal never quite believed in the poet's sincerity; indeed, suspecting himself, he suspected other men's motives. He had stage-fright when he first met Byron—whom he worshipped. A tremulous soul his, in a rude envelope. At Venice he might have made the acquaintance of young Arthur Schopenhauer and Leopardi, but he was too much interested in the place to care for new faces.

He said that without passion there is neither virtue nor vice. (See Taine's variation on this theme.) A dagger thrust is a dignified gesture when prompted by passion. After the Napoleonic disaster, Stendhal had lost all his hopes of preferment, he kept his temper admirably, though occasionally calling his old chief bad names. It was a period of the flat, stale, platitudinous and bourgeois. "In the nineteenth century one must be either a monster or a sheep," wrote Beyle to Byron. A patriot is either a dolt or a rogue. My country is where there are most people like me—Cosmopolis. The only excuse for God is that he does not exist. Verse was invented to aid the memory. A volume of maxims, witty and immoral, might be gathered from the writings of Stendhal that would equal Rivarol and Rochefoucauld. "I require three or four cubic feet of new ideas per day as a steamboat requires coal," he told Romain Colomb. What energy, what lassitude this man possessed. He spoke English—though he wrote it imperfectly—and Italian; the latter excellently because of his long residence in Italy.

Nietzsche, in "Beyond Good and Evil," described Stendhal as, "that remarkable man who, with a Napoleonic *tempo*, traversed *his* Europe, in fact several centuries of the European soul, as a surveyor and discoverer thereof. It has required two generations to overtake him one way or other; to divine long afterward some of the riddles that perplexed and enraptured him—this strange Epicurean and man of interrogation, the last great psychologist of France."

Stendhal said that Shakespeare knew the human heart better than Racine; yet despite his English preferences, Stendhal is a psychologist of the *Racinien* school. When an English company of players went to Paris in 1822, Stendhal defended them by pen and in person. He was chagrined that his fellow-countrymen should hiss "Othello" or "The School for Scandal." He despised *chauvinisme*, he the ideal globe-trotter. He scornfully remarked that in 1819 Parisian literary logic could be summed up thus: "This man does not agree with me, therefore he is a fool; he criticises my book; he

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is my enemy, therefore a thief, an assassin, a brigand and forger." Narrow-mindedness could never be imputed to Stendhal. Nor was he a modest man—that "virtue of the mediocre."

How much Tolstoy thought of the Frenchman may be found in his declaration that all he knew about war he learned first from Stendhal. "I will speak of him only as the author of the 'Chartreuse de Parme' and 'Le Rouge et le Noir.' These are two great inimitable works of art. I am indebted for much to Stendhal. He taught me to understand war. Read once more in the 'Chartreuse de Parme' his account of the battle of Waterloo. Who before him had so described war—that is, as it is in reality?" In 1854 they said Balzac and Hugo; in 1886, Balzac and Stendhal. Some day it may be Stendhal and Tolstoy. The Russian with his slow, patient amassing of little facts but follows Stendhal's chaplet of anecdotes. He said that the novel should be a mirror that moves along the highway; a novel, he writes elsewhere, is like a bow, the violin which gives out the sound is the soul of the reader. And Goncourt assimilated this method with surprising results. Stendhal first etched the soul of the new overman, the superior young man and woman—Julien Sorel and Matilde de la Môle. They are both immoralists. Exceptional souls, in real life they might have seen the inside of a prison. Stendhal is the original of the one; the other is the source of latter-day feminine souls in revolt, the souls of Ibsen and Strindberg. Laclos' "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" and Marivaux he has re-molded—Valmont is a prototype of Julien Sorel.

J. J. Weiss has said that profound immorality is probably an attribute common to all great observers of human nature. It would require a devil's advocate of unusual acuity to prove Stendhal a moral man or writer. His philosophy is materialistic. He wrote for the "happy few" and longed for a hundred readers, and wished his readers to be those amiable unhappy souls who are neither moral nor hypocritical. His egoism brought him no surcease from boredom. His diaries and letters and memoirs, so rich in general ideas, are valuable for the student of human nature. The publication of his correspondence was a revelation—a very sincere, human Stendhal came into view. His cosmopolitanism is unaffected. His chapters are mosaics of facts and sensations. His manner of narrative is, as Bourget says, a method of discovery as well as of exposition. His heroes and heroines delve into their motives, note their ideas and sensations. With a few exceptions modern romancers, novelists, psychologists of fiction seem shallow after Stendhal; Taine confesses to reading "Le Rouge et le Noir" between thirty and forty times. Stendhal disliked America. To him all things democratic were abhorrent. He loathed the mass, upheld the class; an individualist and aristocrat like Ibsen, he would not recognize the doctrine of equality. The French Revolution was useful only because it evolved a strong man, Napoleon. America being democratic would never produce art, tragedy, music or romantic love!

It is the fate of some men to exist only as a source of inspiration for their fellow artists. Shelley is the poet's poet, Meredith the novelist's novelist. Stendhal is a storehouse for psychologues. His virile spirit in these times of vapid socialistic theories is a sparkling and sinister pool wherein all may dip and be refreshed, perhaps poisoned. He is not orthodox as thinker or artist—but it is a truism that the wicked of a century ago may be the saints of to-morrow. To read him is to increase one's wisdom; he is only dangerous to fools. Like Schopenhauer and Ibsen he did not flatter his public, and now he has his own public. And nothing would have amused this charming and cynical man more than the knowledge of his canonization in the church of world literature. He gayly predicted that he would be understood about 1880–1900; but his impertinent shadow projects far into the twentieth century. Will he be read in 1935? he has asked.

II

THE labors, during the past twenty years, of Casimir Stryienski, François de Nion, L. Bélugon, Arthur Chuquet, Henry Cordier, Pierre Brun, Ricciotto Canudo, Octave Uzanne, Hugues Rebell—to quote the names of a few devoted Stendhalians—have enabled us to decipher Stendhal's troubled life. M. Stryienski has unearthed at Grenoble a mass of manuscript, journals, tales, half-finished novels, and they have been all published. Was there any reason to doubt the existence of a Stendhal Club

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after the appearance of that interesting book, "Soirées du Stendhal Club," by Stryienski? The compact little study in the series, "Les Grands Écrivains Français" by Edouard Rod, and Colomb's biographical notice at the head of "Armance," and Stryienski's "Étude Biographique" are the principal references for Stendhal students. And this, too, despite the evident lack of sympathy in the case of M. Rod. It is a minute, painstaking *étude*, containing much fair criticism; fervent Stendhalians need to be reminded of their master's defects and of the danger of self-dupery. If Stendhal were alive he would be the first to mock some of his disciple's enthusiasm—the enthusiasm of the *parvenu*, as he puts it. But Rod, after admitting the wide influence of Stendhal upon the generations that followed him, patronizingly concludes by a quotation: "les petits livres ont leurs destinées." What, then, does he call great if "Le Rouge et le Noir" and "La Chartreuse de Parme" are "little books"?

Marie-Henry Beyle was born at Grenoble, Dauphiny, January 23, 1783. He died at Paris, March 23rd, 1842, stricken on the rue Neuve-des Capucines by apoplexy. Colomb happened to be in the neighborhood and had his dying friend carried to his lodgings. He was buried in Montmartre Cemetery, followed there by Mérimée, Colomb and one other. Upon his monument is an epitaph composed a short time before he died. It is in Italian and reads: Arrigo Beyle, Milanese, *Scrisse, Amò, Visse.* Ann. 59. M.2. Mori 2. 23 Marzo. MDCCCXLII. (Henry Beyle, Milanese. Wrote, Loved, Lived. 59 years and 2 months. He died at 2 A.M. on the 23rd of March, 1842.) This bit of mystification was quite in line with Beyle's career. As he was baptized the English Henry he preferred to be known in death as the Milanese Harry. Pierre Brun says that there was a transposition in the order of *Scrisse, Amò, Visse;* it should read the reverse. The sculptor, David d'Angers, made a medallion of the writer in 1825. It is reproduced in the Rod monograph, and his son designed another for the tomb. This singular epitaph of a singular man did not escape the eyes of his enemies. Charles Monselet called him a renegade to his family and country. Which is uncritical tomfoolery. Stendhal was a citizen of the world —and to the last a Frenchman. And not one of his cavilling contemporaries risked his life with such unconcern as did this same Henry Beyle in the Napoleonic campaigns. As Mérimée has drawn for us the best portrait of Stendhal, so Colomb, his earliest companion, wrote the most valuable life. Stryienski, however, has demonstrated that Colomb attenuated, even erased many expressions of Stendhal's, and that he also attempted to portray in fairer colors his hero. But deep-dyed Stendhalians will not have their master transformed into a tame cat of the Parisian salons. His wickedness is his chief attraction, they think. An oft-quoted saying of Stendhal's has been, Stryienski shows, tampered with: "A party of eight or ten agreeable persons," said Stendhal, "where the conversation is gay and anecdotic, and where weak punch is handed around at half past twelve, is the place where I enjoy myself the most. There, in my element, I infinitely prefer hearing others talk to talking myself. I readily sink back into the silence of happiness; and if I talk, it is only to pay my ticket of admission." What Stendhal wrote was this: "Un Salon de huit ou dix personnes dont toutes les femmes ont eu les amants." The touch is unmistakable.

Henry was educated at the École Centrale of Grenoble. When ten years of age Louis XVI was executed and the precocious boy, to annoy his father, displayed undisguised glee at the news. He served the mass, an altar boy at the Convent of the Propagation, and revealed unpleasant traits of character. His father he called by a shocking name, but the death of his mother, when he was seven, he never forgot. He loved her in true Stendhalian style. His maiden aunt Seraphie ruled the house of the elder Beyle, and Henry's two sisters, Pauline—the favorite of her brother—and Zenaïde, most tyrannically. His young existence was a cruel battle with his elders, excepting his worthy grandfather, Doctor Gagnon, an *esprit fort* of the approved eighteenth century variety. On his book-shelves Henry found Voltaire, Rousseau, d'Holbach, and eagerly absorbed them. A great-aunt taught him that the pride of the Spaniard was the best quality of a man. When he heard of his aunt's death he threw himself on his knees and passionately thanked the God in whom he had never believed. His father Cherubin-Joseph Beyle was chevalier

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of the Legion of Honor and his family of old though not noble stock. Its sympathies were aristocratic, royalist, and Henry, certainly not a radical in politics, loved to annoy his father by his Jacobin opinions. He in turn was ridiculed by the Dauphinois when he called himself *de* Stendhal. Not a lovable boy, certainly, and, it is said, scarcely a moral one. At school they nicknamed him "la Tour ambulante" because of his thick-set figure. He preferred mathematics to all other studies as he contemplated entering l'École Polytechnique. November 10, 1799, found him in Paris with letters for his cousins Daru. They proved friendly. He was afterward, through the influence of Pierre Daru, minister of war, made lieutenant of cavalry, commissary and auditor of the Council of State. He served in the Italian campaign, following Napoleon through the Saint Bernard pass two days later. Aide-de-camp of General Michaud, he displayed *sang-froid* under fire. He was present at Jena and Wagram, and asked during a day of fierce fighting: "Is this all?" War and love only provoked from this nonchalant person the same question. He was always disappointed by reality; and, as Rod adds, "Is this all?" might be the *leit motiv* of his life. Forced by sickness to retire to Vienna, he was at the top-notch of his life in Paris and Milan, 1810–1812. He left a brilliant position to rejoin the Emperor in Russia. In 1830 he was nominated consul at Trieste, but Metternich objected because of Stendhal's reputation as a political intrigant in Milan ten years earlier, a reputation he never deserved; he was sent to Cività Vecchia, where he led a dull existence, punctuated by trips to Rome, and, at long intervals, to Paris. From 1814 to 1820 he lived in Milan, and in love, a friend of Manzoni, Silvio Pellico, Monti. The police drove him back to Paris, and he says it was the deadliest blow to his happiness. For a decade he remained here, leading the life of a man around town, a sublimated gossip, dilettante, surface idler; withal, a hard worker. A sybarite on an inadequate income, he was ever the man of action. Embroiled in feminine intrigues, sanguine, clairvoyant, and a sentimentalist, he seldom contemplated marriage; once, at Cività Vecchia, a young woman of bourgeois extraction tempted him by her large *dot;* but inquiries made at Grenoble killed his chances. Indeed, he was not the stuff from which the ideal husband is moulded. He did not entertain a high opinion of matrimony. He said that the Germans had a mania for marriage, which institution is servitude for men. On a trip down the Rhone in 1833 he met George Sand and Alfred de Musset going to Italy, to that Venice which was the poet's Waterloo and Pagello's victory. Stendhal behaved so madly, so boisterously, and uttered such paradoxes that he offended Madame Dudevant-Sand, who openly expressed her distaste for him. De Musset had a pretty talent for sketching and drew Stendhal dancing at the inn before a servant. It is comical and full of verve. He also wrote some verse about the French consul at Cività Vecchia:

> Ou Stendhal, cet esprit charmant,
> Remplissait si dévotement
> Sa sinécure.

Sinecure it was, though *ennui* ruled; but he had his memories and Rome was not far away. In 1832, while at San Pietro in Montorio, he bethought himself of his age. Fifty years would soon arrive. He determined to write his memoirs. And we have the "Vie de Henri Brulard," "Souvenirs d'Egotisme" and the Journal (1801–1814). In their numerous pages, for he was an indefatigable graphomaniac, may be found the thousand and one experiences in love, war, diplomacy that made up his life. His boasted impassibility, like Flaubert's, does not survive the test of these letters and intimate confessions. Mérimée, too, wrote to Jenny Dacquin without his accustomed mask. Stendhal is the most personal of writers; each novel is Henry Beyle in various situations, making various and familiar gestures.

His presence was welcome in a dozen salons of Paris. He preferred, however, a box at la Scala, listening to Rossini or watching a Viganó ballet, and near by his beloved Angela. But after seven years Milan was closed to him, and as he was known in a restricted circle at Paris as a writer of power, originality, and as an authority on music and painting, he returned there in 1821. He frequented the salon of Destutt de Tracy, whose ideology and philosophic writings he admired. There he saw General Lafayette and wrote maliciously of this hero, who, though

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seventy-five, was in love with a Portuguese girl of nineteen. The same desire to startle that animated Baudelaire kept Beyle in hot water. He was a visitor at the home of Madame Cabanis, of M. Cuvier, of Madame Ancelot, Baron Gérard, and Castellane, and on Sundays at the salon of Etienne Délacluze, the art critic of the *Débats*, and a daily visitor at Madame Pasta's. He disliked, in his emphatic style, Victor Cousin, Thiers and his host, Délacluze. For Beyle to dislike a man was to announce the fact to the four winds of heaven, and he usually did so with a brace of bon-mots that set all Paris laughing. Naturally, his enemies retaliated. Some disagreeable things were said of him, though none quite so sharp as the remark made by a certain Madame Céline. "Ah! I see M. Beyle is wearing a new coat. Madame Pasta must have had a benefit." This witticism was believed because of the long friendship between the Italian *cantatrice* and the young Frenchman. He occupied a small apartment in the same building, though it is said the attachment was platonic.

The women friends, the love passages, sentimental adventures and Henry Beyle-Stendhal! There is in France a growing literature on the theme, an ever-enthralling one for the French man of letters. Henry began at a tender age. He had suffered a calf's love for his Aunt Camille Poncet. School-boy passions he had entertained for Mademoiselles Kably and Victorine Bigillion. Then follows a list of the rebuffs he had experienced: Adele Rebuffel, Charlotte, Félipe—he met her in the salon of Dugazon, professor of declamation where Henry was studying for the stage—Mademoiselle Rolandeau, Metilde. This last named was one of his great passions. She was Madame General Mathilde Dembowsky, and Henry loved her from 1818 to 1824, and vainly. She died in 1825, believing that Henry was Pasta's *cavalier servente*. Countess Kassera, Mademoiselle Viganó, Alexandrine—an unfortunate experience—Countess Du Long and the Marquise des R., Mademoiselle De Cossé, Tinneka, Madame Daru, and Céline. More serious was his passion for the actress, Melanie Guilbert-Louason. He adored her, but only enjoying a paternal pension of thirty dollars a month, he did not make much progress. His description of his jealousies is minute. He followed the lady to Marseilles, where he took a position in a business house so as to earn sufficient money for living expenses; his father, having heard of his folly, had stopped his allowance. Melanie's marriage to a Russian, Baskow by name, cured Henry.

In 1800 he met, at Milan, Signora Angela Pietragua. He loved her. Eleven years later, when he returned to Italy, this love was revived. He burst into tears when he saw her again. "It's the Chinese" (quello's é chinese!), explained the massive Angela to her father. Even that love-tap did not disconcert the furnace-like affection of Henry. This Angela made him miserable by her coquetries. The historic list is continued with such names as the Countess Palffy, Menta, Elisa, Livia B., Madame Azur—so Stendhal had named her—Mina de Grisheim, la petite P. . . . Madame Jules. There were many others. The feminine characters in his novels and tales are drawn from life. His essay on "Love" is a *centaine* of experiences crystallized into maxims and epigrams. This man of too expansive heart, who confessed to such trepidation in the presence of a woman he loved, displayed surprising delicacy. His chief interest in woman was her intelligence; where he could not respect he could not love. His sensibility was easily hurt; he abhorred the absence of taste. Love was for him a mixture of moonshine, *esprit* and physical beauty. A very human man was Henry Beyle, though he never viewed woman exactly from the same angle as Dante. Or, perhaps, his many Beatrices proved to be geese.

Stryienski relates that, on their return from Italy in 1860, Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie visited Grenoble and in the municipal library saw a portrait of Stendhal. "But that is M. Beyle, is it not?" cried the Empress. "How comes his portrait here?" "He was born at Grenoble," responded Gariel, the librarian. She remembered him, this amusing mature friend of her girlhood. The daughters of Madame de Montijo, Eugénie and Paca met Beyle through Mérimée, who was intimate with their mother. The two girls liked him; he spun for them his best yarns, he initiated them into new games, in a word, he was a welcome guest in the household, and there are two letters in the possession of Auguste Cordier, one addressed

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to Beyle by E. Guzman y Palafo, dated December, 1839, when the future Empress of the French was thirteen; the other from her sister Paca, both affectionate and of a charm. The episode was a pleasant one in the life of Beyle.

Mérimée also arranged a meeting between Victor Hugo and Beyle in 1829 or 1830. Sainte-Beuve was present and in a letter to Albert Collignon, published in "Vie litteraire," 1874, he writes of the pair as two savage cats, their hair bristling, and both on the defensive. Hugo knew that Beyle was an enemy of poetry, of the lyric, of the "ideal." The ice was not broken during the evening. Beyle had an antipathy for Hugo, and Hugo thoroughly disliked Beyle—who was "different," and, as the latter has said, "difference engenders hatred." And if we had the choice today between talking with Hugo or Beyle, is there any doubt as to the selection?—Beyle the *raconteur* of his time.

III

Even in our days of hasty production the numerous books of Stendhal provoke respectful consideration. What leisure they had in the first half of the last century! What patience was shown by the industrious man who worked to ward off *ennui!* He must have written twenty-five volumes. In 1906 the *Mercure de France* printed nineteen newly discovered letters to his London friend, Sutton Sharpe (Beyle visited London occasionally; he corresponded with Thomas Moore, the poet, and once he spent an evening at a club in the company of the humorist, Theodore Hook). But the titles of many of his books suffice; the majority of them are negligible. Who wishes to read his lives of Rossini, Haydn, Mozart, Metastasio? His life of Napoleon, posthumously published in 1876, is of more interest; Beyle had seen his subject in the flesh and blood. His "Racine et Shakespeare" is worth while for the Stendhalian; none but the fanatical kind would care to read the "History of Painting in Italy." There is the Correspondence, capital diversion, ringing with Stendhalian wit and prejudice; And "Promenades dans Rome" is a classic; not inferior are "Memoires d'un Touriste," or "Rome, Naples et Florence." Indeed, the influence of the "Promenades" has been pronounced. His three finished novels are "Armance," "Le Rouge et le Noir"—which derives its title not from the gambling game but from the army and the priesthood, red and black—and "La Chartreuse de Parme." The short stories show him at his best, his form being enforced to concision, his ideographic style suiting the brief passionate recitals of love, crime, intrigue and adventure—for the most part, old Italian anecdotes recast. "L'Abbesse de Castro" could hardly have been better done by Mérimée. In the same volume are "Les Cenci," "Vittoria Accoramboni," "Vanina Vanini" and "La Duchesse de Palliano," all replete with dramatic excitement and charged with Italian atmosphere. "San Francesca à Ripa" is a thrilling tale; so are the stories contained in "Nouvelles Inédites," "Feder" ("le Mari d'Argent"), "Le Juif" ("Filippo Ebreo")—the latter Balzac might have signed; and the unfinished novel, "Le Chasseur Vert," which was at first given three other titles: "Leuwen," "l'Orange de Malte," "Les Bois de Prémol." It promised to be a rival to "Le Rouge et le Noir"; Lucien Leuwen, the young cavalry officer, is Stendhal himself, and he is, like Julien Sorel, the first progenitor of a long line in French fiction; disillusioned youths who, after the electric storms caused by the Napoleonic apparition, end in the sultry dilettantism of Jean, duc d'Esseintes of Huysmans' "A Rebours." From Beyle to Huysmans is not such a remote modulation as might be imagined. Nor are those sick souls of Goncourt, Charles Demailly and Coriolis, without the taint of *beylisme.* Lucien Leuwen is a highly organized young man who goes to a small provincial town where his happiness, his one love affair, is wrecked by the malice of his companions. There is a sincerer strain in the book than in some of its predecessors.

"Armance," Stendhal's first attempt at fiction, is unpleasant; the theme is an impossible one—pathology obtrudes its ugly head. Yet, Armance de Zohilhoff is a creature who interests; she was sketched from life, Stendhal tells us, a companion to a lady of left-handed rank. She is an unhappy girl and her marriage to Octave de Malivert is a tragedy. Lamiel, a posthumous novel, published by Casimir Stryienski in 1888, contains an *avant-propos* by Sten-

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dhal dated from Cività Vecchia, May 25, 1840. (His prefaces are masterpieces of sly humor and ironical malice.) It is a very disagreeable fiction—Lamiel is the criminal woman with all the stigmata described by Lombroso in his "Female Delinquent." She is wonderfully portrayed with her cruelty, coldness and ferocity. She, too, like her creator, exclaimed, "Is this all?" after her first experience in love. She becomes attached to a scoundrel from the galleys, and sets fire to a palace to avenge his death. She is burned to cinders. A hunchback doctor, Sansfin by name, might have stepped from a page of Le Sage.

The Stendhal heroines betray their paternity. Madame de Renal, who sacrifices all for Julien Sorel, is the softest-hearted, most womanly of his characters. She is of the same sweet, maternal type as Madame Arnoux in Flaubert's "L' Education Sentimentale," though more impulsive. Her love passages with Julien are the most original in French fiction. Mathilde de la Môle, pedant, frigid, perverse, snobbish, has fighting blood in her veins. Lamiel is a caricature of her. What could be more evocative of Salomé than her kneeling before Julien's severed head? Clelia Conti in "Chartreuse" is too much like the conventional heroine of Italian romance. She is too sentimental, too prudish with her vow and its sophistical evasion. The queen of Stendhal women is Gina, *la duchesse* Sanseverina. She makes one of the immortal quartet in nineteenth century fiction—the other three being Valerie Marneffe, Emma Bovary and Anna Karénina. Perhaps if Madame de Chasteller in "Le Chasseur Vert" had been a finished portrait, she might have ranked after Gina in interest. That lovable lady, with the morals of a *grande dame* out of the Italian Renaissance, will never die. She embodies all the energy, tantalizing charm and paradox of Beyle. And a more vital woman has not swept through literature since Shakespeare.

Zola places "Le Rouge et le Noir" above "La Chartreuse de Parme"; so does Rod. The first novel is more sombre, more tragic; it contains masterly characterizations, but it is depressing and in spots duller than the "Chartreuse." Its author was too absorbed in his own ego to become a master-historian of manners. Yet what a book is the "Chartreuse" for a long day! What etched landscapes are in it—notably the descriptions of Lake Como! What evocations of enchanting summer afternoons in Italy floating down the mirror-like stream under a blue sky and with the entrancing Duchess! The episodes of Parmesan court intrigue are models of observation and irony. Beyle's pen was never more delightful, it drips honey and gall. He is master of dramatic situations; witness the great scene in which the old Duke, Count Mosca and Gina participate. At the close you hear the whirring of the theatre curtain. Count Mosca, it is said, was a portrait of Metternich; rather it is one of Stendhal's friend, Count de Saurau. In sooth, he is also very much like Stendhal, Stendhal humbly awaiting orders from the woman he loves. That Mosca was a tremendous scoundrel we need not doubt; yet, like Metternich and Bismarck, he could be cynical enough to play the game honestly. Despite the rusty melodramatic machinery of the book, its passionate silhouettes, its Pellico prisons, its noble bandit, its poisons, its hair-breadth escapes, duels and assassinations—these we must accept as the slag of Beyle's genius—there is ore rich enough in it to compensate us for the *longeurs*.

Of his disquisition, "De l'Amour," with its famous theory of "crystallization," much could be written. Not founded on a basic physiological truth as is Schopenhauer's doctrine of love, Beyle's is wider in scope, if more superficial. It deals more with manners than fundamentals. It is a manual of tactics in the art of love by a superior strategist. His knowledge of woman on the social side, at least, is unparalleled. His definitions and classifications are keener, deeper than Michelet or Balzac's. "Femmes! femmes! vous êtes bien toujours les mêmes," he cries in a letter to a fair correspondent. It is a quotidian truth that no one before him had the courage or clairvoyancy to enunciate. Crowded with crisp epigrams and worldly philosophy, this book on Love may be continually studied without exhausting its wisdom and machiavellianism. From 1823 to 1833 only seventeen copies were sold of this tribute to the power and fantasy of passion.

Stendhal as an art or musical critic cannot be taken seriously, though he says some illuminating things; embedded in platitudes

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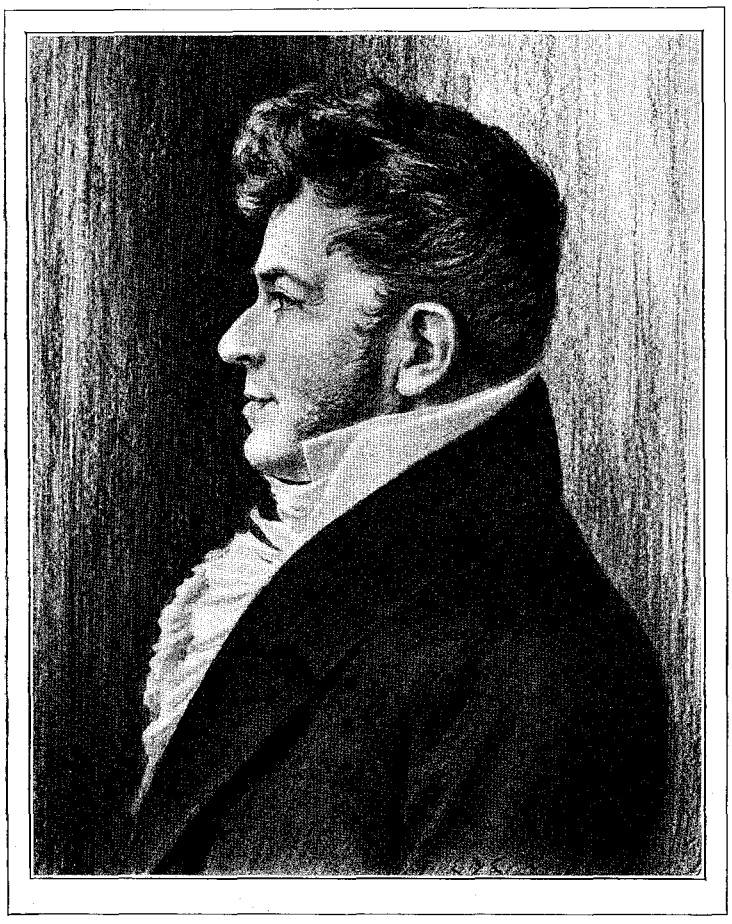

Redrawn by Edwin B. Child from a crayon portrait.

Henry Beyle-Stendhal.

may be found shrewd *aperçus* and flashes of insight; but the trail of the "gifted amateur" is over them all. At a time when Beethoven was in the ascendant, when Berlioz—who hailed from the environs of Grenoble—was in the throes of the "new music," when Bach had been rediscovered, Beyle prattles of Cimarosa. He provoked Berlioz with his praise of Rossini—"les plus irritantes stupidités sur la musique, dont il croyait avoir le secret," wrote Berlioz of the Rossini biography. Lavoix went further: "Ecrivain d'esprit . . . fanfaron d'ignorance en musique." Poor Stendhal! He had no *flair* for the various artistic movements about him, although he had unwittingly originated several. He praised Goethe and Schiller, and never mentioned Bach or Beethoven or Chopin; music for him meant opera music, some other "divine adventure" to fill in the background of conversation. Conversation! In that art he was a virtuoso. To dine alone was a crime in his eyes. A *gourmet*, he cared more for speech than eating. He could not make up his mind about Weber's "Freischütz," and Meyerbeer he did not very much like; "he is said to be the first pianist of Europe," he wrote; at the time, Liszt and Thalberg were disputing the kingdom of the keyboard. It was Stendhal, so the story goes, who once annoyed Liszt at a *musicale* in Rome by exclaiming in his most elliptical style: "*Mon cher* Liszt, pray give us your usual improvisation this evening!"

As a plagiarist Stendhal was a success. He "adapted" from Goethe, translated entire pages from the *Edinburgh Review*, and

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the material of his history of "Painting in Italy" he pilfered from Lanzi. More barefaced still was his wholesale appropriation of Carpani's "Haydine," which he coolly made over into French as a life of Haydn. The Italian author protested in a Paduan journal, *Giornale dell' Italiana Letteratura*, calling Stendhal by his absurd pen name: "M. Louis-Alexander-César Bombet, *soi-disant* Français auteur des Haydine." The original book appeared in 1812 at Milan. Stendhal published his plagiarism at Paris, 1814, but asserted that it had been written in 1808. He did not stop at mere piracy, for in 1816 and in an open letter to the *Constitutionnel* he fabricated a brother for the aforesaid Bombet and wrote an indignant denial of the facts. He spoke of César Bombet as an invalid incapable of defending his good name! The life of Mozart is a very free adaptation from Schlichtegroll's. When Shakespeare, Handel and Richard Wagner plundered, they plundered magnificently. Stendhal's stealings were absurd. He amused Goethe, hence he was pardoned, while the ill-used Carpani is embalmed in Stendhal's amber.

Irritating as are his inconsistencies, his prankishness, his bombastic affectations and pretensions to a superior immorality, Stendhal's is nevertheless an enduring figure in French literature. His power is now felt in Germany, where it is augmented by Nietzsche's popularity, Nietzsche, who, after Mérimée, was Stendhal's greatest pupil. Pascal had his "abyss," Stendhal had his fear of *ennui*—it was almost pathologic, this obsession of boredom. One side of his many-sided nature was akin to Pepys, a French Pepys, who chronicled immortal small beer. However, it is his heart's history that will make this protean old faun eternally youthful. As a prose artist he does not count for much. But in the current of his swift, clear narrative we do not miss the peacock graces and colored splendors of Flaubert or Châteaubriand. Stendhal delivers himself of a story rapidly; he is all sinew. And he is the most seductive spiller of souls since Saint-Simon.

ALHAMBRA SONG

By Thomas Walsh

WOULDST thou be comrade to the rose
  Yet of the thorns complain?
Wouldst pine for rarer pearls than those
The diver seeks where Aden flows,
  Yet fear to tempt the main?

See where upon the twilight hills
  Zuleikha's lamp awakes;
There's not a nightingale that thrills
These vales with song as sweet as fills
  The heart that sings and breaks.

But should thy panting lips refuse
  In love's fond lists to vie
With nightingale, thou else must choose
Within yon lamp thyself to lose—
  A moth—and give no sigh.

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THE UNKNOWN

By George Hibbard

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

IN that world which a Georgian writer has deftly described as lying "within the precincts of a *billet-doux*" my Uncle Horace has been and is a notable person. With the democracy of telegraph and telephone one must admit, however, that the confines of this modish microcosm have been largely extended. As this may be in the modern equivalent of that society which was once to be found at Vauxhall and the Battery, and now appears in Park Lane and Fifth Avenue's Park Lane, over against the boscage of the eastern side of Central Park, he holds an exceptional position.

Indeed, as everyone knows, he fills a long-felt want. The demand for him has been continuous, only, unlike the usual consequence with the commercial article, that demand has not been met by the supply. True art cannot be duplicated, much less multiplied. There is only one Uncle Horace, and society may, in the language of the day, be said to use no other. These facts were forcibly impressed upon me anew by what I heard that late December morning at the club, and by the very singular results which, in the dim, though not religious, light of five-o'clock tea-tables agitated several teacups, and in smoking-rooms forced the rekindling of a number of cigarettes which had been allowed to go out in the intensity of discussion.

When Ogden Armstrong cast himself into an arm-chair and glanced at the bright, Christmas-crowded Avenue, he had no more idea, I feel assured, of confessing to Uncle Horace the secret of his heart than he had of volunteering information as to—let us say—the number of his watch. I, sitting near by, found myself wondering how quickly the almost hypnotic influence which all felt to confide in Uncle Horace would manifest itself. The overture sounded even before I was prepared for the first note.

"You were a great friend of my father, sir," Ogden began, suddenly looking at Uncle Horace, but speaking measurably, as if he were talking to himself. "I've heard that when years ago there was a lot of nonsense about his fighting a duel with Colonel Floyd Wraybourne, of South Carolina, that you——"

"I recollect," Uncle Horace interposed, "that I did take a hand—slightly—in the complication in question. Let me see. In eighteen hundred and——"

"I remember," Ogden continued, "when I was a little shaver watching through the banisters of the big staircase when there was a dinner party, and seeing you then. I wish that you would understand, because I may appear to have done so, that I have never forgotten the regard in which you were held by my father and mother."

"Youth must have its way," Uncle Horace answered lightly, "and can have but little time for age. Though there may be times when age may be of service—as now."

Ogden looked up, distinctly puzzled, and then suddenly laughed.

"You're right, sir, though I don't know how you knew," he said. "I spoke as I did, I suppose, because I was at my wit's end, and seeing you there I considered how close you had always been to my family."

"Exactly," Uncle Horace responded with a tone which at once opened the way for further communications.

"It's all about Barbara Winterton," Ogden continued, insensibly falling at once into the directness of communication which Uncle Horace always inspired. "I don't care about Jack, there," he said, discovering me as he inspected the room to be sure that there was no listener. "He knows already."

"The course of true love—" Uncle Horace prompted pointedly. "Of course."

"I ought to be in a padded cell," Ogden resumed, "not here in a padded chair. I'm absolutely distracted with worry and anxiety, and could easily become violent at any moment. After one has been the slave of a girl for years—ever since she came out—has never looked at another or thought of

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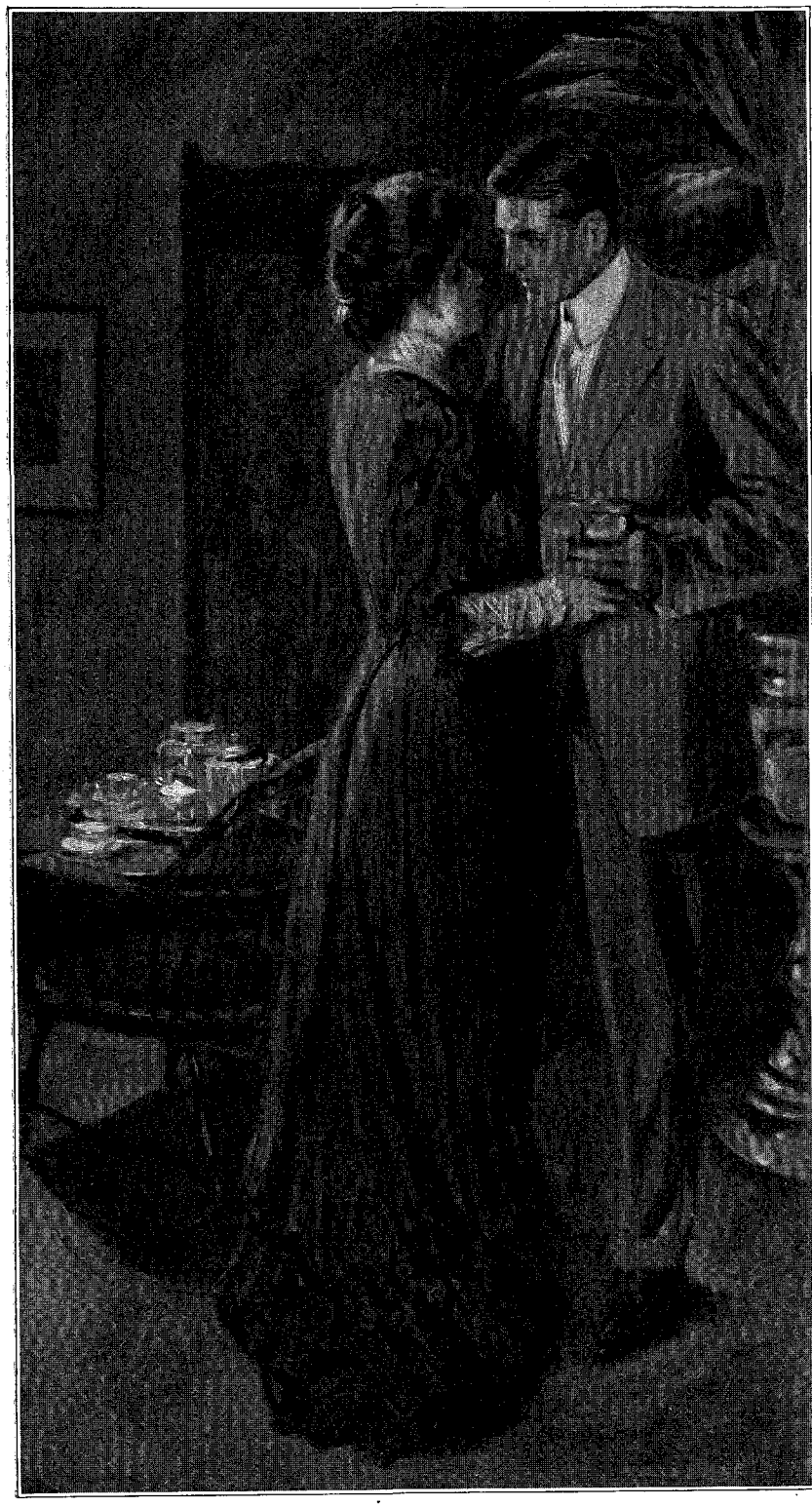

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"It is truly exciting to have such a mystery."—Page 246.

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another, and when she confesses that she likes you—and has almost agreed to marry you——"

Ogden paused gloomily.

"Then to find that the ground has been cut out from under your feet, the wind taken out of your sails, to slip up at the finish. It's maddening."

"Something, I take it," said Uncle Horace encouragingly, "has transpired——"

"Transpired!" Ogden fumed furiously. "The Earl of Crome has happened—has taken place—has occurred, if that is what you mean."

"I've caught sight of him about the club."

"That English infant—he's just come of age—that Britannic gosling with the down still on him!" Ogden denounced wildly. "What can she see in him?"

"Precisely," observed Uncle Horace, with the air of one who is answering a question rather than asking it. "What do American heiresses—American girls—find in foreigners, anyway?"

"That's what I'd like to know," Ogden propounded violently. "He isn't a bad fellow, only he's unfledged according to our ideas. And I believe he's really in love with her, though, of course, they are all brought up to consider a *dot* needful."

"An American young man," mused Uncle Horace, "an American young girl, and a title. The elements seem hardly new. The situation is familiar."

"Well, anything always is new when it happens to one's self," Ogden answered.

"Very true. However, the problem is typical," Uncle Horace continued. "And Miss Barbara favors Crome?"

"She's playing with him like mad. She appears to have forgotten completely about me, and to think of nothing but him. Yesterday she kept telling me that he had the right or was required, because of some feudal obligation, to give the King, at his coronation, a pair of gloves or old shoes or something. She evidently found that attractive."

Uncle Horace nodded.

"Then she's reading up a whole period of English history because some ancestor of his was in a conspiracy and no one agrees whether he should have had his head chopped off or not. I could tell them precious quickly."

The slow wagging of Uncle Horace's head grew more full of meaning.

"She's perfectly entranced because there's a hole down in Crome Castle where every earl, when he comes of age, has to go and read a hidden document. He is supposed never to smile again, though, as a matter of fact, I've caught Crome grinning like a Cheshire cat. Barbara, when I called her attention to it, insisted there was something sad and forced about his expression."

Uncle Horace's chin came up with a jerk as he rose briskly to his feet with purpose in every motion.

"You wish to marry Miss Barbara?"

"Mr. Van Duren," asserted Ogden solemnly, "that's what I've wanted the most for a long time, and what I want more than anything now."

"Very well," approved Uncle Horace.

"What shall I do?" Ogden asked anxiously.

"Nothing," Uncle Horace remarked, whereupon he added, "Never mind what happens, do not do anything at all."

"You're joking, sir," he remonstrated.

"All I ask of you," Uncle Horace directed, "is that no matter how you find yourself placed, you will behave in a perfectly and simply natural manner."

Ogden stared the amazement he felt.

"Well," he whistled, "that's not a large order. Only it seems too easy. Like finding it, you know."

We left him staring after us with increasing perplexity.

"A very proper arrangement," applauded Uncle Horace, as I followed him down the club steps and round the corner into the Avenue. "The families have always known each other. It will keep the Winterton money in the country—keep Armstrong out of mischief. Excellent in every way."

"Where are you going now?" I ventured mildly to inquire, as Uncle Horace strode on inattentive to my presence.

"I think, my dear boy," he replied, "that we both know Mrs. Winterton sufficiently well to be able to stop and ask her to give us a little luncheon."

"What for?" I pursued blankly.

To this, however, Uncle Horace made no response, nor did he speak again even when we stood before the broad portal of the great Winterton dwelling. Into one of the smaller drawing-rooms Barbara Winterton herself finally fluttered to receive us and inform us that there had been a mistake.

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"Mamma," she explained cheerfully, "is lunching as an incurable idiot. That sounds rather frightful and unfilial. She is, you know, the president of the board of managers, and once or twice a year they go and eat just what the idiots have—to see it's all right."

"Then," said Uncle Horace, apparently with entire content, "you will try to console us for her absence and give us a bite of something."

The more mature responsibilities of hostess sat very prettily on Barbara. Uncle Horace, I knew, watched her with satisfaction as he chose the simplest of the complicated viands presented to him. During the time we remained at the table he said nothing at all significant. I had, in fact, begun to wonder, for Uncle Horace generally holds a very definite purpose in view, and takes the shortest cut to it. To be sure, I had not always been able to detect at once the true bearings of his remarks or his actions, and I imagined that on this occasion, as on others, that something might have escaped me.

However, when at last we had passed on, paused in the smoking-room and Uncle Horace sat with a cigarette between his fingers, he broke forth suddenly.

"Ogden Armstrong is at home."

"I did not know that he had been away," replied Barbara in some surprise. "In fact, I don't think that he has, for I don't believe I remember a day when he hasn't come to see me."

"Really?" observed Uncle Horace dryly.

"Now, what do you mean by that?" Barbara demanded.

"Nothing—nothing," Uncle Horace replied quickly.

"When people say nothing like that they always mean something," she said, eying him.

He did not speak for a moment.

"My dear, I don't want to see you make a mistake."

"You are more provoking than an oracle, more vexatious than the sphinx," Barbara commented pettishly.

Uncle Horace did not reply, but continued rolling the cigarette in his fingers as he studied it thoughtfully.

"My position sometimes is extremely difficult," he resumed slowly. "With the accumulation of years I have come to have such an amount of knowledge of those about us. My dear, I'm a perfect safe-deposit vault of family-secret and personal episodes; so that frequently I am placed in an exceedingly embarrassing situation by what has been entrusted to me. As this is so peculiarly an individual matter with Ogden, I am in even more of a dilemma."

"What about Ogden?" asked Barbara, bending a little forward with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her little hands.

"When he first told you about the second of June—" Uncle Horace advanced deliberately.

"But he never has mentioned anything about any second of June," Barbara Winterton interrupted impatiently.

Uncle Horace sat suddenly and stiffly erect, gazing at her with close attention.

"Do you mean," he inquired with marked seriousness, "that he has said nothing to you about a month when he disappeared from sight and no one knew or knows where he was?"

"Not a thing," Barbara replied swiftly.

"Or the three pencil-marks?" Uncle Horace continued in an even more searching tone.

"No, no!" she exclaimed.

"Or what happened on the *Nykaia?*"

"No," exclaimed Barbara breathlessly, while she leaned farther forward, her brightening eyes intently agaze.

"Or about a certain Illustrious Personage who must, however and forever, remain nameless?"

"No," Barbara cried wildly.

"Or the problem which he was forced to face?"

"No," Barbara repeated, as if human endurance could go no further.

"The moss rose?" Uncle Horace spoke with the gentlest solicitude. "Surely he must have informed you about the moss rose."

"He hasn't," she exclaimed. "I never heard the least about any of these things before."

"Neither has John," he said, looking at me. "However, I have had occasion to trust him often, and if I have been indiscreet he makes no difference now."

"Go on; you must tell me at once," Barbara began.

Uncle Horace deposited his cigarette in an ash-tray, came to his feet and walked

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toward the broad window reaching to the floor. There he stood with his hands behind his back, gazing out at the leafless branches of the Park.

"And yet I am not altogether surprised," he pursued, suddenly turning. "If Ogden has not spoken, he undoubtedly has some good reason for it. I wish, though, to assure you solemnly and upon my honor that there was nothing in all this that would in the slightest degree interfere with your marrying him."

I expected her to resent this, but she did not.

"Uncle Horace," she hurried on, for he was Uncle Horace to all youthful society, "what is this? A story about Ogden Armstrong? Who would believe it?"

"You will readily understand," he replied, disregarding her, "that I am in honor bound. Of course anything that Ogden may see fit to communicate to you——"

At that very instant Mrs. Winterton entered. Uncle Horace turned with what appeared a guilty start to receive her enthusiastic greeting. Even in her own house Mrs. Winterton never gave the impression of stable equilibrium. Rather did she suggest the idea that like a perfect sphere she might readily shift into other conditions of equal permanence, and with this was always the impression that some sudden change was imminent. Pausing, in a manner between courses, in her own smoking-room, she talked to us. The feeling of unrest grew, and only waiting for the moment of possible departure, I watched the daughter. A wrinkle of thought was lined in her smooth forehead. Her soft lips were more firmly set. While her eyes appeared introspective, I noticed that they were unusually keen. She said but little, and this, I could understand, was because she thought the more. Indeed, she hardly appeared to note our farewells, and in so far as she did to welcome them, so absorbed was she with her own cogitations.

Outside I eagerly attacked Uncle Horace.

"If Ogden has not said anything, why did you go on?" I challenged.

He smiled as a kindly intimation that he did not propose to be catechized.

"You did let the cat out of the bag with a vengeance, and that is something I never knew you to do before."

Again his blank expression informed me that this was one of the times when nothing was to be drawn from him.

An afternoon and another had passed, and on the succeeding one I again found myself at the club. The impact of New York life in its ceaseless demand on the attention had driven Armstrong, Barbara Winterton, and the Earl of Crome, with all their particular setting of affairs, from my mind. When I viewed Ogden at the door peering anxiously ahead I had to make a wide cast of my wits to strike the scent of his story.

"Where is your uncle?" he demanded earnestly when he saw me.

"Here," Uncle Horace's quietly indulgent voice answered over my shoulder.

"I must speak with you at once," Ogden continued, coming forward. "As Jack has been in this, it's as well he's present."

Uncle Horace, without further remark, disposed himself in his wonted judicial attitude.

"I'm going to begin by saying," Ogden pursued, "I don't understand at all what's happened. You remember that several days ago we had a little talk in the other room. I lunched and went down on Long Island to see about a polo pony. As soon as I came back to my place Wilkins told me that I had been rung up by the same person three times, and that the instant I returned I was to call a certain number. Well, I knew that it was the Winterton's telephone, and, of course, I was surprised. When I got the house, Barbara, who answered at once, told me that she had been trying to speak to me all of the afternoon, and urgently insisted that I should come to dinner. I was to dine at the Bickways, but she made me break my engagement. Naturally, I was astonished at her sudden desire to see me. When I'd arrived and as soon as she could she began. The amazement she had just caused me was nothing to the shock I experienced then. What in the very name of sanity did she mean by questioning me about the second of June?"

I glanced at Uncle Horace, whose immobile countenance retained a fixed inscrutability which only he could have preserved from rudeness.

"And what happened on the *Nykaia?*" stormed Ogden. "What is the *Nykaia*—a yacht, a drawing-room car or an air-ship?"

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"Surely you did not pretend not to know," remonstrated Uncle Horace patiently.

"Never heard of anything of the sort. And three pencil marks?" Ogden continued with increasing vigor. "What madness was that?"

"Really," said Uncle Horace, raising his eyebrows in a manner to indicate complete suspicion.

"Then she talked a lot about an Illustrious Person who must be nameless, and if I am not to go quite demented you will inform me why she kept insisting particularly upon something about a moss rose. A moss rose! I never knew such a farrago of nonsense. She declared you had told her, and she wanted to find out."

"Mrs. Winterton has also sent for me," Uncle Horace stated.

"To ask questions, too?" Ogden inquired anxiously. "And you said——"

"Naturally, I replied that nothing could induce me to reveal anything about a matter which was so personal to you, which you evidently wished to keep secret. That my tongue was sealed and must be for all time. That you alone in the world had the right to say anything or could say anything."

"But when I can't," Ogden raved.

"Why not?" Uncle Horace asked mildly.

"Because I don't know anything at all about the whole rigmarole. Haven't the faintest idea and can't tell anything, as I assured Barbara. Since then I have not had a moment's peace. She has instituted herself into a sort of an informal inquisition. She watches me as a particularly suspicious cat does a singularly elusive mouse. She hardly lets me out of her sight, for she doesn't want to lose a chance of discovering something, and yet she won't believe anything. When I took all my closest friends to her to swear to her that they never heard of a month when people did not know where I was she merely contends that they didn't happen to know, or else they say what they do because they are such friends. I can't account for every hour since my birth, nor am I able to prove an alibi when I don't know from where or what——"

He paused suddenly as a shadowy club servant drew near.

"Please, sir, you are wanted at the telephone."

"I know!" said Ogden, jumping up and including Uncle Horace and myself in one glare. "It's Barbara. She's going to put me through the third degree once more."

As Ogden's agitated form disappeared through one door, at precisely that moment a figure appeared in another. The newcomer looked about, advanced slowly, and cast himself listlessly into a big chair which Ogden had just left. With his pink-and-white complexion and carefully smoothed hair he appeared almost boyish. A second glance was needed to discover the more mature creases about the eyes, the lines of the mouth which indicated somewhat more advanced experience.

"Lord Crome," said Uncle Horace, "we shall regret very much your departure."

I caught avidly at the unexpected information.

"Heard I'm off? Didn't believe it was generally known," the young man replied. "Going to the West to see about some lands and mines and things—what really brought me to the States. Found New York, though, so attractive."

"Manhattan is not Ææa," remarked Uncle Horace; "but there are Circes by reason of whom travellers have tarried."

"If you mean," said Crome, "that your New York girls are jolly rippin', you're right. No fellow could escape 'em, but——"

He rose as aimlessly as he had sat down.

"As a stranger you do not like to say something," Uncle Horace hazarded, "with which I must agree. They are, I fear, sad coquettes."

"They know how to flirt and throw a man away like an old glove," he replied ferociously as he flung himself out of the room.

In the glance which Uncle Horace gave me I could read nothing but mild inquiry, though I also was eagerly looking at him as one seeking information.

The morning after my return from Baltimore—where a hunt ball had suddenly taken me—found me in the Avenue with the full brightness of the clear winter sunlight dazzling my eyes. Even after the briefest absence at the shortest distance from town the first moments of the returned Gothamite stand for something of a revelation, and in the renewed experience is a quickening exhilaration. The stirring, visible power, the magnificence of the spectacle, stirs the blood, and with the con-

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sciousness of being a part of such a whole comes an added dignity and inspiration. Christmas Eve had made the display even more brilliant, activity more intense. I strolled contentedly downward, savoring, with a New Yorker's inborn sympathy, the familiar sights and sounds, when suddenly I was brought to a stand-still. A voice caused me to turn quickly to the curbstone, where I found a large automobile had just drawn up.

"Jump in! Merry Christmas!" Uncle Horace sang out cheerily. "Didn't know you were here. Come with me."

I did not hesitate. If anywhere I could catch up the lost threads of gossip, I knew that I should be able to do it from his hands.

"Going my Christmas rounds," he observed. "Some of my presents I make in person, like the next, for example."

I did not think to inquire where we were bound, so with some surprise I found that we were stopping before the Winterton house.

"Yes," he informed me, in our gradual transit from the car to the small boudoir where early and intimate visitors were received, "I've got a little gift to leave here. Ah, my dear," he continued, as Barbara entered, and he held both her hands in his, "as you see, I'm quite white-haired enough for St. Nicholas. You will let me play the part!"

"Uncle Horace!" she exclaimed delightedly.

"If you will send someone to the automobile for the package which is in the tonneau." When a servant had been summoned and despatched Uncle Horace went on. "Of course I wish to be one of the first to congratulate you."

"What's that?" I exclaimed, for I had heard nothing.

"Oh, yes," Barbara declared calmly, "Ogden and I are engaged. The general announcement is to be made at once. But do you know, Uncle Horace, I want to tell you I've never been able to get a word out of him about any of those things."

He stroked his mustachios, being of the generation which have them.

"Perhaps Ogden is right," he answered thoughtfully. "In fact, it is in regard to that matter, in a way, I have come to-day, having been in a fashion an accessory both before and after the fact."

At that moment the servant entered with a package, which Uncle Horace took from his hands.

"Here," he said, removing the wrapping and disclosing a magnificent antique silver casket, "here is something I want to give you—give you and Ogden with a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and a sincere wish that you may live happily ever afterward."

Barbara—she had sat on his knee as a little girl—swiftly kissed his lean yellow cheek, in which showed a faint color.

"This is not the work of Cellini. It was executed by that Antonio Scatzi of whom he speaks in his Memoirs, mentioning him as the only man in any way worthy to succeed him. You will note one peculiarity. Over the lock you observe is a silver seal completely and absolutely closing it forever."

"Why?" Barbara demanded in surprise.

"I, myself," Uncle Horace went on with painstaking deliberation, "have had it affixed. What is inside of the box I do not wish you ever to see. You promise me solemnly, sacredly, on your honor, that you will never under any circumstances make any attempt to open this."

"But why, Uncle Horace?" Barbara demurred.

"I have a reason. You give me your word and I may trust you?"

"Yes," she gasped slowly.

"Very well. Ogden has told you nothing, you say, about what has perplexed you. I think that he has not is as well. As well, therefore, that you should never know what this contains."

"It has to do with the other?"

Uncle Horace hesitated.

"There is a very close connection. I may say that if you knew about what was in this you would know about the rest."

"How can you expect me to keep from looking?"

"I have your word. It is enough. That is your duty," Uncle Horace said. "For your happiness it is best. After my death, perhaps—but we will not consider the topic. This is my Christmas present, but only as a forerunner of a wedding gift.

A portière parted and Ogden stood revealed.

"I can't stay in hiding any longer. I didn't like to be discovered by the casual

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stranger here at this ridiculously early hour. But with Mr. Van Duren it doesn't make any difference."

Barbara was by his side.

"See what Uncle Horace has given us!" she exulted.

"Consider it," declared Uncle Horace, with real solemnity, "the palladium of your future household. Guard it as your Lares and Penates."

"I will," said Barbara firmly. "It is truly exciting to have such a mystery under one's nose, and Ogden, you ought not to mind, for I firmly believe if I had not been so thrilled and curious about what Uncle Horace said I'd never have wanted to see you so much to find out things and found out myself how I loved you."

And then and there, despite our presence, in her impulsive way, she threw her arms about his neck.

They were married on a May morning when the first green was fringing the trees in the Park, when even in the city every breath of air seemed to bring the scent of opening flowers. As we left the heat and hubbub of the Winterton house, after Barbara and Ogden had been sent off amid volleys of rice and a fusillade of old slippers, Uncle Horace and I made our way down the Avenue.

"I can't help thinking you had a hand in it," I observed. "All came so suddenly at the last—Crome dismissed, the quickly acquired new interest in Ogden."

"There was lacking a certain element; I merely supplied it," Uncle Horace answered with the air of a scientist making a demonstration.

"What?" I asked.

"Simply the unknown," he replied; "something, my dear fellow, which necessarily attracts every woman and girl. Why did Eve eat the apple? Why do our American maidens marry foreign titles? It's all part of the same principle. Talk of men being adventurous! They're nothing to women. That women are so is indeed one of the marvellous arrangements of nature, or they'd never be willing to walk blindfold into matrimony in the way they do. Therefore, nature has implanted in their gentle hearts a great love for the picturesque, the dramatic and the mysterious—a great longing to try the unknown, in fact. As soon as Barbara found that there was something that she did not understand about Ogden, a perfectly normal, nice young American business man, she was on fire with curiosity. Her imagination had some chance and play. Why, that casket which I gave her, forbidding her to open it, is the most valuable gift they could have. That is going to be a source of endless satisfaction to her—secure her interest in Ogden forever, for it's going to keep her contented and guessing always."

"What is in it, really?" I asked shortly.

"Nothing," Uncle Horace replied as he made a swift passado with his walking-stick. "Absolutely nothing."

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UNRETURNING

By Julia C. R. Dorr

Now twice ten times the stately, silent years
Have kept the midnight vigil, and passed on
To the dim bourn where all the ages sleep;
And twice ten times the watching stars have seen
The glad young year upspringing with the dawn,
Since thou didst cross this threshold to return
No more, no more! The house that thou didst build
Still bears thy impress as in days of old.
It hath a thousand tongues, and every one
Is eloquent of thee. When spring returns,
Each flower that blooms within the garden bounds
Misses thy presence, and the broad straight paths
Wait for the footsteps that they knew so well.
The roses are less fair than when thy hand
Trained them to beauty and to loveliness,
Yet for thy sake they lift their glowing cups,
Knowing thy wish and will. The winds that sigh
Through the tall sheltering pines, and bend the ferns
That cluster at their feet, still chant of thee
In low, melodious cadence. And at night,
When earth is hushed, and dewy calm lies deep
On field and woodland, then the holy stars
Shine on thy grave as once they shone for thee—
Thou who wert wont to call them by their names,
Searching the violet depths with reverent eyes
And rapt, hushed vision, as the serried ranks
Of the great constellations, one by one,
Sought each its destined place, and planets burned,
And the whole grand processional advanced

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In stately splendor up the darkening skies:
Belted Orion, with his glittering sword,
The fair, pale Pleiads and the Hyades,
Red Aldebaran, Sirius white and cold,
And, blazing in the zenith, fiery Mars!

. . . . . .

Yea, thou didst love this dear, green earth of ours,
Its mountain peaks and its far-rolling seas,
Its summer opulence, its winter snows.
Where hath thy home been all these changeful years?
Is it so fair that it hath blotted out
All memory of this? Eye hath not seen,
Nor hath ear heard, nor heart of man conceived!—
So runs the story of that other world
Of which we dream so oft while knowing naught.
But thou—thou knowest all! The mysteries
That vex our questioning souls, vex thine no more,
Now thou hast eaten of the Tree of Life
That men call Death. Yet wheresoe'er thou art
In God's great universe, dost thou not turn
Sometimes from larger life and greater joys
To this small leaf-clad orb, remembering still
Its tender loves that held thy soul in thrall?

. . . . . .

The earth is silent; silent are the stars,
The midnight heavens, and the wide fields of air;
No voice replies; no word or sign is given!
But, be it soon or late, the day will come
When I shall hear the summons to go hence—
Whither I know not. Oh, be near me then!
Keep tryst with me in that transcendent hour
And I shall tremble not, nor be afraid!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

ONE of the most interesting remarks in Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's last year's paper on the "Origin of Certain Americanisms" is to be found toward the end. It is a sting in the tail of the essay. It reads as follows: "The cardinal object of all who love the English language should be to maintain its strength and purity, and the greatest enemies to strength and purity are the abuse which warps and distorts the meaning of words and the confusion which results from efforts to reform either meanings or spelling to suit the taste and fancy of individuals." Probably this seemed at first sight to most readers an incontrovertible statement—even if they felt sure that the ardent advocates of Simplified Spelling would certainly object to its implications. Possibly some of those readers may have felt tempted for a moment to liken the essayist to the Katydid, which said "an undisputed thing, in such a solemn way." But many a seemingly incontrovertible statement has been disputed of late and many a received opinion has been disestablished. Perhaps it may be worth while to inquire whether this statement of Mr. Lodge's is an overstatement, even if it cannot be termed a misstatement. What does he mean when he tells us that a language loses strength when its words are "warped and distorted" from their earlier meanings? If he means precisely what he seems to say, then his statement may be challenged.

"Purity" in Language

As a matter of fact, language often gains in strength—or at least it gains in precision, which is a very important element of strength—as words are forced to change their meaning, or rather to surrender a part of the meaning they once had. Coleridge declared that we ought to make a distinction between the imagination and the fancy; and we have since generally accepted his view, and as a result we have seen both words "warped" from the larger meanings they had before Coleridge made his suggestion. In like manner we now accept a difference between *sensual* and *sensuous;* and the differentiation of the two words is undeniably useful, although it is the result of a "distortion" of the previous significance of the two words when they were considered as synonyms. This differentiation of pairs of words is going on steadily and it is making the language better as an instrument of precision. But it is a process, due to the "taste and fancy of individuals" and it is indistinguishable from "warping and distortion"—except in so far as we may prefer to apply these terms of abuse only to the changes of meaning of which our individual taste and fancy happen to disapprove.

And what does Mr. Lodge mean exactly by his appeal for a preservation of the "purity" of the language? He has had many predecessors in this appeal. Notably the late Lord Houghton in the charming little lyric he once sent to an American lady. But what does the word "purity" mean when used in connection with language? Mr. Lodge might find it very difficult to give a definition which would be acceptable to modern linguistic scholars, the most of whom would dismiss any discussion of any possible purity of any modern language as entirely out of date. The idea of linguistic purity belongs to a past generation; and it is wholly inacceptable to all who perceive how every language—and English above all—is constantly enriching its vocabulary from foreign sources.

Mr. Lodge cited the computation of a German scholar who stated that the vocabulary of English is three times as large as that of German. Where did all these added words come from? They were, most of them, benevolent assimilations from other tongues. The vocabulary of the sea is largely Dutch and Scandinavian, just as the vocabulary of war is largely French. English unhesitatingly took over the words and terms that it needed whenever it found them in any other speech. This is what it did at the beginning and this is what it is doing now. And a wholesale, persistent and incessant borrowing from other tongues is quite incompatible with any theory of preserving the "purity" of English. Indeed, one chief reason for the strength of our noble tongue, for its variety and for its marvellous flexibility, is to be found in the fact that it never accepted the theory that it ought to keep itself pure and undefiled. English is not now, and never has been, unspotted from the world. On the contrary it has levied tribute in the four corners thereof, and it has found its profit

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in so doing. We all know this and we all approve of it. And perhaps this justifies a suspicion that there is no real need for any appeal to preserve the "purity" of English, unless the appellant first defines carefully the kind of "purity" to be preserved.

Naturalizing the Foreigner

As it happens, there is one meaning which can be put into the plea for "purity" and which would deserve serious consideration. English has its portals unguarded and all sorts and condition of aliens are allowed to enter. Sometimes they take out their papers at once and become citizens of our language. Sometimes they seem to be unable to make up their minds whether they really want to be naturalized or not. *Hotel* and *charade* have cast in their lot with us finally and have dropped the accents which betrayed their alien birth. But *rôle* seems to hesitate still. Is *rôle* good English now, ready to be drafted into service when the need arises? If it is, it must surrender its accent sooner or later. With pleasure can we record that the natural English form *employee* seems to be substituting itself for the imported *employé*. But how about *interne* and *externe?* They fill a felt want; they have come to stay; they are welcome—but why do they still parade their useless tails? Has not the time come for us to write *intern* and *extern?*

There is a good old English word *grill*, perhaps most familiar in its compound, *grill-room*. Yet the decorators persist in writing *grille;* and their evil practice has even brought forth the hideous horror of *grille-room* to be seen now on more than one sign in New York. And we are all familiar with the musical advertisements wherein a lady who plays on a concert-grand is presented as a *pianiste*—as though that was the feminine of *pianist*. In Great Britain, if we may rely on the news columns of the theatrical journals, the performers of the variety-stage are all *artistes*, although a painter is only an *artist*. Of course, these examples illustrate ignorance chiefly, but they serve also to show the advantage of applying a standard of purity and of insisting that words received into English should behave as though they were to the manner born.

The most of the foreign words which have not yet declared their intentions are French, as is natural enough. But a few are Latin or Greek. In an interesting book on the "Mad Folk of Shakespeare," published not half a century ago, *simile* is printed in italics as if it had not yet won its way into our language. *Formula* and *gymnasium* are words acceptable and needful; no one disputes that they are today working inhabitants of the English dictionary—and yet we are continually annoyed by the petty pedantry which refuses to give them the plurals demanded by English usage, and we see the pages of writers who ought to have a finer feeling for the proprieties of speech disfigured by *formulæ* and *gymnasia*. And we might as well now accept *syllabus* and *curriculum* as good English and require them to conform to our habits of forming the plural. The rules of the original foreign languages need not be obeyed when once the word has set foot on our soil. We have even made an English singular out of a Latin plural—*opera*.

Just now the issue of the hour is the treatment to be accorded to the vocabulary of the automobile, which is still unduly Gallic. In print *garage* bears no mark of its foreign birth; and perhaps the time is ripe to accept it as fully adopted into our own tongue by pronouncing it to rhyme with *disparage*. But what are we going to do with *tonneau* and *châssis* and—above all—with *limousine?* The French have frankly gallicized *biftek* and *rosbif* and *pouding*. Even if we are willing to profit by their admirable example, how can we anglicize *tonneau* and *châssis* and *limousine?* And then there is *chauffeur*, which is apparently French for *fireman* or *stoker*, and which is therefore not the most appropriate name for the mechanic who drives a gasoline engine. It seems a pity that we cannot accept the happy anglicization which obtains in one of the remoter English counties, where this indispensable luxury is called a *shover*.

Concerning Attachment to the Soil

THAT it is well for a man to have some one spot of earth to which, whether present or absent, his thoughts turn with loyal affection, seems so true as to be hardly a matter of discussion. Yet I have a friend who, by way of consoling himself for the trials and vexations incident to a profession which does not permit a settled habitation, is wont to refer to the teachings of an eminent writer whom he justly admires and to say that if we wish to attain the higher plane of sympathy with all mankind, we must not allow ourselves to become deeply rooted in any soil, and must recognize that undue attachment to

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a particular locality fosters a narrow, provincial spirit. "Our allegiance is due not to bits of earth," he quotes. He also points the finger of reprobation at my friend the Young Professor. Certainly we who plume ourselves on belonging to the more enlightened part of humanity dislike to be accused of provincialism and feel that we are nothing if not cosmopolitan. Yet the Young Professor, with his single-hearted devotion to the place of his nativity, is to me a joy.

In this little college town we of the Faculty circle are all, or nearly all, uprooted plants. We have been brought from the most various localities and are, as it were, bedded out in foreign soil, where we flourish more or less, according to our adaptability. Persons of our profession do not always have a feeling of permanence, yet so long as we stay in a place we try to become acclimated—at least, most of us do. My friend, the Young Professor, is an exception. He flourishes, but he is like a plant which has never been taken out of the flower-pot. He accepts the western showers and sunshine and breathes the western air, but his roots are still embedded in the bit of the Boston Common which he brought along with him. He is a delightful young man, simple and straightforward. He regards our strange ways with frank curiosity and pleasure and does not consciously criticise us, but when he speaks the word *Boston*, he involuntarily lowers his voice a little, as who should say, *God*. Although he has not made himself entirely at home in western wilds—equally wild and equally western to him, whether his temporary abode be in Central New York or beyond the Mississippi—yet he is always friendly to his surroundings and is almost always well liked; while even those who resent the fact that he holds himself somewhat apart in his own little plot and say they dislike him, find their compensation in the interest and vivacity with which they discuss him. For my own part, he gives me nothing but pleasure, but I find myself looking forward with a good deal of curiosity and a little anxiety to the time when, returning from his annual visit to his own people, he shall bring back a wife with him; and to the years when, either here, or in some other place, equally alien, he shall rear a family of children. Now what is he—and still more, what is *she*—going to do about the children? Will they be allowed to take root in *their* native soil, or will they be brought up as little exiled Bostonians, in true colonial spirit?

In this same town I knew a sad case of a woman who, although she lived here many years, was always homesick, always an exile. In the intensity of her loyalty to the home of her affections she never allowed her only child to be at home in the place of his birth. Increasing wealth meant only increasing detachment and the boy grew up, feeling always that the land of content lay to the eastward. Yet when he went back to the old haunts of his parents he was not at home there. His roots had not taken hold of that soil. In fact, he had no hold anywhere, but was like an air-plant, attractive, but rootless. Home and the perfection of living were always to be sought farther on, and to the end of his life he was without a country, halting only where, for the time, life seemed most comfortable. His was not a happy life nor, it may be added, was it a useful one.

But our little town supplies us with some happier examples. No one can doubt that the Lady from Virginia loves her native soil. To say she is a Virginian is to say that. But she has the happiest way of accommodating herself to new conditions. She has not only the tact which the good Lord gives in such large measure to the Southern woman; she has a gracious willingness to *be* pleased and not merely to *seem* so; she has a liberal taste in the matter of places and people; she has a fine sense of humor; and she has a strong respect for the individuality of other people—including her own children. "Live and let live" is her motto, and although she may always be first of all a Virginian, she is yet, in a large sense, a citizen of the world.

"Well," says my cosmopolitan friend, "that's what I meant."

The Walnut Period

WE have been told of late that we should presently be afflicted with a revival of the walnut furniture of fifty years ago. There seem really to be no indications that this calamity is to befall us, hence one is inclined to conclude that the rumor is merely the fanciful fruit of a recent reminiscent fondness evinced by certain of our literary men for that period in American life which coincided with the vogue of black walnut. Mr. Howells has for some time made no bones of an apparent conviction that those were the halcyon days of America—the truly representative, honestly American days. In the pages of this

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magazine Mr. Henry Fuller has imagined a rich and cultivated Western woman who reverts to type after years of travel and sophistication, and discards her artistic refinements, one and all, in favor of the monstrous carpets and the "boiled dinners" of the earlier life of this country.

One fancies that Mr. Fuller has made a slight mistake in giving this lady's age as forty. The reversion, if reversion there be, is apt to occur somewhat later. But in hinting that her case is not singular, that, by seeking, one might find a good many like her, it is quite probable that he is not so far from the mark. The psychology of such intances, however, is likely not to be just what the subjects may think. It may seem to them that what they wish is to go back to a simpler life. Was American life in the walnut period really simpler? That depends on our understanding of the term. Many foolish things have been said about the simple life. There is only one simple life, and that is the unified life, the life set toward, and in, one purpose, and letting the non-essentials go. That sort of life may be possible when one washes one's own dishes, but no one will deny that it was equally possible to Marcus Aurelius. In point of fact, it is possibly more apt than not to be realized in its perfection in a high and tense state of civilization. There are theories, and theorists, to the contrary, but the practical demonstration of history points to a number of philosophers, and also of saints, who lived without bondage to the world while making no fuss about wanting to do away with its superfluities. And, on the other hand, practical demonstration has also shown that conditions of only partly-organized social life, such as exist in new communities, are liable to breed one fault very foreign to the genuine simple life, and that is an over-eager keenness about the small affairs of one's neighbors. The small affairs of one's neighbors may safely be classed among the non-essentials. When Dr. Holmes made that famous remark about "not being curious as to your neighbor's effects moving in constituting the real test of cultivation" he wrote from New England, where high thinking and plain living were the regnant ideals. They are by no means extinct ideals in New England to-day. But among the many virtues of the New Englander no one has yet counted the virtue of minding one's own business mainly. And there is more of this pleasant faculty in the truly simple life than many philanthropists will admit.

One cannot believe that the American life of fifty years ago was simpler, in the true sense; but it was homelier, or homey-er. This is its appeal. It is in the nature of American life that transitions of material condition from one generation to the next, often in one generation, should be unprecedentedly abrupt. Mixed blood, and the absence of long tradition, give us great adaptability in forming new tastes, adopting new standards. But it may be that all this is a matter of the higher nerve-centres only. The subliminal self keeps the imprint of the earliest influences it has known, and with advancing years it harks back. The phenomenon is familiar. It is emotional, and has very little to do with the intellectual processes. There are countless Americans, prominent in all manner of positions, who remember the farm, with softened kindliness for its boyhood associations. Did they have to go back to it, however, they would feel very ill at ease. It is, indeed, noticeable that they never do go back. Moreover, there are Americans whose memories are not of the farm, nor of the walnut period in any of its implications. Their number is not so large, to be sure; yet it would take hardihood to say that the best of American life and ideals has escaped them, and escaped their forebears.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE ARCHITECT AND THE CRITIC

I

THERE was published some months ago a paper by an expert in art criticism, in which there was presented a question worthy of a sentence to itself. Why is it that the architects of our time and their critics disagree so absolutely, and, as it were, unanimously, with regard to the condition of the art of architecture? For the critics, including all those of any ability and experience (it is still our essay writer who speaks), agree that there is nothing promising (since nothing has been achieved) in the works of architecture which the present age has produced. Architecture, so the critic says, is dead. It is not a living art. The *modiste* and the architect meet on a common ground: they know something of changing fashions, nothing of a developing fine art.

And yet the architects continue to work—continue with some enthusiasm and much energy to practice their profession. We have, then, to balance the real indifference of the critic to all that the architect does or tries to do—we have the complete apathy of the architect toward well-nigh everything the critic can conceivably say—except unstinted praise.

The above sentences are an approximate quotation, a slightly compressed extract, from the opening words of the admirable essay I have cited.* And now I quote verbatim a long sentence, because it is a complete statement of the worrying, the vexatious, the hopeless condition of things; showing the error of each party in the controversy:

"Apparently the architect has completely departed from the intellectual highway whereon (to transmute old Hooker's phrase) 'the general and perpetual voice of man is as the sentence of God Himself,' and the critic has retired from the Present and cloistered himself somewhere in the Past, making of architecture wholly a spectacle, an historical panorama, not (be the results artistically excellent or otherwise) a real and continuing element of social and æsthetic evolution."

*"The Architect and the Critic," by H. W. Desmond, in *The Architectural Record*, April, 1906.

II

THE above paragraphs are devoted to Mr. Desmond's first brief setting forth of the difficult question which he states, and yet hardly tries to answer. Another paper by the same thoughtful and well-informed writer had urged a similar paradox, in comment upon a paper of my own, devoted, many years ago, to the work of a New York firm of architects. Of that work and of the critic Mr. Desmond noted this fact,—the critic had assumed that the best work of the firm was in its freer, and lighter, and less classical buildings. Their attempts in the early Renaissance style, their florid post-Renaissance designs, their ingenious adoption of modern materials for the purpose of reaching effects of light and shade on the very surface of walls and roofs, their bold handling of bay-windows carried upward into towers and of oriel windows corbelled out in the corners of buildings, and, not less than these, their vigorous and dashing modifications of the old-fashioned American frame house covered with clapboards or shingles, or both,—these were pronounced more attractive by far and also more able, more skilful, more tasteful, than the work done in strict accordance with the academic rules taught in our architectural departments. In answer to this, Mr. Desmond, in his article printed ten years after my own, said pointedly that the firm of architects in question were not of the critic's opinion, because they had consistently leaned more and more toward the very strict methods of neo-Classic designing, and had eschewed, almost altogether, the picturesque methods which the critic had praised. That instance might have been cited by Mr. Desmond, in his later and very recent article, as further evidence of the hopeless disagreement between architect and critic; and yet hardly so, because no artist, however good a judge of his own performances, will ever see them with quite the same eye as that used by even his most friendly contemporary.

Talk of the Personal Equation!—this is the one case in which there is no escape from it! An architect's judgment of his own work must be, of necessity, modified by the success he has had with it, the feeling that he has for it as

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his original or less original creation, the pleasure he has had in elaborating the design and in seeing it realized in solid material. To him, thus influenced by his own work, both for good and for evil, comes his contemporary, who, however sympathetic, however nearly of the same school, however close to the architect in feeling and training, is still a different man, with different experiences, with a wholly different way of approaching the judgment of the building in question. That cause for disagreement, then, is to be accepted at once.

And it is assumed, sometimes, that when the critic is wholly competent to create something to replace the building which he disapproves —the fact of his competence introduces another form of the Personal Equation. I was active in the counsels of the National Sculpture Society at the time when the society was trying to prevent the placing of a monument, assumed unworthy, in about the most important place in New York City; and it was necessary to appear before the Park Commission of that day to oppose the advocates of the monument and of its location on the important site alluded to. One of those advocates stated plainly his objections to the criticisms of a sculptor's work by sculptors; he explained that any artist, on hearing of a problem, a scheme, a plan, a notion for a monument, would at once form, or begin to form, his own design; and that, therefore, he could not possibly be a good judge of what another sculptor would produce or had produced for the same place, for the same purpose, for the same commemoration.

How can this be answered? Only by admitting its force and by stating very plainly the enormous countervailing advantage of having the thoroughly competent, the practically skilled, workman for critic. It may be thought (even this!) that this workman may delight in a "solution of the problem" other than his own, and exult in the discovery of a new light in art.

It appears that this evident impossibility of obtaining a final judgment—of being certain, is not, after all, greater than the impossibility of being certain in other human affairs. The more important, the more interesting, the more profound and subtile the question, the less feasible is it to obtain a definite and categorical answer. Nor does criticism deal with the definite and categorical. It is no business of the critic to claim absolute rightness for his opinion and to denounce those who disagree with him. "Authority" is, of course, out of the question. There is no such thing as authority in matters of literature and art. The critic's business is to address, not the artist, but the public; to suggest a number of considerations which perhaps had not occurred to the author of the work in hand, and may not occur readily to the public—to the readers of the criticism. It is not his business to discriminate in his remarks, first as to their importance; second, as to their apparent safety. His work is of the nature of suggestion, but some part of it may be insisted on a little more strongly than the rest, while yet he assumes no nearer approach to omniscience than he allows his reader.

If, then, the architectural critics of the time are denouncing the architecture of the time, while yet the architects are hard at work, they probably mean something different from that which the enthusiastic, the busy, the active and absorbingly occupied architects mean when they say "architecture," and it may be our business to state in what that distinction consists.

III

THE architect, as he practices his profession in an American city, has one of the most useful of occupations; and also one of the most interesting of occupations, even when artistic considerations are but little with him. He has to receive general instructions from a committee or a Board of Trustees or a private person, and to translate them into intelligible terms, into terms of form and color, of light and shade, of brick and mortar and slate. More than that; the instructions given by his employers will have to do, chiefly, with the required interior arrangements, they will be devoted to matters of utility and economy, while but little will be said of the exterior and its design; nothing of the opportunities for artistic effect in the halls and corridors within. Perhaps the employer will have seen a building in another city which he likes or dislikes. In the case of a country house, perhaps the lady has a feeling for low ceilings and an Elizabethan style of design, as for a simple manor-house. Farther than that, the instructions or the demands upon the artist will hardly go. Perhaps they will seem to him inconsistent, or inherently impracticable. Perhaps the limit of cost is seen at once to be absurdly miscalculated for the requirements of the proposed structure. All this preliminary

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matter the architect will have to modify, to check, to reshape, to put into practical working order. Then, too, he will have suggestions to make. I remember a case where the owner had, in the near suburb of a New England city, a great square plot of ground with a rocky hillock covered with oak trees in the middle of it, while from one side of this there projected a building lot about 70 by 150 feet and fronting on a "residential avenue." The architect found his employer full of the idea of building his house upon the rocky hill and among the trees, but immediately he said: "Do not ruin the hillock, do not destroy twenty of those trees. Keep them all and enjoy them; build your house on the narrow, the small, the projecting lot, and let the whole square of four hundred feet, more or less, with its unusual rustic conditions, remain uninjured in view of your dining-room windows. This suggestion, which was adopted, is an extreme case, undoubtedly, for it involved the abandonment of that which had been assumed as the ideal site; and yet such suggestions as that are constantly in order, the architect seeing possibilities and also difficulties which have not occurred to the owner, and feeling it to be his very first duty to state them and to see that they are properly considered. Then comes the making of the design, and this, in spite of its character as a fatiguing, often vexatious, and always laborious task, is made delightful by the sense of the growing completeness of a worthy scheme, and by a development from nothing but a thought to what is destined to be a permanent entity. Even if there is but little opportunity for artistic design about a building, the mere planning of it is of singular interest—a kind of puzzle, in the solution of which one never tires. And then, as the building grows up, there is the constant enjoyment mingled with responsibility connected with superintendence, the watching of material as it comes to the ground and as it goes into the building, and the delight in seeing the result of a thought taking shape in physical and massive form.

When the architect who has conceived and carried out a somewhat important building walks through it after its completion, after the workmen have gone and the dust has been cleared away, he will say to his partner or to his chief assistant or to himself, "No slouch of a building," or words to that effect; and the off-hand remark will contain more genuine delight, more honorable satisfaction, more happiness, really, than almost any words of gratification which the man has found it natural to say during his lifetime.

There is, moreover, a less worthy, but an honest and really human, pleasure in the sense of responsibility and power of a certain kind—in the employment of scores of workmen and the expending of thousands in money upon the carrying out of his design, and under his direction. No one is insensitive to that—even the most experienced, the most hardened, practitioner feels differently toward a piece of work of that worldly importance, and to a less costly or less self-asserting work, even if the artistic thought embodied in it be of great, even superior, importance.

IV

Will the reader consider, now, how very little is artistic interest concerned in the professional pride, the professional joy, the professional dignity described above? Any given design, as carried out, may be original and worthy of immortality—or may be, equally well, taken bodily and with but slight changes from a French periodical. And by design is meant here, not the whole conception of the building itself, its placing upon the ground, its frontage with relation to the sun and the street, the weather and the points of interest around; nor yet the internal arrangement, with the disposition of story upon story, the connection of room with room, the opening up of corridors and their connection with porches of entrance. Let it be granted that something of the architect, of the student of his duty, of his trade, of his profession, has gone into these considerations and combinations. By "design" is meant, here, the artistic treatment of a front, a group made up of two fronts, a still more elaborate group made up of two fronts and a tower connecting them; or, again, a porch, a colonnade, a roof with dormers.

Let this meaning be expressed more fully for the benefit of those who, though interested in these questions, have yet been spared the necessity of seeing just how such work is done. The busy architect comes back from the distant city or the near suburb, in which he has looked over and "sized up" the plot of ground or building site, and he reaches his office with many notes, with a survey or some accurate measurements, with mental memoranda as to requirements of interior arrangement and of exterior possibilities. It is for him to decide whether to shut himself up and deny his door to importunate visitors and to spend hours in

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careful design; or to call in his high-paid, confidential and trustworthy assistant, and turn the thing over to him. I have no prejudices in favor of either method. In either case the plans must be made—floor-plans, cellar-plan, roof-plan, and sections which correspond to them—mainly with a view to the requirements of those who have to inhabit, to use or to frequent the building. But as those plans and sections grow, the exterior will be constantly in the designer's mind (he being supposed a person with a care for such things), and he will see the opportunities for a striking south front, with deep projections, where the sun may throw strong shadows; a west front making a right angle with the larger south front and not requiring such deep recesses, such bold projections; a higher east end, towering up two stories above the rest of the building and demanding of him a pointed roof with tall chimneys to flank it and also to do their work when the high roof is in place, and a broad, low roof over the larger stretch of building beyond. this tower-like mass.

Even in imagining such a duty, such a piece of work as this, one makes his design and sees it before him with a tolerably near approach to possibility: what must it be, then, when the possibility is at the doors and is backed up by necessity—when the building is needed within a year? But as an inevitable result of the modern demand for haste, the designing must be done off-hand, and inevitably one thinks of a façade, a tower, a chimney or a group of chimneys, a dormer or a combination of two dormers with a roof, each not exactly "all by itself," but at least as having a strong individual character. Consider any public building now in process of erection or recently finished in one of our cities; look at the design and note how often a front must have been designed by itself, how commonly a porch has been conceived as a fine thing without too much regard for the remainder of the structure. Where a building is rigidly simple, a square city corner house, it may, indeed, be sketched in the first place as a perspective problem; and so may a cottage; and so may a small church, standing free. But in large and complex buildings the design inevitably falls into the getting up of one front at a time, one porch at a time, one roof at a time—though always with the determination and the conviction that these will be in harmony, each with the other.

Or suppose that the building is quite important—a City Hall, a State House of the less grandiose kind, a church on which much money and labor is to be spent. It will be found, in these cases, that there is absolute necessity of pressing the work more rapidly than can be done if one artist is carrying it to completion. Two or three high-grade draftsmen will be set to work under the general direction of their senior, upon whom a kind of trust is conferred by the chief—the man we call the architect. The work goes on, then, with A attending to the great south front, B trying to get the apse into shape in spite of untoward conditions of site and neighboring buildings, C dealing with the interior and trying to meet the architect's demand for a certain peculiar effect to be obtained by the height of the walls within, above the window-sills, the opening in given places of large windows for memorial glass, the combination, at an awkward corner, of an entrance porch, with a dignified exterior feature of some kind.

Undoubtedly the senior draftsman may be a competent fellow, and all his assistants ready and sympathetic. And yet the necessity of doing all this in the shut office, in the drafting room, and by and through the minds and hands of men who have but little knowledge and no experience of construction—of the right use of materials—of the beauty and use of stones and bricks, wooden beams and iron girders—will tend to exclude anything like nobility, sincerity, real significance in the building when finished. The needs of the occupants will be met. If it be a dwelling house, their windows and doors and fireplaces, their sitting rooms and workrooms, corridors of circulation, stairs for effect and elevators for use, all these will be well combined. But who, or what influence, will make an artistic design out of this very interesting group of associated works? To do that is to belong to a more artistic age than ours.

And so it is that the critic despairs of seeing what he means by Architecture; while the practitioner, hopeful and cheerful in his work as a creator and an administrator, rarely stops to think of what Architecture was in the good old times: in 450 B.C., in 1220 A.D., in 1440 A.D., or, if you please, under the kings of Egypt. It is only since 1789 that there has been no architecture at all—as the critic understands architecture. RUSSELL STURGIS.

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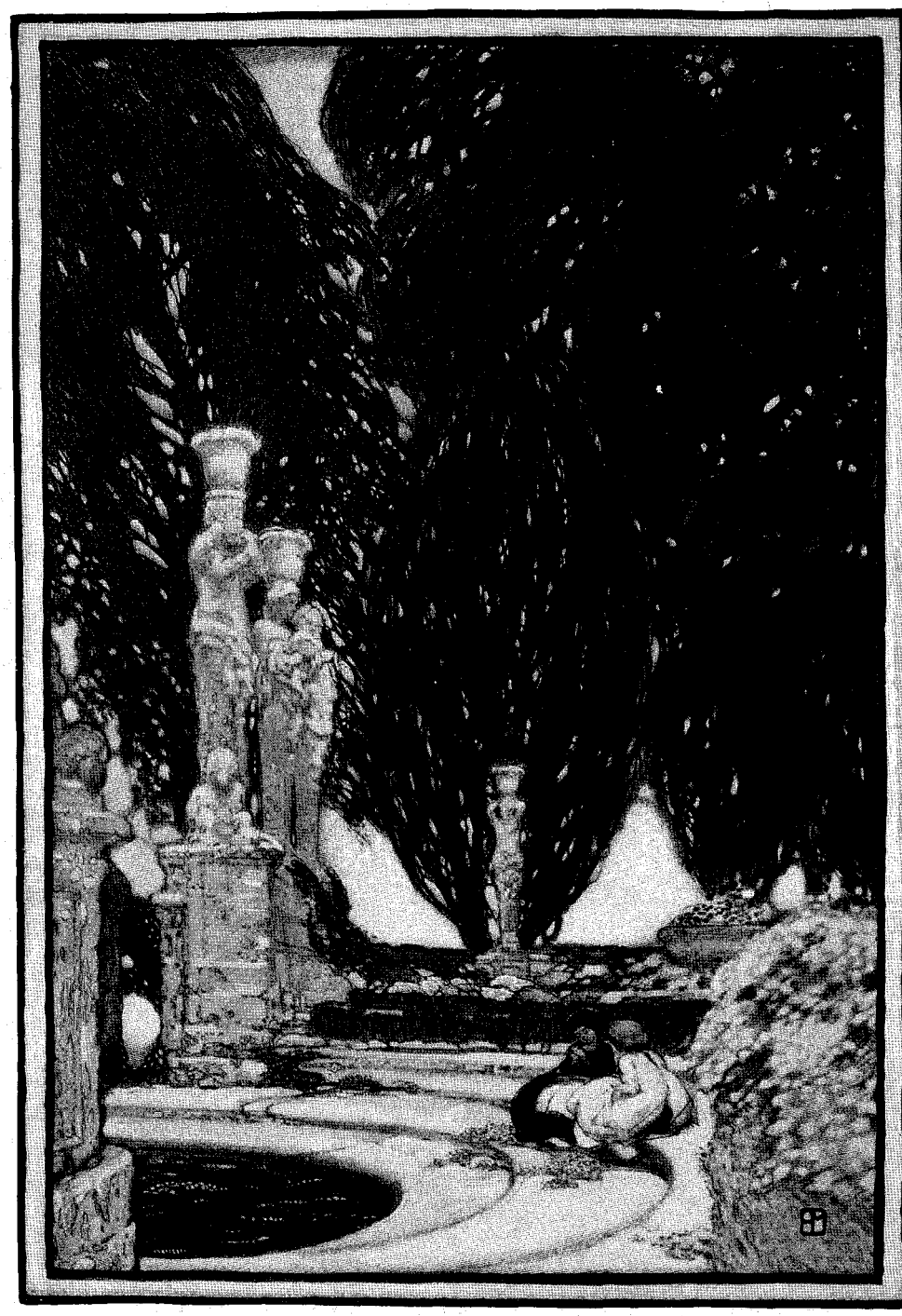

Drawn by Henry McCarter.

"GARDENS OF ENCHANTMENT."

—"The Gardens of Bellagio," page 269.

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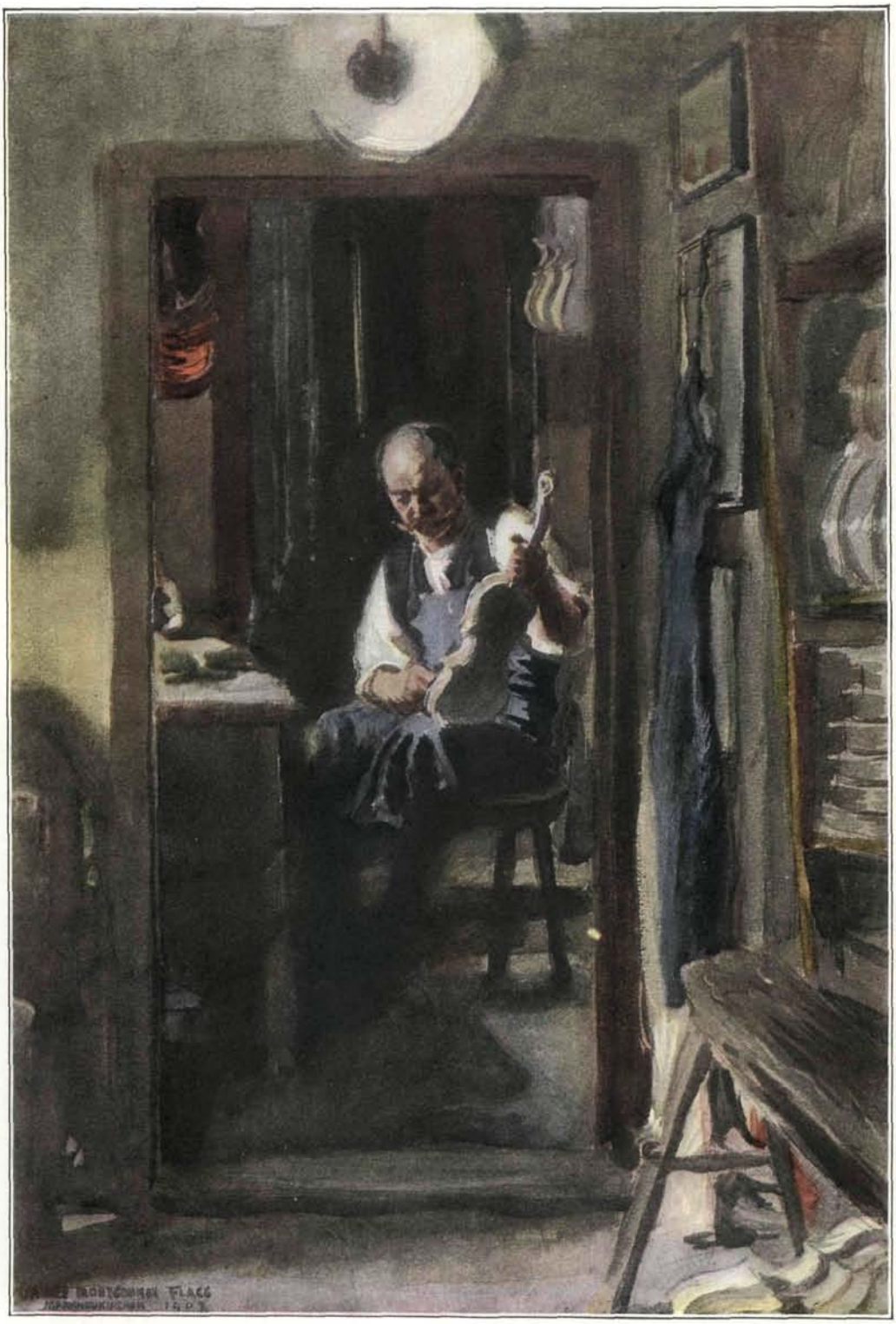

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

An instrument maker at work.

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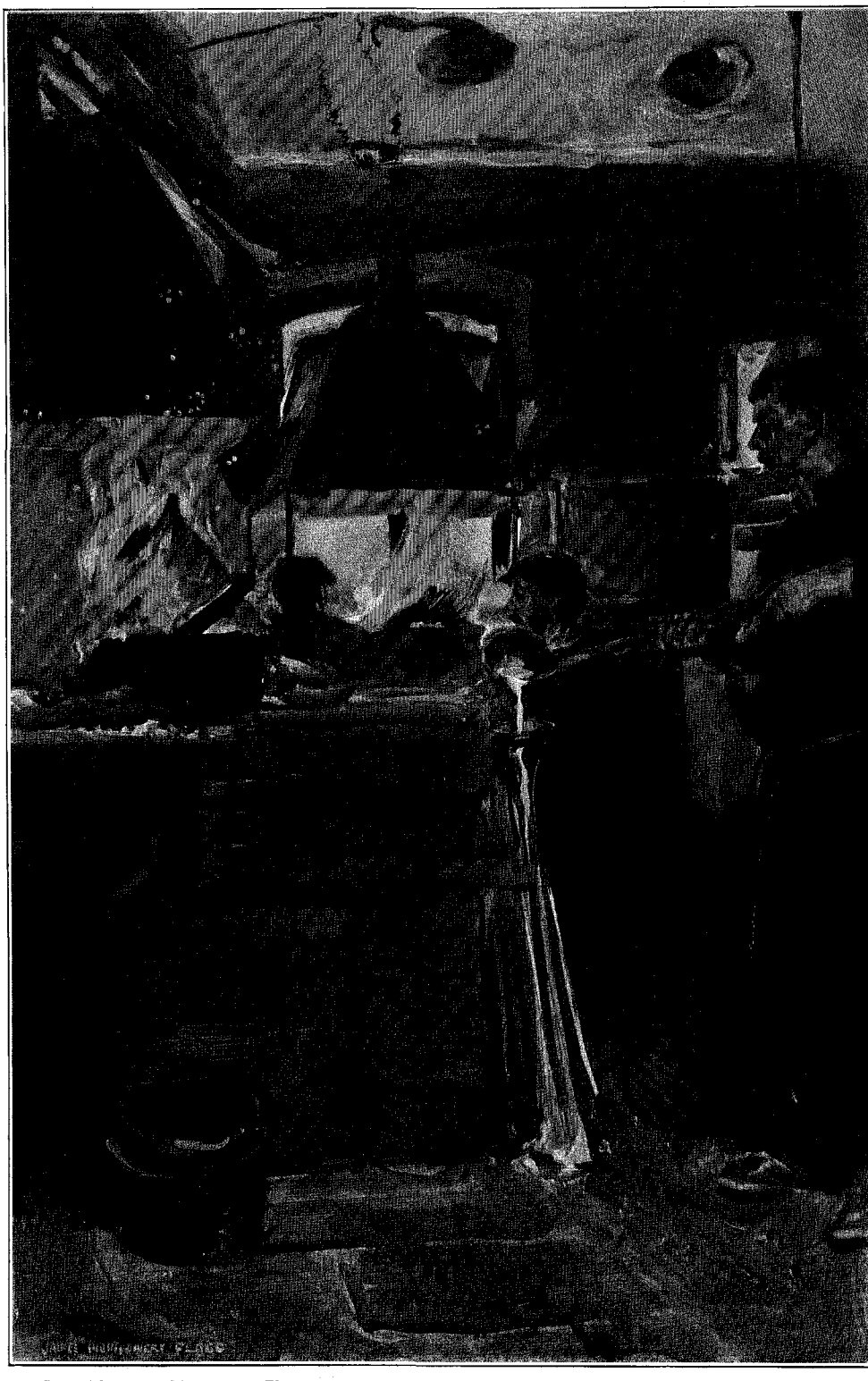

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

Melted lead is poured into the horn-shaped sheet of brass.

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